UNIVERSITY
OF VICTORIA
LIBRARY

BEST MAGAZINE ARTICLES: *1967*

edited by GERALD WALKER

CROWN PUBLISHERS, INC., NEW YORK

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA
LIBRARY
Victoria, B. C.

AC5
B418
1967

© 1967, by Gerald Walker
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOG CARD NUMBER: 66–15126
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Acknowledgments

The editor thanks the following authors, publishers, and agents for permission to use their articles.

"'Joe,' said Marilyn Monroe, just back from Korea, 'you never heard such cheering.' 'Yes I have,' Joe DiMaggio answered" by Gay Talese. © 1966, by Esquire, Inc. Reprinted by permission of *Esquire* magazine and Gay Talese.

"On Being a Patient" by Stephen Becker. © 1966, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. Reprinted by permission of the author and the author's agent, Robert P. Mills.

"The Murder of Rabbi Adler" by T. V. LoCicero. Copyright © 1966, by the American Jewish Committee. Reprinted from *Commentary* by permission of *Commentary* and T. V. LoCicero.

"On Pornography" by Gore Vidal. © 1966, by Gore Vidal. Reprinted from *The New York Review of Books.*

"Looking for a Lift" by Mark Kram. © 1966, by Time Inc. Reprinted by permission from *Sports Illustrated,* September 12, 1966.

"'How Can I Tell Them There's Nothing Left?'" by Joan Didion. © 1966, by Joan Didion. Reprinted by permission of the William Morris Agency, Inc. Originally appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

"The Guru Comes to Kansas" by Barry Farrell. © 1966, by Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reprinted from *Life,* May 27, 1966, by permission of *Life.*

"Views from the Border: II" by Elroy Bode. © 1966, by Southern Methodist University Press, Dallas, Texas. Reprinted by permission of the publisher and the author.

"Oh Rotten Gotham–Sliding Down into the Behavioral Sink" by Tom Wolfe. Copyright © 1966, by World Journal Tribune, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Thomas K. Wolfe, c/o Marvin Josephson Associates, Inc.

"Man on a Permanent Vacation" by William Murray. © 1966, by William Murray. Reprinted by permission of Russell & Volkening, Inc.

"The Abandoned American" by James Phelan. © 1966, by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reprinted by permission of *True,* The Man's Magazine.

"Swinging the Paradise Street Blues: Malcolm Lowry in England" by Conrad Knickerbocker. © 1966, by Conrad Knickerbocker. Reprinted by permission of Russell & Volkening, Inc.

"Death of a Hooked Heiress" by Dick Schaap. Copyright © 1966, by Dick Schaap. Reprinted by permission of The Sterling Lord Agency.

"Room 306 Doesn't Tip!" by William Price Fox, Jr. Copyright © 1966, by The Curtis Publishing Co. Reprinted by permission of *Holiday* magazine and Littauer & Wilkinson.
"The Story of Oakland, California" by Warren Hinckle. © 1966, by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Ramparts Magazine, Inc.
"The Destruction of Conscience in Viet Nam" by Marshall Sahlins. © 1966, by Dissent Publishing Association. Reprinted by permission of *Dissent*.
"Genetics and the Survival of the Unfit" by Lucy Eisenberg. Copyright © 1966, by Harper's Magazine, Inc. Reprinted from the February 1966 issue of *Harper's Magazine* by permission of the author.
"'I Get One More "U," My Mother Goin' to Beat Me Till it Rains'" by Orletta Ryan. © 1966, by The New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.
"Prologue to an Autobiography" by Conrad Aiken. © 1966, by Conrad Aiken. Reprinted by permission of Conrad Aiken.
"Fifty-two People on a Continent" by John McPhee. © 1966, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. Reprinted by permission.

for
GRETA

Contents

Introduction		xi
"Joe," said Marilyn Monroe, just back from Korea, "you never heard such cheering." "Yes I have," Joe DiMaggio answered.	GAY TALESE *Esquire*	1
On Being a Patient	STEPHEN BECKER *Harper's Magazine*	18
The Murder of Rabbi Adler	T. V. LoCICERO *Commentary*	30
On Pornography	GORE VIDAL *The New York Review of Books*	38
Looking for a Lift	MARK KRAM *Sports Illustrated*	48
"How Can I Tell Them There's Nothing Left?"	JOAN DIDION *Saturday Evening Post*	58
The Guru Comes to Kansas	BARRY FARRELL *Life*	72
Views from the Border: II	ELROY BODE *Southwest Review*	83
Oh Rotten Gotham—Sliding Down into the Behavioral Sink	TOM WOLFE *New York*	91
Man on a Permanent Vacation	WILLIAM MURRAY *Venture*	101
The Abandoned American	JAMES PHELAN *True*	112
Swinging the Paradise Street Blues: Malcolm Lowry in England	CONRAD KNICKERBOCKER *The Paris Review*	128
Death of a Hooked Heiress	DICK SCHAAP *Look*	145
Room 306 Doesn't Tip!	WILLIAM PRICE FOX, JR. *Holiday*	164
The Story of Oakland, California	WARREN HINCKLE *Ramparts*	177
The Destruction of Conscience in Viet Nam	MARSHALL SAHLINS *Dissent*	211

Genetics and the Survival of the Unfit — LUCY EISENBERG, *Harper's Magazine* — 234

"I Get One More 'U,' My Mother Goin' to Beat Me Till It Rains" — ORLETTA RYAN, *The New York Times Magazine* — 242

Prologue to an Autobiography — CONRAD AIKEN, *The American Scholar* — 255

Fifty-two People on a Continent — JOHN McPHEE, *The New Yorker* — 262

Biographical Notes — 295

1966 Honor Roll of Outstanding Articles in American Magazines — 299

Awards Available to Magazine Writers — 302

Introduction

ONCE AGAIN, the past year has been a good one for magazine writing, and selecting the best articles published in American magazines during 1966 has not been a light task. Several thousand pieces were screened in all, twenty were chosen. Weighing one article against another, I frequently found myself wishing the book might be expanded. Instead, I expanded the Honor Roll at the end of the book to include seventy-five distinguished articles, as against the fifty so listed last year.

Taken separately or as a whole, the twenty pieces comprising *Best Magazine Articles:* 1967 are further confirmation of the renaissance in magazine nonfiction writing today. At their most serious, they are at least as perceptive and as carefully wrought as the best of contemporary fiction; they are, in a word, *literature*. Even the so-called "light" pieces—say, those by William Murray, Mark Kram, and William Price Fox, Jr.—are sharply observed and stylistically deft.

Perhaps the year's most notable trend was the abundance of good pieces dealing with murder. Four are included here. T. V. LoCicero's striking narrative is a Dostoevskian Note from Detroit's Underground which searches for the meaning behind one of those inexplicable, bizarre tragedies one sees written up in the newspapers from time to time. Another such headline case, the death of Celeste Crenshaw, is taken by Dick Schaap, known primarily as a columnist, and he turns in an impressive job of straight reporting. Joan Didion seizes on the raw material for a James M. Cain novel and makes of it a piece that tells more about California today than could be uncovered by a task force of sociologists working for a year. And James Phelan offers a fine example of good, old-fashioned legwork in his exposé, a genre in which he is particularly adept.

Another natural grouping of pieces might fall under the heading of literary. The late Conrad Knickerbocker has written a brilliant study of Malcolm Lowry, and Knickerbocker's subsequent suicide was the starkest sort of evidence of why he should have so closely identified with this tortured, talented, and ultimately self-wasting novelist. Gore Vidal offers a witty and eminently sensible essay on pornography. Conrad Aiken's sketch of his earliest memories has the effect of floating the reader back to *his*

childhood, and it is of some special literary interest since it served as forerunner to Aiken's autobiography, *Ushant*. Barry Farrell's profile of Allen Ginsberg shows how far many of our large-circulation magazines have come in the past decade. Ten years ago, it would have been unthinkable that such an Outsider would have been profiled in *Life* at all; and if he had been, it would almost certainly not have been the intelligent and sympathetic portrait which Farrell made it.

Foreign affairs continued to occupy us last year, and this was reflected in magazine content. Of the many Vietnam pieces published, it seemed to me that Marshall Sahlins' was the most subtle and searching, dealing as it did with an aspect of that war which may, in the long run, be more important than any loss of face we might sustain there. John McPhee (who with Tom Wolfe is a "repeat" contributor from last year's anthology) looks at a more constructive project in which Americans were involved overseas; incidentally, his reconstruction of the events on which he reports was so convincing that he was called in as a consultant to one government agency which was sure, from reading the piece, that he had actually been to Africa himself.

As to domestic concerns, Tom Wolfe appears to take urban crowding seriously enough to write about it in a somewhat less mannered style than that which first won him his reputation; and he brings it off with telling effect. Warren Hinckle's contribution to *Ramparts*' series, "The Shame of Our Cities," is modern muckraking of the solidest kind. And Orletta Ryan's largely-dialogue report on Harlem schoolchildren forces one to look hard into these young lives, and what one comes away with is uncomfortably close to a series of glimpses into Hell, that particular one we've renamed a "disadvantaged neighborhood."

Science writing, as Lucy Eisenberg practices it, is not only a model of clarity but, of all things, charm as well; her piece makes genetics a matter of interest to more than geneticists, and I commend it to you.

Finally, there are several ways of writing about people. One can, as Elroy Bode does, attempt to describe them solely from the outside without ever speaking to them. Gay Talese, given a reluctant subject, tries to break through frontally and by talking to people who know DiMaggio—all in an effort to re-create scenes and fit them into a flow of narrative that will convey the man's special qualities. And Stephen Becker writes about himself as intimately and honestly as a man can. All of these approaches, as you will see, can be made to work when they are employed by a writer with a sense of human truth.

There are this year's twenty selections. They make up—and I think I can say this without immodesty, since I did not write this book—an impressive volume. But perhaps I would do best to call on an impartial witness, such as Dean Theodore Peterson of the University of Illinois College of Journalism and Communications and author of the definitive *Magazines in the*

Twentieth Century. In a recent address, Dean Peterson was good enough to describe the contents of *Best Magazine Articles:* 1966 as follows: "Presumably none of the twenty [articles] was intended for book publication when it was written. What struck me about the pieces was how much at home they were between hard covers. They transcended the moment in subject matter, and they were highly literate."

I believe that this description applies equally to the contents of BEST MAGAZINE ARTICLES: 1967.

I should like to thank those of my colleagues—magazine editors and writers—who have taken the time to call to my attention articles which they felt warranted consideration. And special thanks to David Evanier for his editorial assistance in the preparation of this book.

—Gerald Walker

BEST MAGAZINE ARTICLES: *1967*

by Gay Talese

"Joe," said Marilyn Monroe, just back from Korea, "you never heard such cheering." "Yes I have," Joe DiMaggio answered

"I would like to take the great DiMaggio fishing," the old man said. "They say his father was a fisherman. Maybe he was as poor as we are and would understand."

—Ernest Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea*

THE SILENT SEASON OF A HERO

It was not quite spring, the silent season before the search for salmon, and the old fishermen of San Francisco were either painting their boats or repairing their nets along the pier or sitting in the sun talking quietly among themselves, watching the tourists come and go, and smiling, now, as a pretty girl paused to take their picture. She was about twenty-five, healthy and blue-eyed and wearing a red turtle-neck sweater, and she had long, flowing blonde hair that she brushed back a few times before clicking her camera. The fishermen, looking at her, made admiring comments but she did not understand because they spoke a Sicilian dialect; nor did she notice the tall gray-haired man in a dark suit who stood watching her from behind a big bay window on the second floor of DiMaggio's Restaurant that overlooks the pier.

He watched until she left, lost in the crowd of newly arrived tourists that had just come down the hill by cable car. Then he sat down again at the table in the restaurant, finishing his tea and lighting another cigarette, his fifth in the last half hour. It was eleven-thirty in the morning. None of the other tables was occupied, and the only sounds came from the bar where a liquor salesman was laughing at something the headwaiter had said. But then the salesman, his briefcase under his arm, headed for the door, stopping briefly to peek into the dining room and call out, "See you later, Joe." Joe DiMaggio turned and waved at the salesman. Then the room was quiet again.

At fifty-one, DiMaggio was a most distinguished-looking man, aging as gracefully as he had played on the ball field, impeccable in his tailoring, his nails manicured, his six-foot two-inch body seeming as lean and capable as when he posed for the portrait that hangs in the restaurant and shows him in Yankee Stadium swinging from the heels at a pitch thrown twenty years ago. His gray hair was thinning at the crown, but just barely, and his face was lined in the right places, and his expression, once as sad and haunted as a matador's, was more in repose these days, though, as now, tension had returned and he chain-smoked and occasionally paced the floor and looked out the window at the people below. In the crowd was a man he did not wish to see.

The man had met DiMaggio in New York. This week he had come to San Francisco and had telephoned several times but none of the calls had been returned because DiMaggio suspected that the man, who had said he was doing research on some vague sociological project, really wanted to delve into DiMaggio's private life and that of DiMaggio's former wife, Marilyn Monroe. DiMaggio would never tolerate this. The memory of her death is still very painful to him, and yet, because he keeps it to himself, some people are not sensitive to it. One night in a supper club a woman who had been drinking approached his table, and when he did not ask her to join him, she snapped:

"All right, I guess I'm *not* Marilyn Monroe."

He ignored her remark, but when she repeated it, he replied, barely controlling his anger, "No—I wish you were, but you're not."

The tone of his voice softened her, and she asked, "Am I saying something wrong?"

"You already have," he said. "Now will you please leave me alone?"

His friends on the wharf, understanding him as they do, are very careful when discussing him with strangers, knowing that should they inadvertently betray a confidence he will not denounce them but rather will never speak to them again; this comes from a sense of propriety not inconsistent in the man who also, after Marilyn Monroe's death, directed that fresh flowers be placed on her grave "forever."

Some of the older fishermen who have known DiMaggio all his life remember him as a small boy who helped clean his father's boat, and as a young man who sneaked away and used a broken oar as a bat on the sandlots nearby. His father, a small mustachioed man known as Zio Pepe, would become infuriated and call him *lagnuso*, lazy, *meschino*, good-for-nothing, but in 1936 Zio Pepe was among those who cheered when Joe DiMaggio returned to San Francisco after his first season with the New York Yankees, and was carried along the wharf on the shoulders of the fishermen.

The fishermen also remember how, after his retirement in 1951, DiMaggio brought his second wife, Marilyn, to live near the wharf, and some-

times they would be seen early in the morning fishing off DiMaggio's boat, the *Yankee Clipper*, now docked quietly in the marina, and in the evening they would be sitting and talking on the pier. They had arguments, too, the fishermen knew, and one night Marilyn was seen running hysterically, crying as she ran, along the road away from the pier, with Joe following. But the fishermen pretended they did not see this; it was none of their affair. They knew that Joe wanted her to stay in San Francisco and avoid the sharks in Hollywood, but she was confused and torn then—"She was a child," they said—and even today DiMaggio loathes Los Angeles and many of the people in it. He no longer speaks to his onetime friend, Frank Sinatra, who had befriended Marilyn in her final years, and he also is cool to Dean Martin and Peter Lawford and Lawford's former wife, Pat, who once gave a party at which she introduced Marilyn Monroe to Robert Kennedy, and the two of them danced often that night, Joe heard, and he did not take it well. He was very possessive of her that year, his close friends say, because Marilyn and he had planned to remarry; but before they could she was dead, and DiMaggio banned the Lawfords and Sinatra and many Hollywood people from her funeral. When Marilyn Monroe's attorney complained that DiMaggio was keeping her friends away, DiMaggio answered coldly, "If it weren't for those friends persuading her to stay in Hollywood she would still be alive."

Joe DiMaggio now spends most of the year in San Francisco, and each day tourists, noticing the name on the restaurant, ask the men on the wharf if they ever see him. Oh, yes, the men say, they see him nearly every day; they have not seen him yet this morning, they add, but he should be arriving shortly. So the tourists continue to walk along the piers past the crab vendors, under the circling sea gulls, past the fish 'n' chip stands, sometimes stopping to watch a large vessel steaming toward the Golden Gate Bridge which, to their dismay, is painted red. Then they visit the Wax Museum, where there is a life-size figure of DiMaggio in uniform, and walk across the street and spend a quarter to peer through the silver telescopes focused on the island of Alcatraz, which is no longer a Federal prison. Then they return to ask the men if DiMaggio has been seen. Not yet, the men say, although they notice his blue Impala parked in the lot next to the restaurant. Sometimes tourists will walk into the restaurant and have lunch, and will see him sitting calmly in a corner signing autographs and being extremely gracious with everyone. At other times, as on this particular morning when the man from New York chose to visit, DiMaggio was tense and suspicious.

When the man entered the restaurant from the side steps leading to the dining room he saw DiMaggio standing near the window talking with an elderly maître d' named Charles Friscia. Not wanting to walk in and risk intrusion, the man asked one of DiMaggio's nephews to inform Joe of his presence. When DiMaggio got the message he quickly turned and left Friscia and disappeared through an exit leading down to the kitchen.

Astonished and confused, the visitor stood in the hall. A moment later Friscia appeared and the man asked, "Did Joe leave?"

"Joe who?" Friscia replied.

"Joe DiMaggio!"

"Haven't seen him," Friscia said.

"You haven't *seen* him! He was standing right next to you a second ago!"

"It wasn't me," Friscia said.

"You were standing next to him. I saw you. In the dining room."

"You must be mistaken," Friscia said, softly, seriously. "It wasn't me."

"You *must* be kidding," the man said, angrily, turning and leaving the restaurant. Before he could get to his car, however, DiMaggio's nephew came running after him and said, "Joe wants to see you."

He returned expecting to see DiMaggio waiting for him. Instead he was handed a telephone. The voice was powerful and deep and so tense that the quick sentences ran together.

"*You are invading my rights, I did not ask you to come, I assume you have a lawyer, you must have a lawyer, get your lawyer!*"

"I came as a friend," the man interrupted.

"That's beside the point," DiMaggio said. "I have my privacy, I do not want it violated, you'd better get a lawyer. . . ." Then, pausing, DiMaggio asked, "Is my nephew there?"

He was not.

"Then wait where you are."

A moment later DiMaggio appeared, tall and red-faced, erect and beautifully dressed in his dark suit and white shirt with the gray silk tie and the gleaming silver cuff links. He moved with big steps toward the man and handed him an airmail envelope, unopened, that the man had written from New York.

"Here," DiMaggio said. "This is yours."

Then DiMaggio sat down at a small table. He said nothing, just lit a cigarette and waited, legs crossed, his head held high and back so as to reveal the intricate construction of his nose, a fine sharp tip above the big nostrils and tiny bones built out from the bridge, a great nose.

"Look," DiMaggio said, more calmly. "I do not interfere with other people's lives. And I do not expect them to interfere with mine. There are things about my life, personal things, that I refuse to talk about. And even if you asked my brothers they would be unable to tell you about them because they do not know. There are things about me, so many things, that they simply do not know. . . ."

"I don't want to cause trouble," the man said. "I think you're a great man, and . . ."

"I'm not great," DiMaggio cut in. "I'm not great," he repeated, softly. "I'm just a man trying to get along."

Then DiMaggio, as if realizing that he was intruding upon his own privacy, abruptly stood up. He looked at his watch.

"I'm late," he said, very formal again. "I'm ten minutes late. *You're* making me late."

The man left the restaurant. He crossed the street and wandered over to the pier, briefly watching the fishermen hauling their nets and talking in the sun, seeming very calm and contented. Then, after he had turned and was headed back toward the parking lot, a blue Impala stopped in front of him and Joe DiMaggio leaned out the window and asked, "Do you have a car?" His voice was very gentle.

"Yes," the man said.

"Oh," DiMaggio said. "I would have given you a ride."

Joe DiMaggio was not born in San Francisco but in Martinez, a small fishing village twenty-five miles northeast of the Golden Gate. Zio Pepe had settled there after leaving Isola delle Femmine, an islet off Palermo where the DiMaggios had been fishermen for generations. But in 1915, hearing of the luckier waters off San Francisco's wharf, Zio Pepe left Martinez, packing his boat with furniture and family, including Joe who was one year old.

San Francisco was placid and picturesque when the DiMaggios arrived, but there was a competitive undercurrent and struggle for power along the pier. At dawn the boats would sail out to where the bay meets the ocean and the sea is rough, and later the men would race back with their hauls, hoping to beat their fellow fishermen to shore and sell it while they could. Twenty or thirty boats would sometimes be trying to gain the channel shoreward at the same time, and a fisherman had to know every rock in the water, and later know every bargaining trick along the shore, because the dealers and restaurateurs would play one fisherman off against the other, keeping the prices down. Later the fishermen became wiser and organized, predetermining the maximum amount each fisherman would catch, but there were always some men who, like the fish, never learned, and so heads would sometimes be broken, nets slashed, gasoline poured onto their fish, flowers of warning placed outside their doors.

But these days were ending when Zio Pepe arrived, and he expected his five sons to succeed him as fishermen, and the first two, Tom and Michael, did; but a third, Vincent, wanted to sing. He sang with such magnificent power as a young man that he came to the attention of a great banker, A. P. Giannini, and there were plans to send him to Italy for tutoring and the opera. But there was hesitation around the DiMaggio household, and Vince never went; instead he played ball with the San Francisco Seals, and sportswriters misspelled his name.

It was DeMaggio until Joe, at Vince's recommendation, joined the team and became a sensation, being followed later by the youngest brother, Dominic, who was also outstanding. All three later played in the big leagues, and

some writers like to say that Joe was the best hitter, Dom the best fielder, Vince the best singer, and Casey Stengel once said: "Vince is the only player I ever saw who could strike out three times in one game and not be embarrassed. He'd walk into the clubhouse whistling. Everybody would be feeling sorry for him, but Vince always thought he was doing good."

After he retired from baseball Vince became a bartender, then a milkman, now a carpenter. He lives forty miles north of San Francisco in a house he partly built, has been happily married for thirty-four years, has four grandchildren, has in the closet one of Joe's tailor-made suits that he has never had altered to fit, and when people ask if he envies Joe he always says, "No, maybe Joe would like to have what I have. He won't admit it, but he just might like to have what I have." The brother Vince most admired was Michael, "a big earthy man, a dreamer, a fisherman who wanted things but didn't want to take from Joe, or to work in the restaurant. He wanted a bigger boat, but wanted to earn it on his own. He never got it." In 1953, at the age of forty-four, Michael fell from his boat and drowned.

Since Zio Pepe's death at seventy-seven in 1949, Tom at sixty-two the oldest brother—two of his four sisters are older—has become nominal head of the family, and manages the restaurant that was opened in 1937 as Joe DiMaggio's Grotto. Later Joe sold out his share and now Tom is the co-owner of it with Dominic. Of all the brothers, Dominic, who was known as the "Little Professor" when he played with the Boston Red Sox, is the most successful in business. He lives in a fashionable Boston suburb with his wife and three children and is president of a firm that manufactures fiber cushion materials and grossed more than $3,500,000 last year.

Joe DiMaggio lives with his widowed sister, Marie, in a tan stone house on a quiet residential street not far from Fisherman's Wharf. He bought the house almost thirty years ago for his parents, and after their death he lived there with Marilyn Monroe; now it is cared for by Marie, a slim and handsome dark-eyed woman who has an apartment on the second floor, Joe on the third. There are some baseball trophies and plaques in the small room off DiMaggio's bedroom, and on his dresser are photographs of Marilyn Monroe, and in the living room downstairs is a small painting of her that DiMaggio likes very much: it reveals only her face and shoulders, and she is wearing a very wide-brimmed sun hat, and there is a soft sweet smile on her lips, an innocent curiosity about her that is the way he saw her and the way he wanted her to be seen by others—a simple girl, "a warm bighearted girl," he once described her, "that everybody took advantage of."

The publicity photographs emphasizing her sex appeal often offended him, and a memorable moment for Billy Wilder, who directed her in *The Seven Year Itch*, occurred when he spotted DiMaggio in a large crowd of people gathered on Lexington Avenue in New York to watch a scene in which Marilyn, standing over a subway grating to cool herself, had her skirts

blown high by a sudden wind below. "What the hell is going on here?" DiMaggio was overheard to have said in the crowd, and Wilder recalled, "I shall never forget the look of death on Joe's face."

He was then thirty-nine, she was twenty-seven. They had been married in January of that year, 1954, despite disharmony in temperament and time: he was tired of publicity, she was thriving on it; he was intolerant of tardiness, she was always late. During their honeymoon in Tokyo an American general had introduced himself and asked if, as a patriotic gesture, she would visit the troops in Korea. She looked at Joe. "It's your honeymoon," he said, shrugging, "go ahead if you want to."

She appeared on ten occasions before 100,000 servicemen, and when she returned she said, "It was so wonderful, Joe. You never heard such cheering."

"Yes I have," he said.

Across from her portrait in the living room, on a coffee table in front of a sofa, is a sterling-silver humidor that was presented to him by his Yankee teammates at a time when he was the most talked-about man in America, and when Les Brown's band had recorded a hit that was heard day and night on the radio:

> . . . *From Coast to Coast, that's all you hear*
> *Of Joe the One-Man Show*
> *He's glorified the horsehide sphere,*
> *Jolting Joe DiMaggio . . .*
> *Joe . . . Joe . . . DiMaggio . . . we*
> *want you on our side. . . .*

The year was 1941, and it began for DiMaggio in the middle of May after the Yankees had lost four games in a row, seven of their last nine, and were in fourth place, five and a half games behind the leading Cleveland Indians. On May 15th, DiMaggio hit only a first-inning single in a game that New York lost to Chicago, 13–1; he was barely hitting .300, and had greatly disappointed the crowds that had seen him finish with a .352 average the year before and .381 in 1939.

He got a hit in the next game, and the next, and the next. On May 24th, with the Yankees losing 6–5 to Boston, DiMaggio came up with runners on second and third and singled them home, winning the game, extending his streak to ten games. But it went largely unnoticed. Even DiMaggio was not conscious of it until it had reached twenty-nine games in mid-June. Then the newspapers began to dramatize it, the public became aroused, they sent him good-luck charms of every description, and DiMaggio kept hitting, and radio announcers would interrupt programs to announce the news, and then the song again: "*Joe . . . Joe . . . DiMaggio . . . we want you on our side. . . .*"

Sometimes DiMaggio would be hitless his first three times up, the tension would build, it would appear that the game would end without his getting another chance—but he always would, and then he would hit the ball against the left-field wall, or through the pitcher's legs, or between two leaping infielders. In the forty-first game, the first of a double-header in Washington, DiMaggio tied an American League record that George Sisler had set in 1922. But before the second game began a spectator sneaked onto the field and into the Yankees' dugout and stole DiMaggio's favorite bat. In the second game, using another of his bats, DiMaggio lined out twice and flied out. But in the seventh inning, borrowing one of his old bats that a teammate was using, he singled and broke Sisler's record, and he was only three games away from surpassing the major-league record of forty-four set in 1897 by Willie Keeler while playing for Baltimore when it was a National League franchise.

An appeal for the missing bat was made through the newspapers. A man from Newark admitted the crime and returned it with regrets. And on July 2, at Yankee Stadium, DiMaggio hit a home run into the left-field stands. The record was broken.

He also got hits in the next eleven games, but on July 17th in Cleveland, at a night game attended by 67,468, he failed against two pitchers, Al Smith and Jim Bagby, Jr., although Cleveland's hero was really its third baseman, Ken Keltner, who in the first inning lunged to his right to make a spectacular backhanded stop of a drive and, from the foul line behind third base, he threw DiMaggio out. DiMaggio received a walk in the fourth inning. But in the seventh he again hit a hard shot at Keltner, who again stopped it and threw him out. DiMaggio hit sharply toward the shortstop in the eighth inning, the ball taking a bad hop, but Lou Boudreau speared it off his shoulder and threw to the second baseman to start a double play, and DiMaggio's streak was stopped at fifty-six games. But the New York Yankees were on their way to winning the pennant by seventeen games, and the World Series too, and so in August, in a hotel suite in Washington, the players threw a surprise party for DiMaggio and toasted him with champagne and presented him with this Tiffany silver humidor that is now in San Francisco in his living room. . . .

Marie was in the kitchen making toast and tea when DiMaggio came down for breakfast; his gray hair was uncombed but, since he wears it short, it was not untidy. He said good morning to Marie, sat down, and yawned. He lit a cigarette. He wore a blue wool bathrobe over his pajamas. It was eight A.M. He had many things to do today, and he seemed cheerful. He had a conference with the president of Continental Television, Inc., a large retail chain in California of which he is a partner and vice-president; later he had a golf date, and then a big banquet to attend, and, if that did not go on too long and he were not too tired afterward, he might have a date.

Picking up the morning paper, not rushing to the sports page, DiMaggio read the front-page news, the people-problems of '66: Kwame Nkrumah was overthrown in Ghana, students were burning their draft cards (DiMaggio shook his head), the flu epidemic was spreading through the whole state of California. Then he flipped inside through the gossip columns, thankful they did not have him in there today—they had printed an item about his dating "an electrifying airline hostess" not long ago, and they also spotted him at dinner with Dori Lane, "the frantic frugger" in Whisky à Go Go's glass cage—and then he turned to the sports page and read a story about how the injured Mickey Mantle may never regain his form.

It had all happened so quickly, the passing of Mantle, or so it seemed; he had succeeded DiMaggio as DiMaggio had succeeded Ruth, but now there was no great young power hitter coming up and the Yankee management, almost desperate, had talked Mantle out of retirement, and on September 18, 1965, they gave him a "day" in New York during which he received several thousand dollars' worth of gifts—an automobile, two quarter horses, free vacation trips to Rome, Nassau, Puerto Rico—and DiMaggio had flown to New York to make the introduction before 50,000: it had been a dramatic day, an almost holy day for the believers who had jammed the grandstands early to witness the canonization of a new stadium saint. Cardinal Spellman was on the committee, President Johnson sent a telegram, the day was officially proclaimed by the Mayor of New York, an orchestra assembled in center field in front of the trinity of monuments to Ruth, Gehrig, Huggins; and high in the grandstands, billowing in the breeze of early autumn, were white banners that read: "Don't Quit Mick," "We Love the Mick."

The banners had been held by hundreds of young boys whose dreams had been fulfilled so often by Mantle, but also seated in the grandstands were older men, paunchy and balding, in whose middleaged minds DiMaggio was still vivid and invincible, and some of them remembered how one month before, during a pregame exhibition at Old-Timers' Day in Yankee Stadium, DiMaggio had hit a pitch into the left-field seats, and suddenly thousands of people had jumped wildly to their feet, joyously screaming—the great DiMaggio had returned, they were young again, it was yesterday.

But on this sunny September day at the Stadium, the feast day of Mickey Mantle, DiMaggio was not wearing No. 5 on his back nor a black cap to cover his graying hair; he was wearing a black suit and white shirt and blue tie, and he stood in one corner of the Yankees' dugout waiting to be introduced by Red Barber, who was standing near home plate behind a silver microphone. In the outfield Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians were playing soothing soft music; and moving slowly back and forth over the sprawling green grass between the left-field bullpen and the infield were two carts driven by groundskeepers and containing dozens and dozens of large gifts for Mantle—a six-foot, one-hundred-pound Hebrew National salami, a Win-

chester rifle, a mink coat for Mrs. Mantle, a set of Wilson golf clubs, a Mercury 95-horsepower outboard motor, a Necchi portable, a year's supply of Chunky Candy. DiMaggio smoked a cigarette, but cupped it in his hands as if not wanting to be caught in the act by teen-aged boys near enough to peek down into the dugout. Then, edging forward a step, DiMaggio poked his head out and looked up. He could see nothing above except the packed towering green grandstands that seemed a mile high and moving, and he could see no clouds or blue sky, only a sky of faces. Then the announcer called out his name—"*Joe DiMaggio!*"—and suddenly there was a blast of cheering that grew louder and louder, echoing and reechoing within the big steel canyon, and DiMaggio stomped out his cigarette and climbed up the dugout steps and onto the soft green grass, the noise resounding in his ears, he could almost feel the breeze, the breath of 50,000 lungs upon him, 100,000 eyes watching his every move, and for the briefest instant as he walked he closed his eyes.

Then in his path he saw Mickey Mantle's mother, a smiling elderly woman wearing an orchid, and he gently reached out for her elbow, holding it as he led her toward the microphone next to the other dignitaries lined up on the infield. Then he stood, very erect and without expression, as the cheers softened and the Stadium settled down.

Mantle was still in the dugout, in uniform, standing with one leg on the top step, and lined on both sides of him were the other Yankees who, when the ceremony was over, would play the Detroit Tigers. Then into the dugout, smiling, came Senator Robert Kennedy, accompanied by two tall curly-haired young assistants with blue eyes, Fordham freckles. Jim Farley was the first on the field to notice the Senator, and Farley muttered, loud enough for others to hear, "Who the hell invited *him?*"

Toots Shor and some of the other committeemen standing near Farley looked into the dugout, and so did DiMaggio, his glance seeming cold, but he remaining silent. Kennedy walked up and down within the dugout shaking hands with the Yankees, but he did not walk onto the field.

"Senator," said the Yankees' manager, Johnny Keane, "why don't you sit down?" Kennedy quickly shook his head, smiled. He remained standing, and then one Yankee came over and asked about getting relatives out of Cuba, and Kennedy called over one of his aides to take down the details in a notebook.

On the infield the ceremony went on, Mantle's gifts continued to pile up —a Mobilette motor bike, a Sooner Schooner wagon barbecue, a year's supply of Chock Full O'Nuts coffee, a year's supply of Topps Chewing Gum—and the Yankee players watched, and Maris seemed glum.

"Hey, Rog," yelled a man with a tape recorder, Murray Olderman, "I want to do a thirty-second tape with you."

Maris swore angrily, shook his head.

"It'll only take a second," Olderman said.

"Why don't you ask Richardson? He's a better talker than me."

"Yes, but the fact that it comes from you . . ."

Maris swore again. But finally he went over and said in an interview that Mantle was the finest player of his era, a great competitor, a great hitter.

Fifteen minutes later, standing behind the microphone at home plate, DiMaggio was telling the crowd, "I'm proud to introduce the man who succeeded me in center field in 1951," and from every corner of the Stadium the cheering, whistling, clapping came down. Mantle stepped forward. He stood with his wife and children, posed for the photographers kneeling in front. Then he thanked the crowd in a short speech, and turning, shook hands with the dignitaries standing nearby. Among them now was Senator Kennedy who had been spotted in the dugout five minutes before by Red Barber, and been called out and introduced. Kennedy posed with Mantle for a photographer, then shook hands with the Mantle children, and with Toots Shor and James Farley and others. DiMaggio saw him coming down the line and at the last second he backed away, casually, hardly anybody noticing it, and Kennedy seemed not to to notice it either, just swept past shaking more hands. . . .

Finishing his tea, putting aside the newspaper, DiMaggio went upstairs to dress, and soon he was waving good-bye to Marie and driving toward his business appointment in downtown San Francisco with his partners in the retail television business. DiMaggio, while not a millionaire, has invested wisely and has always had, since his retirement from baseball, executive positions with big companies that have paid him well. He also was among the organizers of the Fisherman's National Bank of San Francisco last year, and, though it never came about, he demonstrated an acuteness that impressed those businessmen who had thought of him only in terms of baseball. He has had offers to manage big-league baseball teams but always had rejected them, saying, "I have enough trouble taking care of my own problems without taking on the responsibilities of twenty-five ballplayers."

So his only contact with baseball these days, excluding public appearances, is his unsalaried job as a batting coach each spring in Florida with the New York Yankees, a trip he would make once again on the following Sunday, three days away, if he could accomplish what for him is always the dreaded responsibility of packing, a task made no easier by the fact that he lately had fallen into the habit of keeping his clothes in two places—some hang in his closet at home, some hang in the back room of a saloon called Reno's.

Reno's is a dimly lit bar in the center of San Francisco. A portrait of DiMaggio swinging a bat hangs on the wall, in addition to portraits of other star athletes, and the clientele consists mainly of the sporting crowd and news-

papermen, people who know DiMaggio quite well and around whom he speaks freely on a number of subjects, and relaxes as he can in few other places. The owner of the bar is Reno Barsocchini, a broad-shouldered and handsome man of fifty-one with graying wavy hair, who began as a fiddler in Dago Mary's tavern thirty-five years ago. He later became a bartender there and elsewhere, including DiMaggio's Restaurant, and now he is probably DiMaggio's closest friend. He was the best man at the DiMaggio-Monroe wedding in 1954, and when they separated nine months later in Los Angeles, Reno rushed down to help DiMaggio with the packing and drive him back to San Francisco. Reno will never forget the day.

Hundreds of people were gathered around the Beverly Hills home that DiMaggio and Marilyn had rented, and photographers were perched in the trees watching the windows, and others stood on the lawn and behind the rosebushes waiting to snap pictures of anybody who walked out of the house. The newspapers that day played all the puns—"Joe Fanned on Jealousy"; "Marilyn and Joe—Out at Home"—and the Hollywood columnists, to whom DiMaggio was never an idol, never a gracious host, recounted instances of incompatibility, and Oscar Levant said it all proved that no man could be a success in two national pastimes. When Reno Barsocchini arrived he had to push his way through the mob, then bang on the door for several minutes before being admitted. Marilyn Monroe was upstairs in bed, Joe DiMaggio was downstairs with his suitcases, tense and pale, his eyes bloodshot.

Reno took the suitcases and golf clubs out to DiMaggio's car, and then DiMaggio came out of the house, the reporters moving toward him, the lights flashing.

"Where are you going?" they yelled.

"I'm driving to San Francisco," he said, walking quickly.

"Is that going to be your home?"

"That *is* my home, and always has been."

"Are you coming back?"

DiMaggio turned for a moment, looking up at the house.

"No," he said, "I'll never be back."

Reno Barsocchini, except for a brief falling out over something he will not discuss, has been DiMaggio's trusted companion ever since, joining him whenever he can on the golf course or on the town, otherwise waiting for him in the bar with other middle-aged men. They may wait for hours sometimes, waiting and knowing that when he arrives he may wish to be alone; but it does not seem to matter, they are endlessly awed by him, moved by the mystique, he is a kind of male Garbo. They know that he can be warm and loyal if they are sensitive to his wishes, but they must never be late for an appointment to meet him. One man, unable to find a parking place, arrived a half-hour late once, and DiMaggio did not talk to him again for

three months. They know, too, when dining at night with DiMaggio, that he generally prefers male companions and occasionally one or two young women, but never wives; wives gossip, wives complain, wives are trouble, and men wishing to remain close to DiMaggio must keep their wives at home.

When DiMaggio strolls into Reno's bar, the men wave and call out his name, and Reno Barsocchini smiles and announces, "Here's the Clipper!" the "Yankee Clipper" being a nickname from his baseball days.

"Hey, Clipper, Clipper," Reno had said two nights before, "where you been, Clipper? . . . Clipper, how 'bout a belt?"

DiMaggio refused the offer of a drink, ordering instead a pot of tea, which he prefers to all other beverages except before a date, when he will switch to vodka.

"Hey, Joe," a sportswriter asked, a man researching a magazine piece on golf, "why is it that a golfer, when he starts getting older, loses his putting touch first? Like Snead and Hogan, they can still hit a ball well off the tee, but on the greens they lose the strokes. . . ."

"It's the pressure of age," DiMaggio said, turning around on his bar stool. "With age you get jittery. It's true of golfers, it's true of any man when he gets into his fifties. He doesn't take chances like he used to. The younger golfer, on the greens, he'll stroke his putts better. The older man, he becomes hesitant. A little uncertain. Shaky. When it comes to taking chances, the younger man, even when driving a car, will take chances that the older man won't."

"Speaking of chances," another man said, one of the group that had gathered around DiMaggio, "did you see that guy on crutches in here last night?"

"Yeah, had his leg in a cast," a third said, "Skiing."

"I would never ski," DiMaggio said. "Men who ski must be doing it to impress a broad. You see these men, some of them forty, fifty, getting onto skis. And later you see them all bandaged up, broken legs. . . ."

"But skiing's a very sexy sport, Joe. All the clothes, the tight pants, the fireplace in the ski lodge, the bear rug—Christ, nobody goes to ski. They just go out there to get it cold so they can warm it up. . . ."

"Maybe you're right," DiMaggio said. "I might be persuaded."

"Want a belt, Clipper?" Reno asked.

DiMaggio thought for a second, then said, "All right—first belt tonight."

Now it was noon, a warm sunny day. DiMaggio's business meeting with the television retailers had gone well; he had made a strong appeal to George Shahood, president of Continental Television, Inc., which has eight retail outlets in Northern California, to cut prices on color television sets and increase the sales volume, and Shahood had conceded it was worth a try. Then DiMaggio called Reno's bar to see if there were any messages, and now he was in Lefty O'Doul's car being driven along Fisherman's Wharf toward the

Golden Gate Bridge en route to a golf course thirty miles upstate. Lefty O'Doul was one of the great hitters in the National League in the early thirties, and later he managed the San Francisco Seals when DiMaggio was the shining star. Though O'Doul is now sixty-nine, eighteen years older than DiMaggio, he nevertheless possesses great energy and spirit, is a hard-drinking, boisterous man with a big belly and roving eye; and when DiMaggio, as they drove along the highway toward the golf club, noticed a lovely blonde at the wheel of a car nearby and exclaimed, "Look at *that* tomato!" O'Doul's head suddenly spun around, he took his eyes off the road, and yelled, "Where, *where?*" O'Doul's golf game is less than what it was—he used to have a two handicap—but he still shoots in the 80's, as does DiMaggio.

DiMaggio's drives range between 250 and 280 yards when he doesn't sky them, and his putting is good, but he is distracted by a bad back that both pains him and hinders the fullness of his swing. On the first hole, waiting to tee off, DiMaggio sat back watching a foursome of college boys ahead swinging with such freedom. "'Oh," he said with a sigh, "to have *their* backs."

DiMaggio and O'Doul were accompanied around the golf course by Ernie Nevers, the former football star, and two brothers who are in the hotel and movie-distribution business. They moved quickly up and down the green hills in electric golf carts, and DiMaggio's game was exceptionally good for the first nine holes. But then he seemed distracted, perhaps tired, perhaps even reacting to a conversation of a few minutes before. One of the movie men was praising the film *Boeing, Boeing*, starring Tony Curtis and Jerry Lewis, and the man asked DiMaggio if he had seen it.

"No," DiMaggio said. Then he added, "I haven't seen a film in eight years."

DiMaggio hooked a few shots, was in the woods. He took a No. 9 iron and tried to chip out. But O'Doul interrupted DiMaggio's concentration to remind him to keep the face of the club closed. DiMaggio hit the ball. It caromed off the side of his club, went skipping like a rabbit through the high grass down toward a pond. DiMaggio rarely displays any emotion on a golf course, but now, without saying a word, he took his No. 9 iron and flung it into the air. The club landed in a tree and stayed up there.

"Well," O'Doul said, casually, "there goes *that* set of clubs."

DiMaggio walked to the tree. Fortunately the club had slipped to the lower branch and DiMaggio could stretch up on the cart and get it back.

"Every time I get advice," DiMaggio muttered to himself, shaking his head slowly and walking toward the pond, "I shank it."

Later, showered and dressed, DiMaggio and the others drove to a banquet about ten miles from the golf course. Somebody had said it was going to be an elegant dinner, but when they arrived they could see it was more like a county fair; farmers were gathered outside a big barnlike building, a

candidate for sheriff was distributing leaflets at the front door, and a chorus of homely ladies were inside singing "You Are My Sunshine."

"How did we get sucked into this?" DiMaggio asked, talking out of the side of his mouth, as they approached the building.

"O'Doul," one of the men said. "It's his fault. Damned O'Doul can't turn *anything* down."

"Go to hell," O'Doul said.

Soon DiMaggio and O'Doul and Ernie Nevers were surrounded by the crowd, and the woman who had been leading the chorus came rushing over and said, "Oh, Mr. DiMaggio, it certainly is a pleasure having you."

"It's a pleasure being here, ma'am," he said, forcing a smile.

"It's too bad you didn't arrive a moment sooner, you'd have heard our singing."

"Oh, I heard it," he said, "and I enjoyed it very much."

"Good, good," she said. "And how are your brothers Dom and Vic?"

"Fine. Dom lives near Boston. Vince is in Pittsburgh."

"Why, *hello* there, Joe," interrupted a man with wine on his breath, patting DiMaggio on the back, feeling his arm. "Who's gonna take it this year, Joe?"

"Well, I have no idea," DiMaggio said.

"What about the Giants?"

"Your guess is as good as mine."

"Well, you can't count the Dodgers out," the man said.

"You sure can't," DiMaggio said.

"Not with all that pitching."

"Pitching is certainly important," DiMaggio said.

Everywhere he goes the questions seem the same, as if he had some special vision into the future of new heroes, and everywhere he goes, too, older men grab his hand and feel his arm and predict that he could still go out there and hit one, and the smile on DiMaggio's face is genuine. He tries hard to remain as he was—he diets, he takes steam baths, he is careful; and flabby men in the locker rooms of golf clubs sometimes steal peeks at him when he steps out of the shower, observing the tight muscles across his chest, the flat stomach, the long sinewy legs. He has a young man's body, very pale and little hair; his face is dark and lined, however, parched by the sun of several seasons. Still he is always an impressive figure at banquets such as this —an *immortal*, sportswriters called him, and that is how they have written about him and other like him, rarely suggesting that such heroes might ever be prone to the ills of mortal men, carousing, drinking, scheming; to suggest this would destroy the myth, would disillusion small boys, would infuriate rich men who own ball clubs and to whom baseball is a business dedicated to profit and in pursuit of which they trade mediocre players' flesh as casually as boys trade players' pictures on bubble-gum cards. And so the baseball hero

must always act the part, must preserve the myth, and none does it better than DiMaggio, none is more patient when drunken old men grab an arm and ask, "Who's gonna take it this year, Joe?"

Two hours later, dinner and the speeches over, DiMaggio is slumped in O'Doul's car headed back to San Francisco. He edged himself up, however, when O'Doul pulled into a gas station in which a pretty red-haired girl sat on a stool, legs crossed, filing her fingernails. She was about twenty-two, wore a tight black skirt and tighter white blouse.

"Look at *that*," DiMaggio said.

"Yeah," O'Doul said.

O'Doul turned away when a young man approached, opened the gas tank, began wiping the windshield. The young man wore a greasy white uniform on the front of which was printed the name "Burt." DiMaggio kept looking at the girl, but she was not distracted from her fingernails. Then he looked at Burt, who did not recognize him. When the tank was full, O'Doul paid and drove off. Burt returned to his girl; DiMaggio slumped down in the front seat and did not open his eyes again until they'd arrived in San Francisco.

"Let's go see Reno," DiMaggio said.

"No, I gotta go see my old lady," O'Doul said. So he dropped DiMaggio off in front of the bar, and a moment later Reno's voice was announcing in the smoky room, "Hey, here's the Clipper!" The men waved and offered to buy him a drink. DiMaggio ordered a vodka, and sat for an hour at the bar talking to a half dozen men around him. Then a blonde girl who had been with friends at the other end of the bar came over, and somebody introduced her to DiMaggio. He bought her a drink, offered her a cigarette. Then he struck a match and held it. His hand was unsteady.

"Is that me that's shaking?" he asked.

"It must be," said the blonde. "I'm calm."

Two nights later, having collected his clothes out of Reno's back room, DiMaggio boarded a jet; he slept crossways on three seats, then came down the steps as the sun began to rise in Miami. He claimed his luggage and golf clubs, put them into the trunk of a waiting automobile, and less than an hour later he was being driven into Fort Lauderdale, past palm-lined streets, toward the Yankee Clipper Hotel.

"All my life it seems I've been on the road traveling," he said, squinting through the windshield into the sun. "I never get a sense of being in any one place."

Arriving at the Yankee Clipper Hotel, DiMaggio checked into the largest suite. People rushed through the lobby to shake hands with him, to ask for his autograph, to say, "Joe, you look great." And early the next morning, and for the next thirty mornings, DiMaggio arrived punctually at the base-

ball park, and wore his uniform with the famous No. 5, and the tourists seated in the sunny grandstands clapped when he first appeared on the field each time, and then they watched with nostalgia as he picked up a bat and played "pepper" with the younger Yankees, some of whom were not even born when, twenty-five years ago this summer, he hit in fifty-six straight games and became the most celebrated man in America.

But the younger spectators in the Fort Lauderdale park, and the sportswriters, too, were more interested in Mantle and Maris, and nearly every day there were news dispatches reporting how Mantle and Maris felt, what they did, what they said, even though they said and did very little except walk around the field frowning when photographers asked for another picture, and when sportswriters asked how they felt.

After seven days of this, the big day arrived—Mantle and Maris would swing a bat—and a dozen sportswriters were gathered around the big batting cage that was situated beyond the left-field fence; it was completely enclosed in wire, meaning that no baseball could travel more than thirty or forty feet before being trapped in rope; still Mantle and Maris would be swinging, and this, in spring, makes news.

Mantle stepped in first. He wore black gloves to help prevent blisters. He hit right-handed against the pitching of a coach named Vern Benson, and soon Mantle was swinging hard, smashing line drives against the nets, going *ahhh ahhh* as he followed through with his mouth open.

Then Mantle, not wanting to overdo it on his first day, dropped his bat in the dirt and walked out of the batting cage. Roger Maris stepped in. He picked up Mantle's bat.

"This damn thing must be thirty-eight ounces," Maris said. He threw the bat down into the dirt, left the cage and walked toward the dugout on the other side of the field to get a lighter bat.

DiMaggio stood among the sportswriters behind the cage, then turned when Vern Benson, inside the cage, yelled, "Joe, wanna hit some?"

"No chance," DiMaggio said.

"Com'on, Joe," Benson said.

The reporters waited silently. Then DiMaggio walked slowly into the cage and picked up Mantle's bat. He took his position at the plate but obviously it was not the classic DiMaggio stance; he was holding the bat about two inches from the knob, his feet were not so far apart, and, when DiMaggio took a cut at Benson's first pitch, fouling it, there was none of that ferocious follow-through, the blurred bat did not come whipping all the way around, the No. 5 was not stretched full across his broad back.

DiMaggio fouled Benson's second pitch, then he connected solidly with the third, the fourth, the fifth. He was just meeting the ball easily, however, not smashing it, and Benson called out, "I didn't know you were a choke hitter, Joe."

"I am now," DiMaggio said, getting ready for another pitch.

He hit three more squarely enough, and then he swung again and there was a hollow sound.

"Ohhh," DiMaggio yelled, dropping his bat, his fingers stung, "I was waiting for that one." He left the batting cage rubbing his hands together. The reporters watched him. Nobody said anything. Then DiMaggio said to one of them, not in anger nor in sadness, but merely as a simply stated fact, "There was a time when you couldn't get me out of there."

by Stephen Becker

On Being a Patient

First I was a wizened man of ninety-five in Washington, D.C., wearing a brown gabardine suit and a Panama hat and sitting in a warm, humid greenhouse. To step outside, or smoke a cigar, was to die; but the inactivity galled, and fear was shameful, and I stepped outside and lit a cigar.

Then I was my own age, thirty-one, in a small town in upstate New York, and there was an epidemic, and our children were dying, and we could save them only by bringing wooden objects—furniture, crates, toys—to the schoolhouse. Snow fell. Soon there were no wooden objects to be found, and our children went on dying.

Then I was a helicopter pilot, and a space pilot (this was all in January, 1959), and the manager of a theatrical troupe stranded in St. Petersburg (not Leningrad; St. Petersburg). I was the landlord of a boardinghouse on the West Coast, and my tenants were drunken, aged Bohemians, and I left because there were toads in the swimming pool. I lay on a couch in Salzburg—in the house where Mozart died—begging two beautiful women for another cup of cocoa, because the cocoa was drugged, and I needed it, and I offered them money. In Mexico we played a game with the bartender, and a blue bead curtain hung in the doorway; you won the game by smoking your cigarette, and drinking your tequila, in a mysterious and secret fashion. A man said, "Do you remember my name?" Back in New Bedford I signed off the whaler after a two-year voyage, but the house I lived in was gone. I was cold. I was in command of a Canadian corvette, but they had tied me to my bunk. On the islands between New York and France I sat down to a lavish dinner with many friends, and I

was wearing a white gown, bloodstained, and my arms would not move, and I was freezing. A man said, "Do you remember my name?" I was the governor's cousin, and a car was coming for me. A lady told me to stop being silly, and I swore at her, viciously. I was in a bar in Chicago with Bao Dai, and a man was saying, "Do you remember my name?"

I finally remembered his name, and eventually got to know him fairly well. He was an intern, and he had been trying to rouse me from a week of coma. All those lovely, horrifying, claustrophobic hallucinations—many more than the few mentioned here—had come within two or three days, as consciousness nudged me. Over the next week they ceased to be deep hallucinations, and became a fitful delirium, punctuated by my loud insistence that I be taken back to the hospital. Yes, yes, the nurses said; and I hollered some more, because here we were in Texas, or Italy, and I had to be back in the morning for a spinal tap. Sometimes my wife was there. Sometimes no one was there, and I held long conversations with I.V. bottles. But always I was cold; and often I was tied down, pinned, locked in. I wondered why.

One morning I found out. I woke up, and was calm and lucid and full of curiosity, and they told me I was paralyzed to the neck.

That surprised me. I was too depleted for feelings of shock or tragedy, but was capable of surprise and—the word seems frivolous, but is accurate—dismay. That something was wrong, I had known three weeks before: extreme weariness, explosive puffs of pain in the legs and feet, and a slack, red-eyed face. Just after the new year one of my normally efficient systems had ceased to function, and when the failure persisted I drove myself to the hospital and had myself admitted. I was, for the first time in my adult life, a patient.

That was on a Sunday evening, and I went home ten months later.

In those days the language requirements for visiting interns were elastic, and unless you were lucky, your first interview was conducted in Anglo-Hungarian or pidgin Wendish. My own exhausted intern had been napping, and was not disposed to stretch his mind as far as English. We compromised on French, so the whole experience began for me in a surrealistic haze—the more so as my French was a lot better than his, and after a few moments I had to phrase the questions as well as the answers. When the history and symptoms were on the record I was put to bed; the intern said "Ciao," which took us another step away from the real. I awoke weak but refreshed, ate well enough, and was punctured here and there by the laboratory people. Shortly my doctor arrived, and then an internist, for an intensive interrogation. By the third day, when my legs would barely move, we knew that my spinal cord was burning away—some sort of myelitis had attacked me, and I learned that the plural of myelitis is myelitides. Wednesday night my wife fed me, and the next voice I heard, over a week later, was saying, "Do you remember my name?"

When I heard that voice I was in another hospital: a large institution run by the state and county jointly, with a good supply of the monstrous instruments that might become necessary, like iron lungs and wooden coffins. I had been rushed there late at night, a tube in every orifice and a gloomy anesthesiologist beside me; had been amply furnished with oxygen and liquid refreshment; and had been fussed over for seven days by teams of young doctors and special nurses. The infection had started at the base of my spinal cord and moved upward, paralyzing me progressively; there was nothing anyone could do but keep me as strong as possible. If it died before reaching my upper cervical vertebrae I might live, and that was all they could hope for. My eyes were covered with moist cotton, to prevent their drying, and one resident, with a delicacy I am still grateful for, instructed the interns to remove the cotton as soon as I showed signs of life so that I wouldn't wake up and think I had gone blind. Meanwhile, my respiration was down to six per minute, and an iron lung stood ready.

I missed all that, of course, the drama, the tension. I might have died an easy death, unknowing, slipping from one blackness to another. Instead, my respiration went up, and my pulse came down, the iron lung was wheeled away, and my wife was told that I would live. A day later I called for her, and I can remember the first sight of her, and her kiss, and myself asking, "Did I almost die?" and accepting her "Yes" as perfectly natural.

At that point I ceased to be an abstraction, and became again a patient. But you must know what I mean by the word: I was not a rich man in a private room with a light touch of gout. I was a pauper in the charity wards of a public hospital, and I was helpless. I slept away the days and nights, and drifted in and out of delirium; I could suck down baby food, but chewing exhausted me; I could talk, but only a phrase at a time. (My closest friend was permitted to see me, and stood silently, wearing a gauze mask, at the foot of the bed. I woke up, and we looked at each other for a while because there wasn't much to say, and finally I wheezed, "That's . . . the last . . . time . . . I ever . . . kiss . . . *your* wife.") Worst of all—and I remember this much more clearly than the rest—my arms were paralyzed; my hair, after two such weeks, was filthy, and my head itched damnably, and I was unable to scratch it.

Slowly order returned, sequence, continuity. Nurses made mysterious adjustments, and I learned that a tracheotomy had been performed, early on; a metal tube in my windpipe, like a tap in a barrel of beer, had helped me to breathe without chest muscles, and had kept me from choking on my own humors. Without a cork in the tube, speech was impossible, and my first fight with bureaucracy was for free speech in the primary sense. I won. My insistence was taken for rebellion, and therefore high spirits. (I learned later that any patient who argues with the staff is presumed to be improving or senile.) An old friend brought me a sheaf of Utamaro prints; they were

tacked to the wall, and I contemplated them thankfully for two weeks, but when I left the contagious ward they were burned. Delirium lessened. Messages reached me from the world at large, reminding me that a novel of mine had been published on the day I passed out. The reviews were mixed but generally good, and it might even earn its advance. (I wish for all harried writers the equanimity with which I received this news.) I ate better, and graduated to mashed potatoes. I was laved and anointed. I flirted with nurses. I was palped and prodded, and for all I know leeched and cupped. I remember little of the daily routine, because I was not active in it: I was an object and not a participant.

I learned, finally, what was wrong with me. It was something called Landry's Ascending Paralysis. That was the syndrome. The disease was just "some sort of myelitis"—a lesion of the spinal cord, an infection, probably viral, that started low and moved up. No one knew why or how I had contracted it. (No one knows yet. I like to think it was hard work and clean living.) The name of the disease meant nothing to me, but the prognosis was unnerving: "Anything is possible." I could go on for years as I was, a vegetable; I could recover entirely; I could be stabilized anywhere in between. At that news, my emotions were stirred for almost the first time. I was angry and depressed, and my first reactions were ordinary: self-pity; "why me?" (there are some fifty cases a year in the United States); and "what have I done to deserve this?" (an easy question, unfortunately, for any man to answer). But in one of my wakeful and lucid moments, late at night, as alone as I will ever be, I saw how useless my questions were, because I saw what had happened to me: I was smack up against the absurd. I had read about it for years; now I *was* it. That did not burst upon me with the force of a blinding revelation. It simply seemed true; perfectly true; so true that I took it for my answer, and stopped my foolish riddling. After that night a good part of the fight was over, and won, with the conscious decision to do what had to be done, take my lumps, and keep my mouth shut. (That was seven years ago, and this is the first time I have written about it. I probably won't again.)

When the risk of contagion was gone, we took a long step: I was moved to a ward full of people, and the special care ended. I was one of thirty then, cardiacs and auto accidents, cirrhosis and diabetes, strokes and fractures. It was a new world, and I was in it for what would doubtless be a long time. (Everyone was cheerful and optimistic in my presence; unintended irony, because after that solitary night I was beyond optimism or pessimism.) As soon as I could move my index finger—a sign that I might recover—I had to decide whether to join this world of strangers, or to remain aloof. The choice was not as simple as it may seem. Not since the war had I faced a long stay with a random crew of men. (A compulsory stay, and with my own countrymen. I

had lived in Chinese dormitories and small French towns, but there was a romance to that kind of mingling, and the exits were never barred.) This new world was not brave; it was a world of rock 'n' roll (everyone seemed to have a small radio, and they all blared at once; for months I could name the top ten, and hated all ten of them), warriors' reminiscences, batting averages, drinkers' boasts, comic books, amatory exaggerations, Abbott and Costello, and racial, social, and religious pride and prejudice.

As the paralysis retreated, the unease advanced. Now, thank God, I could scratch my head. Soon I could touch my first three fingers with the thumb of the same hand; one triumphant morning I could join thumb and little finger. One day I actually sneezed, which is a work of serious proportions; my chest heaved and swelled, air whistled in, the convulsion came; and what emerged was an infinitesimal, barely audible sniff, the catarrhal whisper of a rheumy hamster. A few days later the therapist placed an object in my hand, and I identified it by feel as a roll of adhesive tape. Then, a giant stride: I distinguished a nickel from a dime. My bed was raised; I could sit up and look around without fainting. But I had no desire for company. The music drove me wild; the sounds of television were even more inane than the pictures. I made a comb case by threading a leather lace through holes. It was much admired. I drew a tree in crayon, and was pronounced talented. As soon as I could turn pages—a delicate and complex operation—I read. I could feed myself, and ate solid food. I began to put names to the faces and voices around me, to nod, to say hello. I enjoyed visits from the doctors, and learned phrases like clonic spasm and paresthesia; when the visiting specialists came on rounds, trailing interns like fat hens with innumerable chicks, I liked overhearing their consultations and arguments. But I was like a student misfit hanging around the faculty club. My wife came every day; I clung to her, and to my books and my occupational therapy (always called, regardless of its nature, "basket-weaving"). In short, I was an uncertain intellectual snob. I was afraid of people.

Coffee and cigars brought me around. Hospital coffee is by definition terrible, weak and somehow salty, and one day a nurse brought me a jar of instant coffee with my breakfast. Someone at the other end of the ward had sent it along, and it transpired that he was the X-ray technician who had worked me over weeks before, at the first hospital. A week later a heart attack had brought him here; he was recovering well, possibly because here his wife was a dietitian (she too was very kind to me; we were a club within a club). I got myself cranked up and waved in thanks, an exuberant, abandoned three-inch wave. People looked at me and laughed. I grinned. Every morning Chris sent me coffee, and with every wave of thanks I was integrated a bit further. And then one evening a fellow named Nate dropped by to chat. He was in his late thirties, a diabetic who died within the year; his eyes were going bad, and he squinted, and when I first saw him I thought he looked like a surly barfly, a

applied to anyone who happens not to live within five miles of the ocean. Fain and his friends feel these people have no business on a surfing beach; they are there only because surfing has become a teenage craze, and the least they could do is stay away until they've mastered the rudiments of the sport. "They mess it up for everybody else," he says. "Sometimes the blood flows like wine out there. It's a bad scene."

Fain occasionally acknowledged the greetings of established veterans on their way to and from the water, but most of the time he talked only to two older men named Dino and Dolphie. They are both in their thirties, and while neither is an especially good surfer, they are accepted by Fain because they're commendably cool and have other qualifications: Dino is a Hollywood hairdresser with access to some of the better movie parties; Dolphie, who dabbles in real estate, has lived the beach life for years, and is considered a first-rate volleyball player. Both enjoy a reputation as conversationalists.

"So where have you been, John?" Dino said.

"Long time no see," said Dolphie.

"Man, it's been a *time*," Dino said.

"Like you haven't been in view, man," said Dolphie.

"I just finished up another movie," Fain said. "They had me going there for two weeks."

"That's a gas," Dino said. "What do they pay you for them rotten surf movies?"

"How many you been in, man?" Dolphie asked. "Seems like every time I look up you're bouncing around some screen behind Frankie Avalon. What's this one all about?"

"Like the others," Fain said. "Frankie, Annette Funicello and all the gang. They pay me three-fifty a week and expenses."

"Wild, man," Dino said.

"Man, that's wild," said Dolphie.

"This one'll gross three million," Fain said. "They pay *us* the Guild minimum."

"What do you want, man, gold?" Dino said.

"It's better than working, man," said Dolphie. "Like you make a few hundred bucks for doing what comes naturally, right?"

"You surf, you bounce around, you ball a few chicks, you hoot it up, and they hand you a few dollars," Dino said.

"So don't knock it, man," said Dolphie.

"Who's knocking it?" Fain said. "You asked me and I told you."

DOLPHIE AND THE HO-DADDIES

For the next half hour, as they lounged on the warm sand, the conversation ranged over the stock market, motorcycles, girls, skiing, parties, and

but the photographs were pretty. The doctor in charge of physical medicine and rehabilitation decided I was ready for serious work. The nurses accused me of malingering. We were all very busy, and my emotions were working again. By then I had learned to be cheerful and polite except under extreme provocation, like being given someone else's medicine, but I had also learned to be angry. There were moments of bitterness, despair, hilarity; but my basic emotional state for the next nine months was simple: I was sore as hell.

Not that I lacked the calming and ennobling influence of spiritual advisers. There are many sorts in a hospital. I liked best the much-maligned Gray Ladies. They come by to ask how you are, and whether you want a book or some supplementary basket-weaving, and they chat briefly and go on, and there is no nonsense to them, no backslapping, no inspirational inanities. Then the social workers are fairly good. Their job is to keep your family together, and eating, and they take you away from your own troubles. The man from the Veterans Administration is always welcome because he is showing you either how to save some money or how to get some. When you are a free lance of any kind, dead broke, with three kids and no medical insurance, and no benevolent company to keep you on the payroll, and no "sick leave," and no stocks and bonds or sellable furniture, and no income whatever for what looks like a long time to come, these considerations become important. Worry is unhealthy, and retards convalescence. (I was very lucky here. Many sensible friends sent my wife small sums immediately, without even asking. Simon and Schuster, then my publishers, sent a handsome check—as a gift, mind you, and not an advance. So did the National Cartoonists Society, with whom I was then working on a book. And a small group of ruthless poker players I had been supporting for years established a kitty in my children's name.)

But man cannot live by bread alone, much as he may want to. I suppose every public hospital has its chaplains, and God knows I had mine. (We even had a choir. A group of ladies came around once a month with a portable clavier, or calliope, or harmonium, a gleaming percolator, and sang the great old songs like "The Lost Chord.") I had, to begin with, a crew of earnestly religious nurses, some evangelistic, and probably the battle between Lucifer and the Lord was joined when the first nurse said to me, "God works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform." My answer was doubtless a grunt, but at that moment the metaphysical me (a very little fellow; I am one of these *hommes moyens sensuels*) took up a classic stance: chin tucked into left shoulder, left jab on the way, right hand protecting head and ready to hook. My troubles had only begun.

My wife had filled out the admitting forms at the second hospital, and when she came to religion she conscientiously wrote NONE. I could not have done that myself; it is impossible for a Jew to avoid the word "Jewish" without a sense of betrayal, or at least a tedious explanation. But my wife and I are a very usual sort of casual and permissive unbeliever, and she was protecting

me from sinister possibilities: that I would come out of the coma nose-to-nose with a stout, cheerful, disputatious reform rabbi from Princeton, who would beam upon me and inform me in cultured accents that God had chosen to spare me for the time; or that I would die in the repellent odor of suburban sanctity, without even a chance to fight back. (She had a more serious and immediate reason: a friend of ours had regained consciousness in the first hospital just as I was passing out, to find herself being given the last rites. A week later she was fine, but still quivering with horror.) My wife was right, but the results were bizarre: being, on paper at least, a lost soul, I was claimed by everybody, and suffered triple visitations.

Of them all I preferred the Roman Catholic priest. He was rotund and bespectacled, vaguely European, and evoked nicotine stains and fiascos of cheap wine. He would come to my bed, shake hands (always), and stand for a moment nodding, as if the NONE at the foot of my bed were no more than he had expected in this vale of pagan tribulations. "How are you today?" I was well; still working at it. "Good," he would say. "Keep it up. You may go all the way." With luck, I would say. Then he would smile, because we both knew he wanted to add "and with help from above," and was refraining only to show me that his sympathy was human as well as professional. "Do you need anything?" No; but thanks. Then a wave, perhaps a sketchy blessing, and he was gone. A good man.

The Episcopal priest was also a good man, but very different: lean and gray, an amateur of the arts, a medical theorist, doubtless a member of book clubs. When he heard that I was a writer he was suffused by a pinkish ecstasy. From then on his visits were cultural events. I dreaded them; but he was a busy man, and kept them short. Finally at home, and even respected, in daily arguments about Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis, Pie Traynor and Pinky Higgins, Jack Daniel's and Old Cirrhosis, I resented interruptions from Sinclair Lewis and Somerset Maugham, from Miller and Millais and Millay and Malotte—interruptions that sent my new friends wheelchairing off in mild terror. But these visits, too, were welcome, sometimes funny, and always a test of my good nature, my moral fiber, my grace under pressure.

I saw the rabbi only once, and I was rude; perhaps it was the rudeness that we reserve to cousins, and never indulge with strangers. At the time I was on a tilt-table. Bedridden patients, like rising politicians, must be brought to uprightness gradually. They are strapped to tilt-tables and raised toward the vertical until they pass out, which defines the limits. I had worked up to about 70 degrees, and daily spent a pleasant quarter of an hour at that angle, wrapped like a mummy and bound to the table, looking out over my ward like the figurehead of a garbage scow. It was hard work. It required neck muscles to keep the head from lolling, and concentration to keep the breathing steady. I was straining to make a success of this when the rabbi came along, and the first thing I knew I was in an old-fashioned disputation: a roaring dis-

cussion of omniscience, omnipotence, oceanic feeling, intercession, and so forth. It may have been simply the frustration of having to argue with my hands tethered, or it may have been that if there was a God I had good reason to be vexed with him, but I found myself informing the rabbi warmly that I was not interested in reform pieties, Sabbath hootenannies, or Rachel and Leah in wedgies; on the other hand, if he represented the old angry bearded Jehovah, I was at his service. He left soon after, and later I was ashamed. He was a young man, but he had probably spent twenty years ridding himself of the old anthropomorphic orthodoxy, and he had left his study to spend a day in Bedlam, and I had taken advantage of his good nature and rude health, and been a boor. He never came back, and I wish he had.

But I hope I may be forgiven; and then the anger was good for me. Getting well is a bitterly hard job. Recalcitrant nerves and muscles depress the spirit, and the work requires every shred of will; the possibility of a short, bedridden life hovers like a nightmare; moral despair and physical exhaustion battle for the soul. Under these conditions a good nurse is worth more than rubies, and religious caterpillar more hurtful than boils. Unctuosity and inspirational twaddle can be vicious, and applied pity can be maddening. And the theological dice are always loaded: if you recover, then God is good; if not, then God works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform. It is Job, and theodicy, all over again, but no one will ever argue it on that level. What you get is metaphysical molasses. A blasted man should be spared such sticky nonsense.

More to the point, and infinitely more invigorating, was my transfer, at the end of the second month, to another ward. Here lived three groups: permanently bedridden charges of the state, terminal cases, and patients in physical medicine and rehabilitation. From this ward we went home or to the grave.

Rapid changes kept me busy. My lung capacity was now normal, and the tracheotomy tube was removed. I was to sleep on my stomach hereafter, mainly because of a bedsore, or sacral decubitus, which is the polite name for a hole in my lower back the size of a lime (the flesh, deprived of circulation and therefore nourishment, and under the constant pressure of my inert body, had simply disintegrated). Best of all, I was to be placed in a wheelchair for several minutes every day. (They forgot to strap me in the first time; I fainted and fell out. Scandal. Investigations.) Furthermore, my therapy was to be accelerated. No more nickels and dimes, and no more basket-weaving, but hard work with progressively heavier weights. The social problem had ceased to exist, by the way. I came onto the new ward as a veteran, and observed with delight only two radios and one television set. For a day or two I was exhilarated.

What happened next is what I will remember when the rest is forgotten. I was wrestled onto the tilt-table, and wheeled down to the gym. I proceeded

like a tourist through new and exotic corridors and elevators, past pipes and valves and vending machines. In the gym I was flipped over, still happy, and tilted up, and placed before a pair of wooden handles attached to pulleys. It seemed to me that the whole hospital was there watching. At the end of each cable was a weight of one half pound. My Herculean task was to grasp the handles and raise the weights.

I grasped, and pulled, and strained until I thought my bones would crack. Nothing happened. My therapist spoke soothing words, and helped by tugging at the cables herself, and with her strength the cables went up and down, up and down, up and down. Then we quit for the day, in gloomy silence, and on the way upstairs I burst into tears for the first, and as it turned out only, time. It was a violent and immitigable oppression of spirits; nothing in my life before or since compares with it. That was a unique moment of absolute and brutal disappointment; of utter and helpless despair; of a finality like that of death. I had made the mistake of hoping.

Six weeks later I was raising a thirty-pound weight twenty times with either hand.

The next seven or eight months were anticlimax. I was a professional patient. When a new nurse woke me too early I bawled her out. I wore an intern's jacket in place of the degrading patient's gown. (Hospital dress as status symbol, from the director on down, is worth a study.) I could go from bed to chair and back without help, using a small overhead trapeze. I had one great stroke of luck: the doctor in immediate charge of me was a polio victim, and lived in a wheelchair, and was tough. He hounded me and harried me; he also played chess with me, and made off with his share of the fancy edibles my friends kept sending me. He worked me hard, but the example was more important than the whip. At the very worst, I would live as he lived; and he was doing his job and living his life. There was no nonsense to him. He offered no pity and needed none.

I took to supervising my own care, which was not a bad idea. I recommend minor meddling and ready asperity. Patients are damaged, and occasionally killed, in hospitals (which is—obviously, I hope—not to condemn doctors and nurses). Twice I refused medicines, knowing they were not for me; twice I made mechanical adjustments neglected by the night nurse without which serious harm, and possibly death, would have resulted. More and more (outside the gym) I took charge of my own routine. I ate what I wanted, and rejected out of hand the beef lung prescribed. I napped when I wanted to. With permission, if not approval, I took a cigar after supper. (Havanas, in those days. The first one, after three months without, tasted like straw, but they rapidly became my prime solace. Later a friend brought me Burmese cigarettes, each a simple brown leaf rolled small; I was accused of retreating into marijuana, and refused either to explain or to give them up, enjoying the

small scandal.) I became the senior patient on the ward, and was consulted by frightened newcomers. I grew a bristly mustache, and my children, who had not seen me for months, failed to recognize me. I wheeled myself to the movies on Wednesday nights; they were all bad, but they were a distraction. I remember explaining to a nurse why a man with a bleeding ulcer should not have aspirin; such pomposities were, I am sorry to report, good for me. I even got back to work, with a tape recorder; I lay mouthing mysteries into a microphone while my fellow patients kept a respectful distance, and my wife bore home little reels of tape and typed up the day's ragged prose.

I also took to reading my own chart, which was strictly forbidden. The belief seems to be that if a patient is exposed to an accurate account of his troubles he will fall into an immediate decline, possibly even dying of chagrin. But the chart accompanies him everywhere, and it is impossible to keep a determined busybody from hiding in a corner now and then with the forbidden volume. I was pleased to learn that twice my savage outbursts (on the order of "called Dr. W—— a murderous quack") had been considered quotable, and that two doctors had concurred in deeming me "intelligent." I also learned that I had spoken French and Chinese while coming out of the coma. Why such absorbing gossip should be kept from the patient I do not know.

But my life was mainly exercise. The memories of these later months are few now, like those of a man of fifty who tells you of his wild times in high school and college, and then says that he has been with IBM ever since. For two and a half hours every morning, and for two and a half hours every afternoon, I stretched and strained, grunted and groaned, the star performer among ten to twenty paralytics, aphasics, and fractures; a veteran trouper, a senior outfielder, the Sandow of the charity wards, the Grover Whelan of the therapy room. My arms and shoulders became stronger than ever, and my legs began to respond, and finally I was permitted to spend weekends at home.

Which proved difficult. Removed from the womblike security of the hospital, I was frightened again. Anything might happen, a fall, a fracture, a fever; and there I was with no doctors, no nurses, no therapists, no orderlies. No Gray Ladies. Not even a rabbi. The first two or three weekends at home were exhilarating and nerve-racking at once, but the nervousness passed, and was replaced by a ferocious desire to get out of that hospital for good. I was fitted for braces, and taught to use crutches. I was even taught how to fall. Over the summer my world expanded again, and the ward began to seem very small; I wanted to be a little frog again in my old cosmopolitan pond. The state of my health became less important; aside from the clearly defined disability, I had become quite strong, and I had been—the realization was sudden and forceful—too long confined. By August I was a rebel, a prisoner reminding himself that his first duty was to escape.

I learned later that the doctors had been waiting for my rebellion, and

were pleased. Cleverly I managed excursions, wandering unsupervised through the wards, or outside the gym in the summer sun; but I was more supervised than I knew. They wanted to send me home; but there were unresolved problems of internal medicine, and there was the bedsore. They knew I was ready for the world, but were not sure that I could live with the uncertainties of recovery. There were mechanical aids and medications that I might need for months, or even years, and prognosis was, as it had always been, impossible. For eight months I had known that today, this moment, might define my condition for the rest of my life; but also that I might go on recovering indefinitely. To release me in that uncertainty was to risk neurosis —depression, withdrawal, bitterness, despair. But to keep me was to risk a surly resentment, a permanent low-level claustrophobia. The doctors were weighing those dangers before I was even aware of them.

They let me go in October, after a last annoyance: they insisted on a final internal examination during the last week, and the examination resulted, as always, in a couple of days of fever, and they hesitated to discharge a feverish patient. I stormed my way through that one, and persuaded them to sign the papers; and on a quiet Friday evening I said my good-byes, wheeled myself to the car, and went home without looking back. I never did recover fully, and had two major operations in the next couple of years, and my way of life was drastically altered. But at least I was no longer a patient; I was a cripple. (Even hardened hospital personnel dislike that word, and search for euphemisms; but it is a decent and accurate word.) The difference is, I suppose, that a patient has no real independence; his life is defined and regulated by other people. A cripple's life is defined and regulated to some extent by his disability, but after that he's on his own. I still can't walk without a cane, and I need hand controls to drive, but last year I swam a shallow river full of piranha and rays from Brazil to British Guiana, and for one idiotic moment in midstream I wished that all those doctors and nurses were watching, lined up on the far bank with their stethoscopes and thermometers and long faces.

There is no moral. You decide in the first month or two whether you want to live or die, and once the decision is made you are nothing special. If you decide to die no one can stop you. If you decide to live you must decide simultaneously not to ask favors and not to ask "why me?"; you must reject pity and singularity with equal and absolute indifference. I suppose I learned that much, and more about getting on with my fellow man. Otherwise it was not that I learned; it was simply that I knew better and more surely what I had known uncertainly before. That we are promised nothing. That one man's hangnail is another man's broken neck. That the great trick is not to keep hope alive, but to keep going without it in a random universe.

That nature never rejoices, and never mourns.

by T. V. LoCicero

The Murder of Rabbi Adler

According to his teachers at the University of Michigan, where he majored in political science, Richard Wishnetsky was a brilliant young man. John Higham, professor of history, once described his qualities as follows: "1. intense intellectual curiosity and genuine excitement about ideas; 2. strong sense of the importance of philosophical beliefs, especially natural law; 3. great clarity and logical rigor of thought; 4. judicious and scholarly but nevertheless lively way of handling problems. Personally, he is polite, likable, and extremely eager. Although not without some decided convictions, he is keenly aware of not having most of the answers." Frank Grace, professor of political science, had a similar impression of Richard: "I have never known a young man more eager to learn and more willing to expend the effort which learning requires. He is supremely gifted and will in my opinion become an original and creative scholar."

In his junior year, Richard was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and upon his graduation in 1964, he was awarded a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship for further study at the University of Detroit. He also achieved satisfaction outside his academic career according to Jonathan Rose, his dormitory mate, who said, "Richard considered one of the high points of his student life the time he had a chance to meet President Kennedy after that famous speech given at Ann Arbor on founding the Peace Corps. He talked about joining the Peace Corps for a long while after that, then he talked about attending the London School of Economics, but neither of those things happened, unfortunately."

Some who knew Richard in Ann Arbor maintain that a direct line can be drawn between his reaction to the assassination of Kennedy and the later events in his life. Because the assassination disturbed him so deeply, it may

also have impressed him with the remarkable extent to which a public outrage can affect private individuals, and it may have activated his sense of the necessity for rigid, absolute answers to questions he had previously been willing to explore with tolerance and patience.

In any case, Richard Wishnetsky's life apparently took a new turn the summer following the assassination, when—after graduation from Michigan—he went on a trip to Israel. There, he became intensely interested in one of the ultra-orthodox Hasidic sects and its idea of a "holy life." He had received some religious training at Detroit's Conservative Shaarey Zedek congregation, of which his parents were members, but prior to his trip he had exhibited no great concern with matters of faith. In September, 1964, after his return home, he began work on a master's degree in sociology at the University of Detroit. Soon, however, he was including courses in comparative religion and spending more and more of his time reading theology.

Changes were also occurring in his personal life. He had moved into an apartment with two other young men, one of whom, Patrick J. Burke, later reported: "Occasionally he would talk about what he thought was wrong with the world or about thinking the Jewish people were not living up to the tenets of their religion. At first it all was in the nature of calm discussion, which grew gradually more excited as the weeks went past. After a few months, Richard started talking against specific people." Often upset and irrational, Richard would argue senselessly and viciously with his parents, friends, and professors, then fly into tantrums, knocking over furniture and threatening violence. According to Dr. Sander J. Breiner, a psychiatrist, and a friend of the Wishnetsky family, "From a quiet and well-mannered individual, Richard turned into a poor-mannered and bellicose young man. Where he used to discuss issues and listen to others' opinions, he suddenly knew all the answers and was argumentative. He began to issue pronouncements."

Though he quickly alienated most of his teachers and allowed his academic work to deteriorate, Richard did manage to make at least one friend among the faculty of the University of Detroit—Joyce Carol Oates, a writer and a member of the English department. Richard walked into her office one day in the spring of 1965 and engaged her in what was to be the first in a series of long conversations. "It was all there on that first day," Miss Oates has said, "the latent violence, the scornful refutations, the sense that the majority of people are somehow wrong and therefore contemptible. But he had flashes of insight and good humor; he was charming. He could recognize at times his own audacity, his table-pounding egotism, and nod in agreement with my sometimes harsh judgments of him—in those occasional tender moments of self-illumination that made him unforgettably human."*

In the course of these talks, Richard told Miss Oates that "if God did not

*From an article in the Detroit *Free Press*, March 6, 1966.

exist, life was not worth living and he would commit suicide." Moreover, he once mentioned casually, "with a smile, that if he did commit suicide—which he would not—it would be in the synagogue during Sabbath services."

In May of 1965, on the advice of a family physician, Richard's parents asked their son to submit to psychiatric testing and therapy. Richard agreed, but after visits to a number of psychiatrists, he abandoned treatment. Shortly thereafter, following one of his tantrums, his parents had police pick him up at his apartment at four A.M. and place him in the mental ward of Detroit's Herman Kiefer Hospital.

On July 29, 1965, with Richard still in the hospital but bitterly unhappy and anxious to leave, his father, Edward Wishnetsky, the owner of an insurance agency, petitioned probate court for Richard's admission to Ypsilanti State Hospital. At the time, Mr. Wishnetsky said of his son:

> He has been extremely hostile, belligerent, and threatening recently. He has threatened to smear his family with scandal although in reality there is no scandal to spread. He has threatened to burn up his mother's car and the family home. He broke his mother's golf club in a fit of anger. He also broke a large glass tabletop at home. He has threatened to smear the University of Detroit with scandal if they did not prematurely release his scholarship funds to him so that he could use these funds to go to Europe instead of to the university. He has been extremely hyperactive, does not sleep, makes innumerable phone calls day and night, says he is going to get a date with President Johnson's daughters. He is at times very depressed, alternating with a very agitated, frenzied behavior. Although very bright, he uses his intellect to verbally slaughter those around him in a very belligerent and hostile manner.

Statements from two doctors, who maintained that Richard was mentally ill, a danger to himself and others, accompanied Mr. Wishnetsky's petition, which was granted: on August 19, 1965, Richard entered the state hospital. Ten days later he was permitted the freedom of the hospital grounds, and on September 9 he left the institution permanently with the help of an attorney he knew. The court, acting on the advice of two psychiatrists at the hospital, later ruled that Richard be officially discharged.

In one of their conversations, Richard told Dr. Breiner that "he thought his stay in the hospital was one of the best things that ever happened to him, although he didn't make it clear why. And he appeared to be calmer. Before he went into the hospital, he'd often say things like, 'There's nothing wrong with me, it's the world,' but after he got out he recognized he had a problem." Indeed, after his stay in the hospital, Richard paid several visits to two psychiatrists, one of whom wrote to the court on December 3, saying: "At the present time, he seems very well controlled. He is working well in his relationship with me, and I do not anticipate the need for hospitalization."

Yet Richard stayed with neither doctor very long and—according to Dr.

Breiner—was constantly running away from people who might have been able to help him. Dr. Breiner recalls that "Whenever I talked to Richard about his problem, he would smile and say, 'I know . . . but.' "

The fall and early winter of 1965 were a chaotic time for Richard: living at home with his parents but disappearing without a word for days at a time; running to and from psychiatrists, friends, and acquaintances, all terribly worried about him; returning to his former roommates to blame them for his troubles, and insisting they were against him since they had not tried to get him out of the hospital; attending classes at Wayne State University in Detroit and giving religious lectures on the campus; visiting in Brooklyn, long after midnight, with the Lubavitcher Rebbe, who advised him to study Judaism thoroughly and to wait until he was fifty before turning to comparative religion; working as a substitute teacher in Detroit public schools; writing tormented letters which he left unmailed.

One such letter, dated October 20 and later found with other personal writings and belongings, reads:

> I think too much. I don't think enough. I want to be me—I am only the welter of my anxieties, fears and superficialities. I do not walk, I stumble. I do not live, I respond to stimuli. I do not live, I exist. I am not a man, just a body. I live, yet I am dead. The only anguish I experience is that of self-pity and becoming aware of my own horrid, pervasive, unacceptable and contemptible selfishness, my own inability to love. When I am not miserable I am a phony.

The same letter includes a prayer:

> Let my life be a testimony to Thy diverse truths, let it be one of beauty and of justice, for its roots shall be in love and reason. Oh, God, I want to live! Let me! And then let my life go beyond justice, beyond vengeance; let it emerge into the pure understanding of mercy.

Through all of this, Richard continued to dream and plan on an impressive scale. Earlier in the year he had applied for admission to the University of Chicago's Committee on Social Thought to work with Mircea Eliade, Saul Bellow, and Hannah Arendt. Eliade agreed to supervise his work on a thesis involving a study of "the creation and destruction of philosophy"—its creation begun by Aristotle and its destruction initiated by Descartes and completed by Nietzsche.

Richard had also applied to, and was accepted by, the university's divinity school, where he wanted to work with Paul Tillich. But on October 22, two days after Richard wrote his prayer, Paul Tillich died of a heart ailment at the age of seventy-nine.

On February 1, 1966, Richard began writing a tract entitled, "Fantasy Regarding an Assassination of Robert S. McNamara" which eventually covered six pages in longhand. It contains an apology for his imagined murder

of the Secretary of Defense, along with a bitter, rambling commentary on himself and the world in which he was trying to live. He begins:

> My act was motivated by philosophical and social reasons, not political ones. It is a protest, the registration of an outrage, a dire warning. Its author entertains no illusions as to its bringing about any immediate substantial change in the American scene. At present I do believe there will be a change in the future—a change for the worse. The selfishness, stupidity, and vanity of men shall succeed in triumphing over whatever goodness there is, the ultimate being obliteration, both spiritual and physical, of this planet. Hail brave new world! Hail nothingness!

Of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, Richard writes:

> [He] symbolizes that which I despise—the business mentality which is more concerned with material matters than human matters—the kind of mentality (Protestant ethic) which is most responsible for the dehumanization of society, the prostitution of intellect, resulting in a very bright but neither wise nor profound man. . . . He who lives by the sword shall die by the sword. How much did Mr. McNamara take into consideration the killing of innocent Vietnamese which has resulted from American bombings, for this killing is murder?

He is full of bitter contempt for the quality of American life:

> The church has become a hypocrisy whose structures no longer find genuine residence in the souls of those who hear them. And most importantly and most sadly of all, the family is swiftly becoming—if it has not already arrived there—shot to hell. . . . I am part of the bastard progeny of this nation. We are building not men, but a generation of barbarians and mediocrities who recognize and will breed no value higher than their paltry selfish selves. Zombies. . . . Judaism in America does not need to worry about anti-Semitism destroying it from without. The American Jewish community is destroying itself from within. Shaarey Zedek is a synagog which bears witness against God.

About himself, Richard writes:

> My life will probably end with a whimper—a depressed whimper. Possibly with a bang. Since I cannot live like a man, I hope to die like one. I am entering the final stage of unreality. . . . You say that I am sick—you are right. You dismiss me because I am sick—in that you are wrong. . . . The dark side of creativity is sickness. . . . Anyway, in our society to be normal is to be sick, to be hung up on loneliness, insecure about one's stature, uncertain about one's self, overly concerned about pleasing everybody, being "nice" all the time—damn niceness. . . . not offending anyone, so that one winds up pleasing no one and, to boot, not knowing who or why one is.

Richard included a "last will and testament" in this document, leaving whatever money he possessed to the Jewish National Fund and the Lubavitcher Hasidim. Two days later, on February 3, he traveled to Toledo, Ohio, where the laws governing the purchase of firearms are less strict than in Michigan. In a Toledo pawnshop he paid $72.05 for a twenty-year-old .32

caliber Colt revolver with its former five-inch barrel sawed off to one inch. (Two weeks before, the pawnshop had bought the gun for $10.00.) Back in his parents' home, Richard tested the weapon in the basement, and—according to a friend—stated that firing the gun gave him a "sense of power."

On Monday, February 7, Richard reported to the Fort Wayne army induction center for examination, and was promptly found unacceptable for military service. The next day he returned to the psychiatrist he had not seen for two months. Richard's parents were heartened by his apparent renewal of interest in treatment, but on Thursday, their son once more disappeared from home without a word.

On Friday evening, February 11, Richard checked into a small Detroit hotel. In a large leather satchel, he carried a change of clothes; toilet articles; a number of books, including *The Brothers Karamazov*, a Bible, works by Ortega y Gasset and Nietzsche; some records featuring the Soviet Army Chorus and Band, Joan Baez, Igor Stravinsky, Arturo Toscanini, and Theodore Bikel; and his gun.

In his copy of *The Brothers Karamazov*, Richard had underlined a passage which describes Alyosha, the gentle and forgiving Karamazov; in the margin he had written, "Me." The passage reads:

> . . . Add to that that he was to a certain extent a young man of our times, that is, honest by nature, demanding truth, seeking it, believing in it, and believing in it, demanding to serve it with all the strength of his soul, yearning for an immediate act of heroism and wishing to sacrifice everything, even life itself, for that act of heroism.

Apparently he did not give similar attention to the lines that immediately follow:

> . . . these young men unhappily fail to understand that the sacrifice of life is, in many cases, the easiest of all sacrifices, and that to sacrifice, for instance, five or six years of their seething youth to hard and tedious study, if only to multiply tenfold their powers of serving the truth and the cause they have set before them as their goal—such a sacrifice is utterly beyond the strength of many of them.

The Saturday morning of February 12, 1966—Lincoln's birthday—was unseasonably warm, with the temperature near 40 degrees, and a light mixture of rain and snow falling. Late that morning, Richard arrived at the huge, impressive synagogue of Congregation Shaarey Zedek in suburban Southfield, northwest of Detroit—a building which presents a massive and oblique triangular thrust to the western sky. Dressed neatly in a suit and tie, he unobtrusively took a seat in front and listened to Rabbi Morris Adler speak about Abraham Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation. The point of the sermon was that Lincoln—destroyed at the apex of his service to mankind by a deranged and frustrated critic—was a truly religious man even though he did not belong to any church.

Rabbi Adler, a bearded, barrel-chested man of athletic build, was an eloquent speaker who bore his learning lightly. A scholar and theologian of considerable repute, he had contributed articles and essays to numerous magazines, and had written and edited several books on the Talmud. A school had been named after him in Israel, where he had recently spent a year on sabbatical, and two honorary doctoral degrees had been conferred on him in the past few years.

As a young man, Rabbi Adler, now fifty-nine years old, had been a chaplain in the Pacific theatre during World War II. Among other things, he was known in Detroit for his work in interfaith relations—this very service was being attended by a hundred and twenty-five visitors from various churches. He was also active in civic affairs: chairman of the United Auto Workers union's public review board, vice-president of the Community Health Association, member of the Governor's Committee for Higher Education, member of the Citizen's Advisory Committee on Equal Opportunities, and president of the Zionist Organization of Detroit.

"A rabbi practices the most unspecialized profession in the universe," he had said not long before, "but my association with the young people is, for me, the most satisfying part of my work."

Richard Wishnetsky, sitting quietly with a gun in his pocket, was in a position to know all of this. He had often talked to Rabbi Adler, and during the year past had frequently sought his counsel. Rabbi Adler, in turn, was familiar with Richard's problems, and had been trying to draw him away from the abyss that threatened to engulf him.

Rabbi Adler finished his sermon at approximately 11:40 A.M. and returned to his seat on the *bimah** next to thirteen-year-old Steven Frank, whose bar mitzvah had been celebrated during the service. As a cantor began to chant the Kaddish, Richard moved calmly but swiftly to the front of the *bimah*, raised his gun and fired a bullet into the high, vaulted ceiling of the Sanctuary. A moment of stunned silence followed. Then Richard shouted to the two cantors, the president of the congregation, and the Frank boy, all of whom were on the *bimah*, "In your seats! Off the *bimah!*" They hesitated but then obeyed when Rabbi Adler said, "You had better do what he says. This boy is sick."

Richard climbed the steps to the pulpit at the center of the *bimah* and turned to face the congregation of over seven hundred people, including his father, mother, and sister. The rabbi remained in his seat, about fifteen feet away. Richard placed his gun on the pulpit, unfolded a piece of paper, grabbed the microphone, and began to read a statement. A tape recorder, used

* The platform from which services are conducted.

to record the rabbi's sermon, continued to turn, thus capturing the speech and sounds of what followed.

"This congregation," Richard read in a clear and self-possessed voice, "is a travesty and an abomination. It has made a mockery by its phoniness and hypocrisy of the beauty and spirit of Judaism. It is composed of people . . ." He stopped as he noticed a member of the congregation moving toward him. "Off!" he shouted. The rabbi motioned the man away. "Go back down," he said quietly. "I know this boy."

"It is composed of people," continued Richard, "who on the whole make me ashamed to say that I am a Jew. For the most part . . ." Here his audience began to stir, and he said firmly, "Everybody quiet. It is composed of men, women, and children who care for nothing except their vain, egotistical selves. With this act I protest a humanly horrifying and hence unacceptable situation."

Richard turned to his right, revolver in hand, to face Rabbi Adler. In a soft, almost tender voice, he said, "Rabbi . . ." and then shot the seated man in the left forearm. The bullet ricocheted off the bone and entered the left side of the rabbi's head behind the ear. Amid wild screams from the audience, the rabbi rose and Richard took a few steps toward him. At almost point-blank range Richard fired again. This time the bullet pierced the rabbi's yarmulke and creased the top of his skull. As the screaming from the audience reached a wild intensity, Rabbi Adler fell heavily to the floor. Richard now placed the gun barrel against his own head and fired a shot through his brain. He reeled and stumbled backward for seven or eight feet, then fell on his back.

The two men, the rabbi and his young assailant, were rushed to immediate surgery in separate hospitals nearby. After lingering in life for nearly five more days, Richard Wishnetsky died early in the morning on Wednesday, February 16, 1966. He was buried that same afternoon, following a private service. The eulogy was spoken by Rabbi Irwin Groner, an assistant at Shaarey Zedek, who said: "How could these qualities and tendencies reside within one human spirit? Love and hate! Intelligence and madness! The search for clarity and the acceptance of fantasy! 'The heart's devious—who can know it?' "

In the ambulance which took him from Shaarey Zedek to the hospital, Rabbi Adler gained consciousness from time to time, asking for his wife. At the hospital it was discovered that the first bullet, rather than penetrating the skull, had flattened against it, sending minute bone fragments into vital areas of the brain. A team of prominent surgeons performed two operations, after which Rabbi Adler was placed in an intensive-care ward. The doctors explained that they could do nothing further.

The rabbi remained in the ward for more than three weeks, without

regaining consciousness. His wife was almost constantly at his side. She had been one of the first to reach her fallen husband on the *bimah*, and one of the first to console the horror-stricken Wishnetsky family.

Prayers were offered for Rabbi Adler in churches throughout the country, and messages of sympathy poured in from all over the world. Rabbi Morris Adler died early in the morning on March 11, 1966, and was buried two days later. Over six thousand people attended the funeral, described as the largest in the history of Detroit.

Earlier a note had been discovered, written by Richard before the fatal day; in it he spoke of what he was planning to do as though it had already been accomplished:

> My distorted, disoriented voice, either barely uttered or tremendously violent, gives you a slight horrifying glimpse into the dehumanized future that awaits you and your unfortunate children, who will be healthy, comfortable and secure beyond your fondest dreams and just as diseased. Since I feel that I am no longer able to make any significant creative contributions I shall make a destructive one. What happened in Shaarey Zedek happens only once in a lifetime. . . . Suffer in your frozen hells of apathy, boil in the self-hate of outraged impotence. Listen to my voice, you deaf ones. Listen to how sick, sad, lonely and forlorn it is.

by Gore Vidal

On Pornography

The Olympic Reader

THE MAN and the woman make love; attain climax; fall separate. Then she whispers, "I'll tell you who I was thinking of if you'll tell me who you were thinking of." Like most sex jokes, the origins of this amiable exchange are obscure. But whatever the source, it seldom fails to evoke a certain awful recognition since few lovers are willing to admit that in the sexual act to create or maintain excitement they may need some mental image as erotic supplement to the body in attendance. One perverse contemporary maintains that when he is with A he thinks of B and when he is with B he thinks of A; each attracts him only to the degree that he is able simultaneously to evoke the image of the other. Also, for those who find the classic positions of "mature" lovemaking unsatisfactory yet dare not distress the beloved with odd requests,

sexual fantasy becomes inevitable, and the shy lover soon finds himself imposing mentally all sorts of wild images upon his unsuspecting partner, who may also be relying on an inner theater of the mind to keep things going: in which case, those popular writers who deplore "our lack of communication today" may have a point. Ritual and magic also have their devotees. In one of Kingsley Amis's fictions, a man mentally conjugates Latin verbs in order to delay orgasm as he waits chivalrously for his partner's predictably slow response. While another considerate lover (nonfictional) can only reduce tempo by thinking of a large loaf of sliced white bread, manufactured by Bond.

Sexual fantasy is as old as civilization (as opposed to as old as the race), and one of its outward and visible signs is pornographic literature, an entirely middle-class phenomenon since we are assured by many investigators (Kinsey, Pomeroy, *et al.*) that the lower orders seldom rely upon sexual fantasy for extra stimulus. As soon as possible, the uneducated man goes for the real thing. As a result, he seldom masturbates but when he does he thinks, we are told, of *nothing at all.* This may be the last meaningful class distinction in the West. It certainly proves that D. H. Lawrence was not entirely sentimental; however, the sex-in-the-head middle class which he so much despised are not the way they are because they want deliberately to be cerebral and anti-life; rather they are innocent victims of necessity and tribal law. For economic reasons they must delay marriage as long as possible. For tribal reasons they are taught that sex outside marriage is wrong. Consequently the man whose first contact with a woman occurs when he is twenty will have spent, ideally, the sexually most vigorous period of his life masturbating. Not unnaturally, in order to make that solitary act meaningful, the theater of his mind early becomes a Dionysian festival, and should he be a resourceful dramatist he may find actual lovemaking disappointing when he finally gets to it, like Bernard Shaw. In fact, one wonders, would Shaw have been a dramatist at all if he had first made love to a girl at fourteen, as nature intended, instead of at twenty-nine as class required? Here, incidentally, is a whole new line of literary-psychological inquiry suitable at the very least for the Master's degree: "Characteristics of the Onanist as Dramatist." Late coupling and prolonged chastity certainly help explain much of the rich dottiness of those Victorians whose peculiar habits planted thick many a quiet churchyard with Rose La Touches.

Until recently, pornography was a small cottage industry among the grinding mills of literature. But now that sex has taken the place of most other games (how many young people today learn bridge?), creating and packaging pornography has become big business, and though the high courts of the New American Empire cannot be said to be very happy about this state of affairs, they tend to agree that freedom of expression is as essential to our

national life as freedom of meaningful political action is not. Also, despite our governors' paternalistic bias, there are signs that they are becoming less intolerant in sexual matters. This would be a good thing if one did not suspect that they may regard sex as our bread and circuses, a means of keeping us off the political streets, as it were, and in the sack, out of mischief. If this is so, we may yet observe our strenuous President in his mad search for consensus settling for the consensual.

Among the publishers of pornography ("merchants of smut" as they say at the F.B.I.), Maurice Girodias is uniquely eminent. For one thing he is a second-generation peddler of dirty books (or "d.b.s" as they call them on Eighth Avenue). In the 1930's his English father, Jack Kahane, founded The Obelisk Press in Paris. Among Kahane's authors were Anais Nin, Laurence Durrell, Cyril Connolly, as well as Henry Miller, whose books have been underground favorites for what seems like a century. Kahane died in 1939, and his son Maurice Girodias (he took his mother's name for reasons not given) continued Kahane's brave work. After the war, Girodias sold Henry Miller in vast quantities to easily stimulated G.I.'s. He also revived *Fanny Hill*. He published books in French. He prospered. Then the Terror began. Visionary dictatorships, whether of a single man or of the proletariat, tend to disapprove of irregular sex. Being profoundly immoral in public matters, they compensate by insisting upon what they think to be a rigorous morality in private affairs. General de Gaulle's private morality is reputed to be tolerant, but unfortunately his public morality is registered in his wife's name. In 1946 Girodias was prosecuted for publishing Henry Miller. It was France's first prosecution for obscenity since the trial of *Madame Bovary* in 1844. Happily, the world's writers rallied to Miller's defense, and since men of letters are taken solemnly in France, the government dropped its charges.

In a Preface to the recently published *The Olympia Reader*, Girodias discusses his business arrangements at length; and though none of us is as candid about money as he is about sex, Girodias does admit that he lost his firm not as a result of legal persecution but through incompetences, a revelation which gives him avant-garde status in the new pornography of money. Girodias next founded The Olympia Press, devoted to the creation of pornography, both hard and soft core. His adventures as a merchant of smut make a most beguiling story. All sorts of writers, good and bad, were set to work turning out books, often written to order. He would think up a title (e.g., "With Open Mouth") and advertise it; if there was sufficient response, he would then commission someone to write a book to go with the title. Most of his writers used pseudonyms. Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg wrote *Candy* under the name of Maxwell Kenton. Christopher Logue wrote *Lust* under the name of Count Palmiro Vicarion, while Alex Trocchi, as Miss Frances Lengel, wrote *Helen and Desire*. Girodias also published Samuel Beckett's *Watt*, Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*, and J. P. Donleavy's *The Ginger Man;* perversely, these authors chose not to use pseudonyms.

Reading of these happy years, one recalls a similar situation just after the Second War when a number of New York writers were commissioned at so many cents a page to write pornographic stories for a United States Senator. The solon, as they say in smut-land, never actually met the writers, but through a go-between he guided their stories: a bit more flagellation here, a touch of necrophilia there. . . . The subsequent nervous breakdown of one of the Senator's pornographers, now a celebrated poet, was attributed to the strain of not knowing which of the ninety-six Senators he was writing for.

In 1958, the Fourth French Republic banned twenty-five of Girodias' books, among them *Lolita.* Girodias promptly sued the Ministry of the Interior and, amazingly, won. Unfortunately, five months later, the Great General saw fit to resume the grandeur of France. De Gaulle was back; and so was Madame de Gaulle. The Minister of the Interior appealed the now defunct Fourth Republic's decision. He was upheld. Since then, censorship has been the rule in France. One by one Girodias's books, regardless of merit, have been banned. Inevitably, André Malraux was appealed to and, inevitably, he responded with that elevated double-talk which has been a characteristic of what one suspects will be a particularly short-lived Republic. Girodias is now in the United States, where he expects to flourish. Ever since the Puritan Republic became a gaudy empire, pornography has been a big business for the simple reason that when freedom of expression is joined with the freedom to make a lot of money, the dream of those whose bloody footprints made vivid the snows of Valley Forge is close to fulfillment, and that happiness which our Constitution commands us to pursue at hand.

The Olympia Reader is a collection of passages from various books published by Maurice Girodias since 1953. Reading it straight through is a curiously disjointed experience, like sitting through a program of movie trailers. As literature, most of the selections are junk, even though the writers include such celebrated contemporary figures as Nabokov, Genet, Queneau; and of the illustrious dead, Sade and Beardsley.

Pornography is usually defined as that which is calculated to arouse sexual excitement. Since what arouses X repels Y, no two people are apt to respond in quite the same way to the same stimulus. One man's meat, as they say, is another man's poison, a fact now recognized by the American judiciary, which must rule with wearisome frequency on obscenity. With unexpected good sense, a judge recently observed that since the books currently before him all involved ladies in black leather with whips, they could not be said to corrupt the generality since a taste for being beaten is hardly common, and those who are aroused by such fantasies are already "corrupted" and therefore exempt from laws designed to protect the young and usual. By their nature, pornographies cannot be said to proseletyze, since they are written for the already hooked. The worst that can be said of pornography is that it leads not to "antisocial" sexual acts but to the reading of more pornography. As for corruption, the only immediate victim is English prose. Mr. Girodias himself

writes like his worst authors ("Terry being at the time in acute financial need . . .") while his moral judgments are most peculiar. With reverence, he describes his hero Sir Roger Casement (a "superlative pederast," whatever that is) as "politically confused, emotionally unbalanced, maudlin when depressed, and absurdly naive when in his best form; but he was exceptionally generous, he had extraordinary courage and a simple human wisdom which sprang from his natural goodness." Here, Mr. Girodias demonstrates a harmony with the age in which he lives. He may or may not have described Sir Roger accurately but he has certainly drawn a flattering portrait of The Serious American Novelist, 1966.

Of the forty selections Mr. Girodias has seen fit to collect, at least half are meant to be literature in the most ambitious sense, and to the extent that they succeed, they disappoint. Beckett's *Watt*, Queneau's *Zazie*, Donleavy's *The Ginger Man* are incapable of summoning up so much as the ghost of a rose, to use Sir Thomas Browne's handsome phrase. There is also a good deal of Henry Miller, whose reputation as a pornographer is largely undeserved. Though he writes a lot about sex, the only object he seems ever to describe is his own phallus: As a result, unless one lusts specifically for the flesh of Henry Miller, his works cannot be regarded as truly edifying. Yet at Miller's best he makes one irritably conscious of what it is like to be inside his skin, no mean feat . . . the pornographic style, incidentally, is contagious: the stately platitude, the arch paraphrase, the innocent line which starts suddenly to buck with unintended double meanings.

Like the perfect host or madam, Mr. Girodias has tried to provide something for everyone. Naturally there is a good deal of straightforward heterosexual goings-on. Mr. Girodias gives us several examples, usually involving the seduction of an adolescent male by an older woman. For female masochists (and male sadists) he gives us *Story of O*. For homosexual sadists (and masochists) *The Gaudy Image*. For negrophiles (and phobes) *Pinktoes*, whose eloquent author, Chester Himes, new to me, has a sense of humor which sinks his work like a stone. For anal eroticists who like science fiction there are passages from William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* and *The Soft Machine*, works which have appealed to Mary McCarthy. For devotees of camp, new to the scene, the thirty-three-year-old *The Young and Evil* by Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler is a pioneer work, and reads surprisingly well today. Parenthetically, it is interesting to note the role that clothes play in most of these works, camp, kinky, and straight. Obviously, if there is to be something for everyone, the thoughtful entrepreneur must occasionally provide an old sock or pair of panties for the fetichist to get, as it were, his teeth into. But even writers not aiming at the fetichist audience make much of the ritual taking off and putting on of clothes, and it is significant that the bodies thus revealed are seldom described as meticulously as the clothes are.

Even Jean Genet, always lyric and vague when celebrating cock, becomes unusually naturalistic and detailed when he describes clothes in an excerpt from *The Thieves' Journal*. Apparently when he was a boy in Spain a lover made him dress up as a girl. The experiment was a failure because "Taste is required . . . I was already refusing to have any. I forbade myself to. Of course I would have shown a great deal of it." Nevertheless, despite an inadequate clothes sense, he still tells us far more about the *travesti manqué* than he ever tells us about the body of Stilitano for whom he lusted.

In most pornography physical descriptions tend to be sketchy, which is odd. One would think that the pornographer would think that his readers would want to know exactly how each body looked. But hard-core pornographers seldom particularize. Inevitably, genitals are massive, as Edmund Wilson would not say, but since we never get a good look at the bodies to which they are attached, the effect is so impersonal that one soon longs to read about those more modest yet entirely tangible archetypes, the girl and boy next door, two creatures far more apt to figure in the heated theater of the mind than the voluptuous grotesques of the pulp writer's imagination. Yet by abstracting character and by keeping his human creatures faceless and vague, the pornographer does force the reader to draw upon personal experience in order to fill in the details, thereby achieving one of the ends of all literary art, that of making the reader collaborator.

As usual, it is the Marquis de Sade (here represented by a section from *Justine*) who has the most to say about sex . . . or rather the use of others as objects for one's own pleasure, preferably at the expense of theirs. In true eighteenth-century fashion, he explains and explains and explains. There is no God, only Nature, which is heedless of the Good as well as of the Bad. Since Nature requires that the strong violate the weak, and since it is demonstrably true that Nature made women weak and men strong, therefore . . . and so on. The Marquis' vision—of which so much has been made in this century—is nothing but a rather simple-minded Manicheism, presented with more passion than logic. Yet in his endless self-justifications (unNatural this: Nature never apologizes, never explains) Sade's tirades often strike the Marlovian note: "It is Nature that I wish to outrage. I should like to spoil her plans, to block her advance, to halt the course of the stars, to throw down the globes that float in space—to destroy everything that serves her, to protect everything that harms her, to cultivate everything that irritates her—in a word to insult all her works." But he stops considerably short of his mark. He not only refused to destroy one of her more diverting creations, himself, but he also opposed capital punishment. Even for a French *philosophe*, Sade is remarkably inconsistent, which is why one prefers his letters to his formal argument. Off duty he is more natural and less Natural. While in the Bastille he described himself as possessing an "extreme tendency in everything to lose control of myself, a

disordered imagination in sexual matters such as has never been known in this world, an atheist to the point of fanaticism—in two words there I am, and so once again kill me or take me like that, because I shall never change." Latter-day diabolists have tried to make of his "disordered imagination in sexual matters" a sort of religion and, as religions go, it is no more absurd than that of the crucified tripartite man-god. But though Nature is indeed nonhuman and we without significance except to ourselves, to make of that same indifferent Nature an ally in behavior which is, simply, harmful to human society is to be singularly vicious.

Yet it is interesting to note that throughout all pornography, one theme recurs: the man or woman who manages to capture another human being for use as an unwilling sexual object. Obviously this is one of the commonest of masturbatory daydreams. Sade's originality was to try, deliberately, to make his fantasies real. But he was no Gilles de Rais. He lacked the organizational sense, and his actual adventures were probably closer to farce than to tragedy, more Charlie Chaplin trying to drown Martha Raye than Ilse Koch castrating her paramours at Buchenwald. Incidentally, it is typical of our period that the makers of the play *Marat/Sade* were much admired for having perversely reduced a splendid comic idea to mere tragedy.

Mr. Girodias' sampler should provide future sociologists with a fair idea of what sex was like at the dawn of the age of science. They will no doubt be as amused as most of us are depressed by the extent to which superstition has perverted human nature (not to mention thwarted Nature). Officially the tribal norm continues: The family is the central unit of society. Man's function is to impregnate woman in order to make children. Any sexual act which does not lead to the making of a child is untribal, which is to say antisocial. But though these assumptions are still held by the mass of human society in the West, the pornographers by what they write (and mention) show that in actual fact the old laws are not only broken (as always), but they are being questioned in a new way.

Until this generation even nonreligious enemies of irregular sexuality could sensibly argue that promiscuity was bad because it led to venereal disease and to the making of unwanted babies; also, more to the point, sex was a dirty business since bodies stank, and why should any truly fastidious person want to compound the filth of his own body's corruption with that of another? Now science has changed all that. Venereal disease has been contained. Babies need not be the result of the sexual act ("I feel so happy and safe now I take the pill") while improved bathing facilities together with the American Mom's relentless circumcision of boys has made the average human body a temptingly hygienic contraption suitable for all sorts of experiment. To which the moralists can only respond: Rome born again! Sexual license and excessive bathing, as everyone knows, made the Romans effete and unable to stand up to the stalwart puritan savages from the German for-

ests whose sacred mission was to destroy a world gone rotten. This simplistic view of history is a popular one, particularly among those who do not read history. Yet there *is* a basic point at issue and one that should be pondered.

Our tribal standards are those of Moses combined with that military sense of caste which characterized those savage tribesmen who did indeed engulf the world of cities. The contempt for people in trade one still finds amongst the WASP aristocracy, the sense of honor (furtive but gnawing), the pride in family, the loyalty to class, and (though covert) the admiration for the military virtues and physical strength are all inherited not from our civilized predecessors who lived in the great cities but from their conquerors, the wandering tribesmen, who planted no grain, built no cities, conducted no trade, yet preyed successfully upon those who did these contemptible, unmanly things. Today of course we are all as mixed in values as in blood, but the unstated assumptions that it is better to be physically strong than wise, violent than gentle, continent than sensual, land-owner or coupon-clipper than shopkeeper linger on, a memorial to those marauding tribes who broke into history at the start of the Bronze Age, and whose values are with us still, as the Gallup Poll attested recently, when it revealed that the President's war in Vietnam is most popular in the South, the most "tribal" part of the United States. Yet the city is the glory of our race, and today in the West, though we are all city-dwellers, we still accept as the true virtue the code of our wild conquerors, even though our actual lives do not conform to their laws, nor should they, nor should we feel guilty because they don't.

In ten thousand years we have learned how to lengthen human lives, but we have found no way to delay human puberty. As a result, between the economics of the city and the tabus of the tribe, we have created a monstrous sexual ethic. To mention the most notorious paradox: It is not economically convenient for the adolescent to marry; it is not tribally correct for him to have sex outside of marriage. Solutions to this man-made problem range from insistence upon total chastity to a vague permissiveness which, worriedly, allows some sexuality if those involved are "sincere" and "mature" and "loving." Until this generation, tribal moralists could argue with perfect conviction that there was only one correct sexual equation: man plus woman equals baby; anything else is wrong. But now that half the world lives with famine, and all the world by the year 2000 if Pope Paul's as yet unborn guests are allowed to attend the "banquet of life," the old equation has been changed to read: man plus woman equals baby equals famine. If the human race is to survive, population will have to be reduced drastically, if not by atomic war, by law, an unhappy prospect for civil liberties but better than starving to death. In any case, it is no longer possible to maintain that those sexual acts which do not create (or simulate the creation of) a child are unnatural; unless, to strike the eschatological note, it is indeed Nature's will that we perish through over-

population, in which case reliable hands again clutch the keys of Peter.

Fortunately, the pornographers appear to be on the side of survival. They make nothing of virginity deflowered, an important theme for two thousand years; they make nothing of it for the simple reason we make little of it. Straightforward adultery no longer fascinates the pornographer; the scarlet letter has faded. Incest, mysteriously, figures not at all in current pornographies. This is odd. The tribal tabu remains as strong as ever, even though we now know that when members of the same family mate the result is seldom more cretinous or more sickly than its parents. The decline of incest as a marketable theme is probably due to today's inadequate middle-class housing. In large Victorian houses with many rooms and heavy doors, the occupants could be mysterious and exciting to one another in a way that those who live in rackety developments can never hope to be. Not even the lust of a Lord Byron could survive the fact of Levittown.

Homosexuality is now taken entirely for granted by the pornographers because we take it for granted. Yet though there is considerable awareness nowadays of what people actually do, the ancient somewhat ambivalent hostility of the tribe persists, witness *Time* magazine's recent diagnosis of homosexuality as a "pernicious sickness" like influenza or opposing the war in Vietnam. Yet from the beginning, tribal attitudes have been confused on this subject. On the one hand, nothing must deflect man the father from his duty. On the other hand, man the warrior is more apt than not to perform homosexual acts. What was undesirable in peace was often a virtue in war, as the Spartans recognized, inventing the buddy system at the expense of the family unit. In general, it would seem that the more warlike the tribe, the more opportunistic the response. "You know where you can find your sex," said that sly chieftain Frederick the Great to his officers, "in the barracks." Of all the tribes, significantly, the Jews alone were consistently opposed not only to homosexuality but to any acknowledgement that the male was an erotic figure (cf. II Maccabbees 4:7-15). But in the great world of pre-Christian cities, it never occurred to anyone that a homosexual act was less "natural" than a heterosexual one. It was simply a matter of taste. From Archilochus to Apuleius, this acceptance of the way people actually are is implicit in what the writers wrote. Suetonius records that of his twelve emperors, eleven went with equal ease from boys to girls and back again without Suetonius ever finding anything remarkable in their "polymorphous perverse" behavior, to make the obligatory reference to our own Norman O. Brown's illuminations. But all that, as Mr. Stanley Kauffmann would say, happened in a "different context." Nevertheless, despite contexts, we are bisexual. Opportunity and habit incline us toward this or that sexual object. Since additional children are no longer needed, it is impossible to say that some acts are "right" and others "wrong." Certainly to maintain that a homosexual act in itself is anti-

social or neurotic is dangerous nonsense, of the sort that the astonishing Dr. Bergler used to purvey when he claimed that he could "cure" homosexuals, as if this was somehow desirable, like changing Jewish noses or straightening Negro hair in order to make it possible for those who have been so altered to pass more easily through a world of white Christians with snub noses.

Happily, in a single generation, science has changed many old assumptions. Economics has changed others. A woman can now easily support herself, independent of a man. With the slamming of Nora's door, the family ceased to be the inevitable social unit. Also, the newly affluent middle class can now pursue other pleasures. In the film *The Collector*, a lower-class boy captures an educated girl and after alternately tormenting and boring her, he says balefully, "If more people had more time and money, there would be a lot more of this." This got an unintended laugh in the theater but he is probably right. Sexual experiment is becoming more open. A placid Midwestern town was recently appalled to learn that its young married set was systematically swapping wives. In the cities, group sex is popular, particularly among the young. Yet despite the new freedoms which the pornographers reflect (sadly for them since their craft may ultimately wither away) the world they show, though closer to human reality than that of the tribalists, reveals a new illness: the powerlessness that most people feel in an overpopulated and overorganized society. The sado-masochist books that dominate this year's pornography are not the result of a new enthusiasm for the *vice anglaise* so much as a symptom of helplessness in a society where most of the male's aggressive-creative drive is thwarted. The will to prevail is a powerful one, and if it cannot be fulfilled in work or battle, it may find an outlet in sex. The man who wants to act out fantasies of tying up or being tied up is imposing upon his sex life a power drive which became socially undesirable once he got onto that escalator at IBM which, by predictable stages, will take him to early retirement and the long boredom of sunset years, medically prolonged. Solution of this problem will not be easy, to say the least.

Meanwhile, effort must be made to bring what we think about sex and what we say about sex and what we do about sex into some kind of realistic relationship. Indirectly, the pornographers do this. They recognize that the only sexual norm is that there is none. Therefore, in a civilized society law should not function at all in the area of sex except to protect people from being "interfered with" against their will. Unfortunately, even the most enlightened of the American state codes (Illinois) still assumes that since adultery is a tribal sin it must be regarded as a civil crime. It is not, and neither is prostitution, that most useful of human institutions. Traditionally, liberals have opposed prostitution on the ground that no one ought to be forced to sell his body because of poverty. Yet in the affluent society, prostitution continues to flourish for the simple reason that it is needed. If most men and women were

forced to rely upon physical charm to attract lovers, their sexual lives would be not only meagre but, in a youth-worshipping country like America, painfully brief. Recognizing this state of affairs, a Swedish psychologist recently proposed state brothels for women as well as for men, in recognition of the sad biological fact that the middle-aged woman is at her sexual peak at a time when she is no longer able to compete successfully with younger women. As for the prostitutes themselves, they practice an art as legitimate as any other, somewhere between that of masseur and psychiatrist. The best are natural healers and, contrary to tribal superstition, they often enjoy their work. It is to the credit of today's pornographer that, intentionally or not, he is the one who tells us most about the extraordinary variety of human sexual response, and in his way he shows us as we are, rather like those Fun House mirrors which even as they distort and mock the human figure never cease to reflect the real thing.

by Mark Kram

Looking for a Lift*

THE BUSINESS CARD that Jack Katchmar lays on everyone within arm's length features a drawing of a man, his muscles prominent, holding a caduceus, and standing on a universe. On one side of the card there is a quote from Erich Fromm: "Man's main task in life is to give birth to himself, to become what he potentially is." Plato also gets a call at the bottom: "What is honored in a country will be cultivated there." The legend on the card reads: "American Scientific Technical Research Organization, Inc." Jack says the card tells the story of Norbert Schemansky, who has never heard of Erich Fromm.

Norbert Schemansky is a weight lifter, the strongest man this country has ever produced. He is the only American to win medals in four different Olympics, one gold, one silver and two bronze. He has been United States champion nine times and the heavyweight champion of the world three times. In 1954, in an international poll, he was ranked the fifth greatest athlete in the world. Schemansky is 42 now, married, and has four children. He also has

* © 1966, Time Inc. Reprinted by permission of *Sports Illustrated*, September 12, 1966.

not earned $3,000 in the last eight years. Nobody knows why or asks why. Nobody knows his name. Nobody, that is, except Jack Katchmar, who is an authority on poverty, and is not known to many people, either.

Jack is president and research director of the organization named on the card, but he holds all the other titles, too. He *is* the organization. Everyone who has ever received a card eventually learns this, but no one worries about Jack's health. Jack does, but that is only because he does not really believe he is a treasurer without a treasury, a secretary without a phone and a field representative who does not have gas to put in his car. He also does not have any clients except Norbert Schemansky, who is really a friend and a peg on which Jack can hang his indignation at all the injustices ever committed, all of his dreams that were slaughtered in personnel offices. "I just never seem to fit in," says Jack. If one speaks, then, of Norbert Schemansky, one must also speak of Jack Katchmar.

"Honey," Jack says to his girl, Lois, "you got a dollar for gas?"

"*Again,* Jack?" says Lois, as Jack's eyes and head roll nervously.

"I know, but I left my wallet home."

"That's what you said the other day," says Lois. "And before that you said you had to get your teeth worked over. Six months it's been, and you been dollarin' me to pieces."

"I don't want charity," says Jack, unconvincingly.

"No-o-o, not much. So why don't you get a job? You're 40 years old, Jack! You don't need a work permit. You got a fancy degree from Michigan State in—"

"Sociology," interrupts Jack. "And, besides, I got a job."

Lois says that she's heard all about Norbert, and then turns to a visitor and says, while slipping Jack a dollar, "I think he's just beautiful." The two then leave for Lois' apartment, where she and Jack will argue over why she will not circulate his cards and documents at her office. Jack will also have dinner there: hamburgers and an after-dinner drink of Thunderbird wine.

The scene and the cuisine seldom vary, nor does the work following dinner. While Lois plays solitaire and listens to country music ("Never ever have a nickel in my jeans") Jack furiously scribbles his notes. He is, you see, the greatest note writer since Joe Gould, the late Greenwich Village wraith who spent a year measuring the heads of Indians in North Dakota, and during his life filled hundreds of notebooks with a delusion called *An Oral History of Our Time*. Jack, who has been scribbling for a dozen years, does not wish to be compared with Joe Gould. "I have all my teeth," he says.

If an analogy must be made, Jack prefers his relationship with Norbert to be set beside that of Zola and Dreyfus, Darrow and Scopes. Put in other ways, he expresses his task as Katchmar defending the values of Greek civilization, Katchmar attacking the diminishment of real excellence and the human spirit. "Hell, Jack," says Lois, "nobody's listenin'." Lois places another

card on the table, and Jack says she is the dumbest broad he has ever seen. He has his dollar.

Still, Jack is not totally dependent on Lois' subsidy. He receives a disability pension from the Government, and Norbert often says that Jack could not even get shot right; he was wounded in the back in the Battle of the Bulge. Jack uses his pension to pay the rent on the "gym" in Detroit where Norbert trains, and the rest of the money goes for pencils, paper, magazines, and a meal when Lois suddenly decides she is not so dumb. But it is Lois' dollars that put Jack in motion and enable him to circulate his treatise against a society of thin values that he feels has stomped all over Norbert—and Jack Katchmar.

The lobby of a hotel in Detroit. Sargent Shriver has just finished speaking and is walking with his aides toward the door. Suddenly Jack is by Shriver's side, and nobody knows who he is. But he looks, maybe, like he belongs there. He does appear a bit seedy, but you can never tell about these eccentric scholars.

Jack (*clearing his throat, and then in an official voice*): Do you, Mr. Shriver, believe in excellence? (*Shriver appears stunned, looks at Jack.*)

Shriver (*thinking Jack is a dumb reporter*): Why, of course.

Jack (*in D.A. style*): Do you believe that excellence, the kind of excellence that makes the world know we are, well, made up of more than just Elvis Presleys, should be rewarded? (*The procession through the lobby stops.*)

Aide (*curiously*): May I ask what paper you represent?

Jack (*ignoring aide, whips card plus elaborate presentation to Shriver*): Have you ever heard of Norbert Schemansky?

Shriver: Who? (*Starts reading section of presentation.*)

Aide: What paper did you say?

Jack: No paper. I'm president of the American Scientific Technical Research Organization, Inc.

Aide (*either impressed or confused*): Ohhh, I see.

Shriver: Do you mean to tell me that this fellow here has done all of this and—

Jack (*nodding head rapidly*): Oh, yes. Oh, yes.

Shriver: And he lives in poverty, hasn't made $3,000 in the last eight years? (*Firmly.*) Well, something should be done about that. (*Procession leaves lobby, and Jack, holding his frayed attaché case, watches. He is Stan Laurel with pie dripping down his face.*)

A few days later Jack is in a reception line waiting to meet Mrs. Jeane Dixon, Washington spiritualist and prophesier. He finally arrives at the front of the line and extends his hand. He does this purposely and with persistence because, he says, Mrs. Dixon receives dramatic vibrations and information when her hand touches someone. She does not go for his hand, so he slips her a note.

"Norbert Schemansky," the note reads, "has served America for 20 years. He is more of a world-respected champion than Joe Louis, who made $4 million, and Floyd Patterson, who made $11 million, and Cassius Clay, all combined. Yet today he lives in unknown poverty. Why? Will God reward him or use him? How?"

Jack: Please answer this. It's important. (*He goes for her hand again.*)

Mrs. Dixon (*pulling her hand away*): Certainly, Mr. Katcher. You will hear from me.

Jack: Katchmar, Jack Katchmar. I'm head of the American Scien–

Mrs. Dixon: You'll hear from me, Mr. Katchman.

Later Jack receives his reply. It reads: "God wants you where He can USE you–but we are so self-centered that we want to be placed where WE want, and not where God wants us. It is HIS WILL–not OUR will–that must be done. Continue to use your talents, which you use everyday, for good; this is performing God's will in your life. Bless you, Mr. Katcher."

Jack is quite distraught over Mrs. Dixon's answer, but not for long. He returns to the gym, where he also sleeps, and begins scribbling. He also scribbles well in hotel lobbies and on street corners, but he is at his best in the gym. There, writing in the margins of books and magazines, on brown paper bags and backs of envelopes, his sadness, his protest explode:

Schemansky, as a real hero, is important to America, because America was founded on ideals. An ideal is a standard of perfection for all men, a model of excellence. An image is an illusion, pseudo ideal. The hero reflects ideals. A hero is a human figure who has shown greatness in some achievements. He is a man of great deeds. A celebrity or punk hero reflects illusions. The hero created himself. The punk hero is created by publicity and mass media. The celebrity is a big name, the hero a big man.

"We must realize that man makes institutions, and man can change and create new institutions that recognize man as the center of life. We must abolish the AAU [Amateur Athletic Union]. It is America's institution of poverty."

Jack tries to go to sleep. It is 5 A.M., and the sun is coming up. It will not bother him. The gym is underground. The last enemy chased from his thoughts, Jack falls into sleep, at about the same time Norbert Schemansky always awakens in Dearborn, Michigan.

Schemansky lives in a section of factory workers, of people still tied to the same roots that their fathers were. The houses have a synthetic pastoral charm, a tiny patch of neatly trimmed lawn, a new car every two years and, now a color television set. But that Schemansky house in the middle of the block! That car, that lawn!

Schemansky sees this, too–his own meager possessions compared to those

that belong to his neighbors—and in the morning the picture, spinning at him, is enlarged by the sense of what he has to do and what he has become.

The small rooms are gray and quiet in the morning. Hundreds of medals and trophies and cups, scratched and dusty, are scattered throughout the rooms. A bottle of wine that Norbert brought back from Paris 10 years ago stands on a television set. The wine, he says, is the only thing that seems real to him now. Moving his mountainous body through the rooms, he straightens a row of trophies that were knocked over, and then from a corner retrieves a large and beautiful cup containing a pair of kid's tennis shoes. The evenings are dark and good, but Norbert's mornings bring a train of hundreds of forgotten faces and memories of 10,000 old indignities. They keep coming until all that he is, all that the night seems to hide, is exposed, until his whole life seems as strange and gossamer as a dream.

Hell, I could have made something of myself, could have been somebody.

The dream flows through him like a violent river, and then the children awaken upstairs; there are four of them, and they are real. Norbert whispers up the stairs and tells the children to be quiet, because their mother is still sleeping. Then he goes to the kitchen, his massive hands and arms moving gently in and out of the china closet, and he begins to prepare breakfast for the kids. He will also pack their school lunches, and in the evening he will prepare dinner. Yuri Valsov, Russia's champion weight lifter, once said: "Norbert Schemansky is the greatest and strongest athlete I have ever seen."

Sometime during the day, after the dusting, Norbert will go into Detroit, where he is offered such jobs as fishing kids out of an indoor swimming pool ($1 an hour), cleaning latrines ($1 an hour) and the kind recently described by a brewery spokesman: "Sure, we can fit you into our public-relations program. What would you think of going around to bars with one of our salesmen. When you enter all you have to do is lift a keg or two over your head. Sort of entertainment for the customers." In May of 1962 *Tass* reported: "The story of Schemansky, who just recently established a new world record in the snatch with 362 pounds, a full kilogram over the Soviet *bogatyr*, Yuri Vlasov, reflects the attitude toward man in a capitalistic world."

The Tass report irritated Schemansky. Sure, it was just propaganda, he felt, but why should he be special? This country doesn't owe a weight lifter anything! "I've never wanted anything for nothing," he says now. "Just a decent job that will allow me to compete at the same time." But the jobs have never been decent—a champion always has to feel like a champion—and making it possible to go on competing has been an unending struggle. Yet he does compete, and exist, but only because of a few people. A neighborhood druggist will not take his money for prescriptions. The family doctor doesn't want his money either. And there is Jack. Jack takes the dues he collects from the

10 other weight lifters who train at the gym and slips the money to Norbert.

How can it be that a man who has won respect for himself and prestige for his country clings to the shadowy periphery of life, is a nonperson without status or function and one whose wife for most of the last 20 years has, in effect, supported his participation for the United States with an $80-a-week job? Is it because of those who, with outraged rhetoric and instant chauvinism, are always alert and yakking when America is embarrassed in world competition but are never to be found when the time comes to back up their cocktail-party passion for American excellence? Is it because of Norbert's long and bitter feud with the AAU? Is it because of the obscurity of weight lifting? Or is it because of Norbert Schemansky himself?

Immensely popular in Europe and the Near East—the Egyptian pyramid builders were probably the first lifters—weight lifting occupies an inferior position in this country; the national championships draw little more than a paragraph in most big-city papers. The public relations of the weight-lifting division of the AAU, possibly devoted to the aggrandizement of officialdom, is in part responsible. But, mainly, lifting offers no glamour, no color or escape to those who share the popular misconception about the sport. The fact is that for years the weight lifter has been associated in the public consciousness with the body-builder, that curious creature who can stare trancelike at his own pectoral muscles and become emotionally moved by just measuring his calf. Weight lifters are not fond of body-builders; they often call them "sweethearts." Body-builders refer to lifters as "clods" who cannot comprehend anything beyond a dumbbell.

But weight lifters are not easily categorized. Vlasov, for instance, is an intellectual, and his comrade, Leonid Zhabotsinski, is a bumpkin and a slob who always makes certain he accompanies lighter lifters to dinner because they have to watch their weight; when they leave he stays behind and mops up all of their potatoes. Schemansky has a 132 IQ and a fine sense of humor, and Light Heavyweight Champion Joe Pulio of Detroit spends most of his time trying to solve the mysteries of Zen. There is one United States lifter who wants to be a history professor. "I'm great on dates of events," he says. All lifters, however, are similar in this respect: they have misshapen, even grotesque, bodies, and they derive the same satisfactions from the sport.

What drives a man to compete seriously in weight lifting? Obviously, the act of lifting weight cannot spring a man from public anonymity, which is what spurs so many athletes early in their careers. Nor, as many theorize, can a case be made that lifters are psychologically disoriented. They do not worship strength, and do not think they are superior human beings because they are among the physical elite. Rather, what motivates them, fulfills them, is the act itself. It is, to them, a beauteous assertion, simple and direct, of the human spirit. The lifter temporarily defeats that which is ultimately superior to him, the physical universe; the weight always remains the same, but the man does

not. A guy can get hooked on lifting. Norbert Schemansky is hooked.

"If you quit lifting," says one who did, "you have to have something to take its place. That's why Norbert will never quit." The truth is that Norbert could not have found anything to replace lifting 25 years ago, even if he had wanted to.

The puniest of four brothers, Norbert had no future except the production line of an automobile plant. It was not enough for him, not enough just to make money, but he did not know what he could do about it. People do escape from their environments, but Norbert lacked the type of mind for such a solution. One has to know *who* he is, *what* he wants, before he can break away. Quite simply, Norbert had not given birth to himself until one day in a garage when he picked up an old barbell, and found in it a beginning. He could break away now, he could become somebody, if only to himself.

"This weight lifting, it is hard," asked his father, who could not understand why Norbert spent so much time in the gym.

"Yes, Pop, it's hard," said Norbert.

"Harder than work?"

"Yes, Pop, harder than work."

"Can you get paid for this thing?"

"No, I don't think so, Pop."

"You get paid for work, eh, and it isn't as hard?"

"Yes, Pop."

"So, why not work instead of doing this thing?"

"I don't know, Pop."

"Momma! Momma!" his father called. "Come and talk to this boy, this . . ."

Norbert did work, of course, and he kept working when he got married —and he kept lifting. At night he would come home, have dinner, and leave for the gym across town. Clutching dirty tennis shoes in a brown bag under his arm, he took three streetcars before reaching his destination. In 1948, while working in a factory owned by a celebrated sportsman, he needed time off to compete for the United States in the Olympics in London. He got the time off—without pay—and won a silver medal. In 1952, while working at the same factory, he requested time to compete in the Olympics at Helsinki. The word went upstairs, and the word came down: "Sure, he can have all the time he wants. Fire him." Schemansky went anyway, and beat the undefeated Russian world champion, Gregori Novak. He came home with a gold medal, caught a bus from the airport to downtown Dearborn and took a streetcar home. Only a porter at the airport greeted him. "Nice going, Mr. Schemansky," the porter said.

A month after the Olympics, Norbert was interviewed on a local sports

show. "Can the people of Detroit do anything for you?" the announcer asked. "Yeah," said Norbert, "I need a job." The announcer blanched.

The jobs, mainly menial labor, grew fewer, and the family grew larger, but he could not let go of weight lifting. In 1954 he won the heavyweight championship of the world, but he spent most of the following two years in bed and in a brace. He had undergone two major back operations for ruptured discs, and doctors said he would never lift again. In 1960 he won a bronze medal in Rome; the Russians called it the greatest comeback in sports history. In 1962, 8,000 people watched Schemansky, 38, and Vlasov, 26, head to head in the "heavyweight match of the century" in Budapest. Schemansky beat Vlasov in the press and the snatch, but in the clean and jerk, the final lift, Schemansky's ankle collapsed. The Russian won 1,191–1,184. The crowd, standing and roaring for five minutes, would not allow Norbert to leave center stage.

In the 1964 Olympics at Tokyo, Schemansky became the first man to lift a total of 1,200 pounds. He also won a bronze medal. The following year, at 41, he captured another national championship, but it was apparent to him, finally, that an AAU official was right when he had told Norbert, "You could set four world records, and nobody would care. You wouldn't get the Sullivan Award. You talk too much." Through the years Schemansky could have played the game, kept his mouth shut, become a "Deltoid warmer" ("That's the muscle around the neck on which they always put their arms when you're going good"), and maybe now he would be known as a man of substance. But he flailed and goaded the AAU constantly.

A sampling:

"Don't eat, and go out there and see what you can do—that's the AAU philosophy."

"The first time you ever see anybody from the organization is when you're going overseas. A guy comes along and pins a little button on your lapel, and from then on they take credit for what you do."

"Have you ever seen a picture of a weight lifter? No, all you see in the papers are pictures of officials. Look for a photographer and you'll always find an official."

"At the national championships there are always more officials present than lifters. At an international event it's unbelievable. Don't believe this stuff about how they're doing this work for nothing. They do, but many of them use the organization to develop business contacts. That's worth more than pay."

"Right before I went to Rome an Italian restaurant wanted to throw a little party for me to raise, say, maybe only $200 to help my family while I was gone. The AAU heard about it, and said, 'Well, we can't allow this.' No party. Well, when I was going to Tokyo, a popular bar in Detroit, frequented by judges and politicians, decided they would like to throw a benefit

for me. They did, and raised $600. The AAU knew about it but didn't say anything. They don't like to mess with big shots."

The years of bitterness and economic struggle seemed to overwhelm Norbert recently in the national championships at York, Pennsylvania, the muscle capital of this country, where a man's forearm and neck can make heads turn in a bar or restaurant. "I don't know," said Joe Pulio. "This year, it seems, we look at Norbert and suddenly it all seems so hopeless. Here is a guy who is as big as Ted Williams or Joe DiMaggio in his sport, and he can't even put bread on his table. Somebody should have done something, should have gone to bat for him. He gave, but they never gave back. Compete for whom? For what? For them?" He pointed to a large circle of officials who, with badges and ribbons festooning their coats, were standing and talking. "Those guys constitute one of the most inept and ridiculous institutions known to man."

Nevertheless, at York, despite his visible depression and the disillusion in his conversation with fans and other lifters, Schemansky was the attraction. Even though he was 42, they could not believe that he was through. Obviously, the officials of the AAU wanted desperately to believe that he *was* through. The official who was announcing kept referring to Norbert's age and to the fact that here was a champion who had had it; he was not being taken seriously anymore, not even as a critic. The day before, Schemansky had rapped the AAU in the press, and one official, laughing, said to him, "I don't care what you say as long as they spell my name right." Norbert finished third at York, but he was not disappointed. He knew he would not do well. The weight had not changed, but the man was changing—slowly and painfully.

The trip from York ended in Jack's gym early that evening. It is a dank, cluttered dungeon located on a sad-sick street, next door to a hotel that exists only because it offers drunks a 50¢ ride into a night of bad dreams. Some nights, when the drunks are restless, they stumble next door and down the steps to the door of the gym and, banging on the door, they shout, "Hey, Jack, we wanna lift some weights." Jack does not like this, because it disturbs his scribbling, and on this day, a Sunday, he was clearly upset; they had come at him in waves the night before.

"Hell, I'm going to have to move my business," said Jack. "The drunks around here all think they're weight lifters."

"Where you gonna move?" asked Norbert. "Down to the Sheraton Cadillac?"

"Well, how'd you do in York?" said Jack.

"Don't you know?"

"No, they didn't have a line in the papers this morning," said Jack.

"Third," said Norbert. "That's where I told you I'd finish. I had too much on my mind, the campaign and all."

"What's your campaign budget?" a visitor asked Norbert.

"Two hundred dollars this time," said Norbert, "but the last time I ran for the Michigan legislature my budget was only $100. I only lost by 800 votes."

"Your platform?"

"Just a slogan," he said. " 'Down with junks, drunks, and punks.' That covers a lot of ground. I don't do any talking. I just go around at night pasting up signs. But in the morning they're torn down."

"Somebody's after us here in Michigan," said Jack.

"Sure, Jack," said Norbert.

"Well, it's true. You haven't even been nominated for the Michigan Hall of Fame."

"I'm not worried about that. I'm going to go to Mexico [the Olympics in 1968] and hook up with Vlasov again and take him this time. The AAU wants me out of the picture, but at 46 I'll still be in it."

Jack, inspired, suddenly sat down and began scribbling in the margins of a magazine. Norbert talked on, until Jack jumped up and said, "This is my first draft." Norbert read, "Dear Mr. President: Norbert Schemansky is the greatest symbol of excellence in the free world but, like Einstein in Nazi Germany, America has no use for him. We must start creating the job around the man. Mr. President, we are an independent, nonprofit social-research consultant firm. We were the first firm to create the job around the man 10 years ago. The results: We won two Olympic medals for America, and the Michigan AAU title seven years in a row. Mr. President, we are a small-business firm without funds, but we have done much for America. Furthermore . . ."

"Oh, forget it, Jack," said Norbert, tossing Jack's prose aside. "Nobody's listening."

They moved out of the gym and into the night. Jack, grumbling, said he was going for a walk. He was hungry, he said, and walking made him forget about it. Maybe later, he said, he would try to convince Lois that she truly was clever. Norbert said he had to get home immediately, because his wife had to go to work in the morning. Walking away, Jack waved his hands, and Norbert shook his head from side to side. One looks at them, but he only sees Laurel and Hardy sitting on a curbstone.

by Joan Didion

"How Can I Tell Them There's Nothing Left?"

THIS IS A STORY about love and death in the golden land, and begins with the country. The San Bernardino Valley lies only an hour east of Los Angeles by the San Bernardino Freeway but is in certain ways an alien place: not the coastal California of the subtropical twilights and the soft westerlies off the Pacific, but a harsher California, haunted by the Mojave just beyond the mountains, devastated by the hot dry Santa Ana wind that comes down through the passes at 100 miles an hour and whines through the eucalyptus windbreaks and works on the nerves. October is the bad month for the wind, the month when breathing is difficult and the hills blaze up spontaneously. It is the season of suicide and divorce and prickly dread, wherever the wind blows.

The Mormons settled this ominous country, and then they abandoned it, but by the time they left, the first orange tree had been planted, and for the next 100 years the San Bernardino Valley would draw a kind of people who imagined they might live among the talismanic fruit and prosper in the dry air, people who brought with them Midwestern ways of building and cooking and praying and who tried to graft those ways upon the land. The graft took in curious ways. This is the California where it is possible to live and die without ever eating an artichoke, without ever meeting a Catholic or a Jew. This is the California where it is easy to Dial-a-Devotion, but hard to buy a book. This is the country in which a belief in the literal interpretation of Genesis has slipped imperceptibly into a belief in the literal interpretation of *Double Indemnity*, the country of the teased hair and the Capris and the girls for whom all life's promise comes down to a waltz-length white wedding dress and the birth of a Kimberly or a Sherry or a Debbi and a Tijuana divorce and a return to hairdressers' school. "We were just

crazy kids," they say without regret, and look to the future. The future always looks good in the golden land, because no one remembers the past. Here is where the hot wind blows and the old ways do not seem relevant, where the divorce rate is double the national average and where one person in every 38 lives in a trailer. Here is the last stop for all those who come from somewhere else, for all those who drifted away from the cold and the past and the old ways. Here is where they are trying to find a new life style, trying to find it in the only places they know to look: the movies and the newspapers. The case of Lucille Marie Maxwell Miller is a tabloid monument to that new life style.

Imagine Banyan Street first, because Banyan is where it happened. The way to Banyan is to drive west from San Bernardino out Foothill Boulevard, Route 66: past the Santa Fe switching yards, the Forty Winks Motel. Past the motel that is 19 stucco teepees: SLEEP IN A WIGWAM—GET MORE FOR YOUR WAMPUM. Past Fontana Drag City and the Fontana Church of the Nazarene and the Pit Stop A Go-Go; past Kaiser Steel, through Cucamonga, out to the Kapu Kai Restaurant-Bar and Coffee Shop, at the corner of Route 66 and Carnelian Avenue. Up Carnelian Avenue from the Kapu Kai, which means "Forbidden Seas," the subdivision flags whip in the harsh wind. HALF-ACRE RANCHES! SNACK BARS! TRAVERTINE ENTRIES! $95 DOWN. It is the trail of an intention gone haywire, the flotsam of the New California. But after a while the signs thin out on Carnelian Avenue, and the houses are no longer the bright pastels of the Springtime Home owners but the faded bungalows of the people who grow a few grapes and keep a few chickens out here, and then the hill gets steeper and the road climbs and even the bungalows are few, and here—desolate, roughly surfaced, lined with eucalyptus and lemon groves—is Banyan Street.

Like so much of this country, Banyan suggests something curious and unnatural. The lemon groves are sunken, down a three- or four-foot retaining wall, so that one looks directly into their dense foliage, too lush, unsettlingly glossy, the greenery of nightmare; the fallen eucalyptus bark is too dusty, a place for snakes to breed. The stones look not like natural stones but like the rubble of some unmentioned upheaval. There are smudge pots, and a closed cistern. To one side of Banyan there is the flat valley, and to the other the San Bernardino Mountains, a dark mass looming too high, too fast, nine, ten, eleven thousand feet, right there above the lemon groves. At midnight on Banyan Street there is no light at all, and no sound except the wind in the eucalyptus and a muffled barking of dogs. There may be a kennel somewhere, or the dogs may be coyotes.

Banyan Street was the route Lucille Miller took home from the 24-hour Mayfair Market on the night of October 7, 1964, a night when the moon was dark and the wind was blowing and she was out of milk, and

Banyan Street was where, at about 12:30 A.M., her 1964 Volkswagen came to a sudden stop, caught fire, and began to burn. For an hour and 15 minutes Lucille Miller ran up and down Banyan calling for help, but no cars passed and no help came. At three o'clock that morning, when the fire had been put out and the California Highway Patrol officers were completing their report, Lucille Miller was still sobbing and incoherent, for her husband had been asleep in the Volkswagen. "What will I tell the children when there's nothing left, nothing left in the casket," she cried to the friend called to comfort her. "How can I tell them there's nothing left?"

In fact, there was something left, and a week later the body lay in the Draper Mortuary Chapel in a closed bronze coffin blanketed with pink carnations. Some 200 mourners heard Elder Robert E. Denton of the Seventh-Day Adventist Church of Ontario speak of "the temper of fury that has broken out among us." For Gordon Miller, he said, there would be "no more death, no more heartaches, no more misunderstandings." Elder Ansel Bristol mentioned the "peculiar" grief of the hour. Elder Fred Jensen asked, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" A light rain fell, a blessing in a dry season, and a female vocalist sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." A tape of the service was made for the widow, who was being held without bail in the San Bernardino County Jail on a charge of first-degree murder.

Of course she came from somewhere else, came off the prairie in search of something she had seen in a movie or heard on the radio, for this is a Southern California story. She was born on January 17, 1930, in Winnipeg, Manitoba, the only child of Gordon and Lily Maxwell, both schoolteachers and both dedicated to the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, whose members observe the Sabbath on Saturday, believe in an apocalyptic Second Coming, have a strong missionary tendency, and, if they are strict, do not smoke, drink, eat meat, use makeup, or wear jewelry, including wedding rings. By the time Lucille Maxwell enrolled at Walla Walla College in College Place, Washington, the Adventist school where her parents then taught, she was an 18-year-old possessed of unremarkable good looks and remarkable high spirits. "Lucille wanted to see the world," her father would say in retrospect, "and I guess she found out."

The high spirits did not seem to lend themselves to an extended course of study at Walla Walla College, and in the spring of 1949 Lucille Maxwell met and married Gordon (Cork) Miller, a 24-year-old graduate of Walla Walla and of the University of Oregon dental school, then stationed at Fort Lewis as a medical officer. "Maybe you could say it was love at first sight," Maxwell recalls. "Before the were ever formally introduced, he sent Lucille a dozen and a half roses with a card that said even if she didn't come out on

a date with him, he hoped she'd find the roses pretty anyway." The Maxwells remember their daughter as a "radiant" bride.

Unhappy marriages so resemble one another that we do not need to know too much about the course of this one. There may or may not have been trouble on Guam, where Cork and Lucille Miller lived while he finished his Army duty. There may or may not have been problems in the small Oregon town where he first set up private practice. There appears to have been some disappointment about their move to California: Cork Miller had told friends that he wanted to become a doctor, that he was unhappy as a dentist and planned to enter the Seventh-Day Adventist College of Medical Evangelists at Loma Linda, a few miles south of San Bernardino. Instead he bought a dental practice in the west end of San Bernardino County, and the family settled there, in a modest house on the kind of street where there are always tricycles and revolving credit and dreams about bigger houses, better streets. That was 1957. By the summer of 1964 they had achieved the bigger house on the better street and the familiar accouterments of a family on its way up: the $30,000 a year, the three children for the Christmas card, the picture window, the family room, the newspaper photographs that showed "Mrs. Gordon Miller, Ontario Heart Fund Chairman. . . ." They were paying the familiar price for it. And they had reached the familiar season of divorce.

It might have been anyone's bad summer, anyone's siege of heat and nerves and migraine and money worries, but this one began particularly early and particularly badly. On April 24 an old friend, Elaine Hayton, died suddenly; Lucille Miller had seen her only the night before. During the month of May, Cork Miller was hospitalized briefly with a bleeding ulcer, and his usual reserve deepened into depression. He told his accountant that he was "sick of looking at open mouths," and threatened suicide. By July 8, the conventional tensions of love and money had reached the conventional impasse in the new house on the acre lot at 8488 Bella Vista, and Lucille Miller filed for divorce. Within a month, however, the Millers seemed reconciled. They saw a marriage counselor. They talked about a fourth child. It seemed that the marriage had reached the traditional truce, the point at which so many resign themselves to cutting both their losses and their hopes.

But the Millers' season of trouble was not to end that easily. October 7 began as a commonplace-enough day, one of those days that sets the teeth on edge with its tedium, its small frustrations. The temperature reached 102° in San Bernardino that afternoon, and the Miller children were home from school because of Teachers' Institute. There was ironing to be dropped off. There was a trip to pick up a prescription for Nembutal, a trip to a self-service dry cleaner. In the early evening, an unpleasant accident with the car: Cork Miller hit and killed a German shepherd, and afterward said that his head felt "like it had a Mack truck on it." It was something he often said.

As of that evening Cork Miller was $63,479 in debt, including the $29,637 mortgage on the new house, a debt load which seemed oppressive to him. He was a man who wore his responsibilities uneasily, and complained of migraine headaches almost constantly.

He ate alone that night, from a TV tray in the living room. Later the Millers watched John Forsythe and Senta Berger in *See How They Run,* and when the movie ended, about 11, Cork Miller suggested that they go out for milk. He wanted some hot chocolate. He took a blanket and pillow from the couch and climbed into the passenger seat of the Volkswagen. Lucille Miller remembers reaching over to lock his door as she backed down the driveway. By the time she left the Mayfair Market, and long before they reached Banyan Street, Cork Miller appeared to be asleep.

There is some confusion in Lucille Miller's mind about what happened between 12:30 A.M., when the fire broke out, and 1:50 A.M., when it was reported. She says that she was driving east on Banyan Street at about 35 mph when she felt the Volkswagen pull sharply to the right. The next thing she knew the car was on the embankment, quite near the edge of the retaining wall, and flames were shooting up behind her. She does not remember jumping out. She does remember prying up a stone with which she broke the window next to her husband, and then scrambling down the retaining wall to try to find a stick. "I don't know how I was going to push him out," she says. "I just thought if I had a stick, I'd push him out." She could not, and after a while she ran to the intersection of Banyan and Carnelian Avenue. There are no houses at that corner, and almost no traffic. After one car had passed without stopping, Lucille Miller ran back down Banyan toward the burning Volkswagen. She did not stop, but she slowed down, and in the flames she could see her husband. "He was," she said, "just black."

At the first house up Sapphire Avenue, half a mile from the Volkswagen, Lucille Miller finally found help. There Mrs. Robert Swenson called the sheriff, and then, at Lucille Miller's request, she called Harold Lance, the Millers' lawyer and their close friend. When Harold Lance arrived, he took Lucille Miller home to his wife, Joan. Twice Harold Lance and Lucille Miller returned to Banyan Street and talked to the Highway Patrol officers. A third time Harold Lance returned alone, and when he came back he said to Lucille Miller, "OK . . . you don't talk any more."

When Lucille Miller was arrested the next afternoon, Sandy Slagle was with her. Sandy Slagle was the intense, relentlessly loyal medical student who used to baby-sit for the Millers, and had been living as a member of the family since she graduated from high school in 1959. The Millers took her away from a difficult home situation, and she thinks of Lucille Miller not only as "more or less a mother or a sister" but as "the most wonderful character" she has ever known. On the night of the accident, Sandy Slagle was in her dormitory at Loma Linda University, but Lucille Miller called her early in

the morning and asked her to come home. The doctor was there when Sandy Slagle arrived, giving Lucille Miller an injection of Nembutal. "She was crying as she was going under," Sandy Slagle recalls. "Over and over she'd say, 'Sandy, all the hours I spent trying to save him and now what are they trying to *do* to me?' "

At 1:30 that afternoon, Sergeant William Paterson and Detectives Charles Callahan and Joseph Karr of the Central Homicide Division arrived at 8488 Bella Vista.

"One of them appeared at the bedroom door," Sandy Slagle remembers, "and said to Lucille, 'You've got five or ten minutes to get dressed or we'll take you as you are.' She was in her nightgown, you know, so I tried to get her dressed."

Sandy Slagle tells the story now as if by rote, and her eyes do not waver. "So I had her panties and bra on her and they opened the door again, so I got some Capris on her, you know, and a scarf." Her voice drops. "And then they just took her."

The arrest took place just 12 hours after the first report that there had been an accident on Banyan Street, a rapidity which would later prompt Lucille Miller's attorney to say that the entire case was an instance of trying to justify a reckless arrest. Actually, what first caused the detectives who arrived on Banyan Street toward dawn that morning to give the accident more than routine attention were certain apparent physical inconsistencies. While Lucille Miller had said that she was driving about 35 mph when the car swerved to a stop, an examination of the cooling Volkswagen showed that it was in low gear, and that the parking rather than the driving lights were on. The front wheels, moreover, did not seem to be in exactly the position that Lucille Miller's description of the accident would suggest, and the right rear wheel was dug in deep, as if it had been spun in place. It seemed curious to the deputies, too, that a sudden stop from 35 mph—the same jolt which was presumed to have knocked over a gasoline can in the back seat and somehow started the fire—should have left two milk cartons upright on the back floorboard, and the remains of a camera box lying apparently undisturbed on the back seat.

No one, however, could be expected to give a precise account of what did and did not happen in a moment of terror, and none of these inconsistencies seemed in themselves incontrovertible evidence of criminal intent. But they did interest the Sheriff's Office, as did Gordon Miller's apparent unconsciousness at the time of the accident, and the length of time it had taken Lucille Miller to get help. Something, moreover, struck the investigators as wrong about Harold Lance's attitude when he came back to Banyan Street the third time and found the investigation by no means over. "The way Lance was acting," the prosecuting attorney said later, "they thought maybe they'd hit a nerve."

And so it was that on the morning of October 8, even before the doctor had come to give Lucille Miller a shot to calm her, the San Bernardino County Sheriff's Office was already trying to construct another version of what might have happened between 12:30 and 1:50 A.M. The hypothesis they would eventually present was based on the somewhat tortuous premise that Lucille Miller had undertaken a plan which failed: a plan to stop the car on the lonely road, spread gasoline over her presumably drugged husband, and, with a stick on the accelerator, gently "walk" the Volkswagen over the embankment, where it would tumble four feet down the retaining wall into the lemon grove and almost certainly explode. If this had happened, Lucille Miller might then have somehow negotiated the two miles up Carnelian to Bella Vista in time to be home when the accident was discovered. This plan went awry, according to the Sheriff's Office hypothesis, when the car would not go over the rise of the embankment. Lucille Miller might have panicked then—after she had killed the engine the third or fourth time, say, out there on the dark road with the gasoline already spread and the dogs baying and the wind blowing and the unspeakable apprehension that a pair of headlights would suddenly light up Banyan Street and expose her there—and set the fire herself.

Although this version accounted for some of the physical evidence—the car in low because it had been started from a dead stop, the parking lights on because she could not do what needed doing without some light, a rear wheel spun in repeated attempts to get the car over the embankment, the milk cartons upright because there had been no sudden stop—it did not seem on its own any more or less credible than Lucille Miller's own story. Moreover, some of the physical evidence did seem to support her story: a nail in a front tire, a nine-pound rock found in the car, presumably the one with which she had broken the window in an attempt to save her husband. Within a few days an autopsy had established that Gordon Miller was alive when he burned, which did not particularly help the state's case, and that he had enough Nembutal and Sandoptal in his blood to put the average person to sleep, which did.

It was a spotty case, and to make it work at all the state was going to have to find a motive. There was talk of unhappiness, talk of another man. That kind of motive, during the next few weeks, was what they set out to establish. They set out to find it in accountants' ledgers and double-indemnity clauses and motel registers—set out to determine what might move a woman who believed in all the promises of the middle class, a women who had been chairman of the Ontario Heart Fund and who always knew a reasonable little dressmaker and had come out of the bleak wilds of prairie fundamentalism to try to find what she imagined would be the good life—what should drive such a woman to sit on that street called Bella Vista and look out her new picture window into the empty California sun and calculate how to burn

her husband alive. They found the wedge they wanted closer at hand than they might have at first expected, for, as testimony would reveal later at the trial, it seemed that in December of 1963 Lucille Miller had begun an affair with the husband of one of her friends, a man whose daughter called her "Auntie Lucille," a man who might have seemed to have the gift for people and money and the good life that Cork Miller so noticeably lacked. The man was Arthwell Hayton, a well-known San Bernardino attorney and at one time a member of the district attorney's staff.

In some ways it was the conventional clandestine affair in a place like San Bernardino, a place where little is bright or graceful, a place where it is routine to misplace the future and easy to start looking for it in bed. Over the seven weeks that it would take to try Lucille Miller for murder, Assistant District Attorney Don A. Turner and defense attorney Edward P. Foley would between them unfold a curiously predictable story. There were the falsified motel registrations. There were the lunch dates, the afternoon drives in Arthwell Hayton's red Cadillac convertible. There were the interminable discussions of the wronged partners.

There were the confidantes ("I knew everything," Sandy Slagle would insist fiercely later. "I knew every time, places, everything") and there were the words remembered from bad magazine stories ("Don't kiss me, it will trigger things," Lucille Miller remembered telling Arthwell Hayton in the parking lot of Harold's Club in Fontana after lunch one day) and there were the notes, the sweet exchanges: "Hi Sweetie Pie! You are my cup of tea!! Happy Birthday—you don't look a day over 29!! Your baby, Arthwell."

And, toward the end, there was the acrimony. It was April 24, 1964, when Arthwell Hayton's wife, Elaine, died suddenly, and nothing good happened after that. Arthwell Hayton had taken his cruiser, *Captain's Lady*, over to Catalina that weekend; he called home at nine o'clock Friday night, but did not talk to his wife because Lucille Miller answered the telephone, and said that Elaine was showering. The next morning the Haytons' daughter found her mother in bed, dead. The newspapers reported the death as accidental, perhaps the result of an allergy to hair spray. When Arthwell Hayton flew home from Catalina that afternoon, Lucille Miller met him at the airport, but the finish had already been written.

It was in the breakup that the affair ceased to be in the conventional mode, and began to resemble instead the novels of James M. Cain, the movies of the late 1930's, all the dreams in which violence and threats and blackmail are made to seem commonplaces of middle-class life. What was most startling about the case that the state of California was preparing against Lucille Miller was something that had nothing to do with law at all, a revelation that never did appear in the eight-column afternoon headlines but was always there between them: the news that the dream was teaching some of the dreamers how to live.

Here is Lucille Miller talking to her lover sometime in the early summer of 1964, after he had indicated that, on the advice of his minister, he did not intend to see her anymore: "First, I'm going to go to that dear pastor of yours and tell him a few things. . . . When I do tell him that, you won't be in the Redlands Church anymore. . . . Look, Sonny Boy, if you think your reputation is going to be ruined, your life won't be worth two cents." Here is Arthwell Hayton, to Lucille Miller: "I'll go to Sheriff Frank Bland and tell him some things that I know about you until you'll wish you had never heard of Arthwell Hayton." For an affair between a Seventh-Day Adventist dentist's wife and Seventh-Day Adventist personal-injury lawyer, it seems a curious kind of dialogue.

"Boy, I could get that little boy coming and going," Lucille Miller later confided to Erwin Sprengle, a pudgy Riverside contractor who was a business partner of Arthwell Hayton's and a friend to both the lovers. (Friend or no, on this occasion he happened to have an induction coil attached to his telephone in order to tape Lucille Miller's call.) "And he hasn't got one thing on me that he can prove. I mean, I've got concrete—he has nothing concrete." In the same taped conversation with Erwin Sprengle, Lucille Miller mentioned a tape that she herself had surreptitiously made, months before, in Arthwell Hayton's car.

"I said to him, I said, 'Arthwell, I just feel like I'm being used.' . . . He started sucking his thumb and he said, 'I love you. . . . This isn't something that happened yesterday. I'd marry you tomorrow if I could. I don't love Elaine.' He'd love to hear that played back, wouldn't he? . . ."

"Yeah," drawled Sprengle's voice on the tape. "That would be just a little incriminating, wouldn't it?"

"Just a *little* incriminating," Lucille Miller agreed. "It really *is*."

Later, on the tape, Sprengle asked where Cork Miller was.

"He took the children down to the church."

"You didn't go?"

"No."

"You're naughty."

It was all, moreover, in the name of "love"; everyone involved placed a magical faith in the efficacy of the very word. There was the significance that Lucille Miller placed in Arthwell's saying that he "loved" her, that he did not "love" Elaine. There was Arthwell insisting, later, at the trial, that he had never said it, that he may have "whispered sweet nothings in her ear" (as her defense hinted that he had whispered in many), but he did not remember bestowing upon her the special seal, saying the word, declaring "love." There was the summer evening when Lucille Miller and Sandy Slagle followed Arthwell Hayton down to his new boat on its mooring at Newport Beach, and untied the lines with Arthwell aboard—Arthwell and a

girl with whom he later testified he was drinking hot chocolate and watching television. "I did that on purpose," Lucille Miller told Erwin Sprengle later, "to save myself from letting my heart do something crazy."

January 11, 1965, was a bright warm day in Southern California, the kind of day when Catalina floats on the Pacific horizon and the air smells of orange blossoms and it is a long way from the bleak and difficult East, a long way from the cold, a long way from the past. A woman in Hollywood staged an all-night sit-in on the hood of her car to prevent repossession by a finance company. A 70-year-old pensioner drove his station wagon at five miles an hour past three Gardena poker parlors and emptied three pistols and a 12-gauge shotgun through their plate-glass windows, wounding 29. "Many young women become prostitutes just to have enough money to play cards," he explained in a note. Mrs. Nick Adams said that she was "not surprised" to hear her husband announce his divorce plans on the *Les Crane Show*, and, farther north, a 16-year-old jumped off the Golden Gate bridge and lived.

And, in the San Bernardino County Courthouse, the Miller trial opened. The crowds were so bad that the glass courtroom doors were shattered in the crush, and from then on identification disks were issued to the first 43 spectators in line. The line began forming at 6 A.M., and college girls camped at the courthouse all night, with stores of graham crackers and low-calorie cola.

All they were doing was picking a jury, those first few days, but the sensational nature of the case had already suggested itself. Early in December there had been an abortive first trial, a trial at which no evidence was ever presented because on the day the jury was seated the San Bernardino *Sun-Telegram* ran an "inside" story quoting Assistant District Attorney Don Turner, the prosecutor, as saying, "We are looking into the circumstances of Mrs. Hayton's death. In view of the current trial concerning the death of Dr. Miller, I do not feel I should comment on Mrs. Hayton's death." It seemed that there had been barbiturates in Elaine Hayton's blood, and there had seemed some irregularity about the way she was dressed on that morning when she was found under the covers, dead. Any doubts about the death at the time, however, had never gotten as far as the Sheriff's Office. "I guess somebody didn't want to rock the boat," Turner said later. "These were prominent people."

Although all of that had not been in the *Sun-Telegram's* story, an immediate mistrial had been declared. Almost as immediately, there had been another development: Arthwell Hayton had asked newspapermen to an 11 A.M. press conference in his office. There had been television cameras, and flash bulbs popping. "As you gentlemen may know," Hayton had said, striking a note of stiff bonhomie, "there are very often women who become amorous

toward their doctor or lawyer. This does not mean on the physician's or lawyer's part that there is any romance toward the patient or client."

"Would you deny that you were having an affair with Mrs. Miller?" a reporter had asked.

"I would deny that there was any romance on my part whatsoever."

It was a distinction he would maintain through the wearing weeks to come.

So they had come to see Arthwell, these crowds who now milled beneath the dusty palms outside the courthouse, and they had also come to see Lucille, who appeared as a slight, intermittently pretty woman, already pale from lack of sun, a woman who would turn 35 before the trial was over and whose tendency toward haggardness was beginning to show, a meticulous woman who insisted, against her lawyer's advice, on coming to court wearing her hair piled high and lacquered. "I would've been happy if she'd come in with it hanging loose, but Lucille wouldn't do that," her lawyer said. He was Edward P. Foley, a small, emotional Irish Catholic who several times wept in the courtroom. "She has a great honesty, this woman," he added, "but this honesty about her appearance always worked against her."

By the time the trial opened, Lucille Miller's appearance included maternity clothes, for an official examination on December 18 had revealed that she was then three-and-a-half months pregnant, a fact which made picking a jury even more difficult than usual, for Turner was asking the death penalty. "It's unfortunate but there it is," he would say of the pregnancy to each juror in turn, and finally 12 were seated, seven of them women, the youngest 41, an assembly of the very peers—housewives, a machinist, a truck driver, a grocery-store manager, a filing clerk—above whom Lucille Miller had wanted so badly to rise.

That was the sin, more than the adultery, which tended to reinforce the one for which she was being tried. It was implicit in both the defense and the prosecution that Lucille Miller was an erring woman, a woman who perhaps wanted too much. But to the prosecution she was not merely a woman who would want a new house and want to go to parties and run up high telephone bills ($1,152 in 10 months), but a woman who would go so far as to murder her husband for his $80,000 in insurance, making it appear an accident in order to collect another $40,000 in double idemnity and straight accident policies. To Turner she was a woman who did not want simply her freedom and a reasonable alimony (she could have had that, the defense contended, by going through with her divorce suit), but wanted everything, a woman motivated by "love and greed." She was a "manipulator." She was a "user of people."

To Edward Foley, on the other hand, she was an impulsive woman who "couldn't control her foolish little heart." Where Turner skirted the pregnancy, Foley dwelt upon it, even calling the dead man's mother down from

Washington to testify that her son had told her they were going to have another baby because Lucille felt that it would "do much to weld our home again in the pleasant relations that we used to have." Where the prosecution saw a "calculator," the defense saw a "blabbermouth," and in fact Lucille Miller did emerge as an ingenuous conversationalist. Just as, before her husband's death, she had confided in her friends about her love affair, so she chatted about it after his death, with the arresting sergeant. "Of course Cork lived with it for years, you know," her voice was heard to tell Sergeant Paterson on a tape made the morning after her arrest. "After Elaine died, he pushed the panic button one night and just asked me right out, and that, I think, was when he really—the first time he really faced it." When the sergeant asked why she had agreed to talk to him, against the specific instructions of her lawyers, Lucille Miller said airily, "Oh, I have always been basically quite an honest person. . . . I mean I can put a hat in the cupboard and say it cost ten dollars less, but basically I've always kind of just lived my life the way I wanted to, and if you don't like it you can take off."

The prosecution hinted at men other than Arthwell, and even, over Foley's objections, managed to name one. The defense called Miller suicidal. The prosecution produced experts who said that the Volkswagen fire could not have been accidental. Foley produced witnesses who said that it could have been. Lucille's father, now a junior-high-school teacher in Oregon, quoted Isaiah to reporters: "*Every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn.*" "Lucille did wrong, her affair," her mother said judiciously. "With her it was love. But with some I guess it's just passion." There was Debbie, the Millers' 14-year-old, testifying in a steady voice about how she and her mother had gone to a supermarket to buy the gasoline can the week before the accident. There was Sandy Slagle, in the courtroom every day, declaring that on at least one occasion Lucille Miller had prevented her husband not only from committing suicide but from committing suicide in such a way that it would appear an accident and ensure the double-indemnity payment. There was Wenche Berg, the pretty 27-year-old Norwegian governess to Arthwell Hayton's children, testifying that Arthwell had instructed her not to allow Lucille Miller to see or talk to the children.

Two months dragged by, and the headlines never stopped; Southern California's crime reporters were headquartered in San Bernardino for the duration: Howard Hertel from the *Times*, Jim Bennett and Eddy Jo Bernal from the *Herald-Examiner*, in which the Miller trial was pushed off the front page only by the Academy Award nominations and Stan Laurel's death. And finally, on March 2, after Turner had reiterated that it was a case of "love and greed," and Foley had protested that his client was being tried for adultery, the case went to the jury.

They brought in the verdict, guilty of murder in the first degree, at 5

P.M. on March 5. "She didn't do it," Debbie Miller cried, jumping up from the spectators' section. "She didn't *do* it." Sandy Slagle collapsed in her seat and began to scream. "Sandy, for God's sake please *don't*," Lucille Miller said in a voice that carried across the courtroom, and Sandy Slagle was momentarily subdued. But as the jurors left the courtroom she screamed again: "You're murderers. . . . Every last one of you is a *murderer*." Sheriff's deputies moved in then, each wearing a string tie that read 1965 SHERIFF'S RODEO, and Lucille Miller's father, that sad-faced junior-high-school teacher who believed in the word of Christ and the dangers of wanting to see the world, blew her a kiss off his fingertips.

The California Institution for Women at Frontera, where Lucille Miller is now, lies down where Euclid Avenue turns into country road, not too many miles from where she once lived and shopped and organized the Heart Fund Ball. Cattle graze across the road, and Rainbirds sprinkle the alfalfa. Frontera has a softball field and tennis courts, and looks as if it might be a California junior college, except that the trees are not yet high enough to conceal the concertina wire around the top of the Cyclone fence. On visitors' day there are big cars in the parking area, big cars that belong to grandparents, sisters, fathers (not many of them belong to husbands), and some of them have bumper stickers that say SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE.

A lot of California murderesses live here, a lot of girls who somehow misunderstood the promise. Don Turner put Sandra Garner here (and her husband in the gas chamber at San Quentin) after the 1959 desert killings known to crime reporters as "the soda-pop murders." Carole Tregoff is here, and has been ever since she was convicted of conspiring to murder Dr. Finch's wife in West Covina, which is not too far from San Bernardino. Carole Tregoff is in fact a nurse's aide in the prison hospital, and might have attended Lucille Miller if her baby had been born at Frontera; Lucille Miller chose instead to have it outside, and paid for the guard who stood outside the delivery room in St. Bernardine's Hospital. Debbie Miller came to take the baby home from the hospital, in a white dress with pink ribbons, and Debbie was allowed to choose a name. She named the baby Kimi Kai. The children live with Harold and Joan Lance now, because Lucille Miller will probably spend 10 years at Frontera. Don Turner waived his original request for the death penalty (it was generally agreed that he had demanded it only, in Edward Foley's words, "to get anybody with the slightest trace of human kindness in their veins off the jury"), and settled for life imprisonment with the possibility of parole. Lucille Miller does not like it at Frontera, and has had trouble adjusting. "She's going to have to learn humility," Turner says. "She's going to have to use her ability to charm, to manipulate."

The new house is empty now, the house on the street with the sign that says PRIVATE ROAD—BELLA VISTA—DEAD END. The Millers never did get

it landscaped, and the weeds grow up around the fieldstone siding. The television aerial has toppled on the roof, and a trash can is stuffed with the debris of family life: a cheap suitcase, a child's game called "Lie Detector." There is a sign on what would have been the lawn, and the sign reads: ESTATE SALE. Edward Foley is trying to get Lucille Miller's case appealed, but there have been delays. "A trial always comes down to a matter of sympathy," Foley says wearily now. "I couldn't create sympathy for her." Everyone is a little weary now, weary and resigned, everyone except Sandy Slagle, whose bitterness is still raw. She lives in an apartment near the medical school in Loma Linda, and studies reports of the case in *True Police Cases* and *Official Detective Stories*. "I'd much rather we not talk about the Hayton business too much," she tells visitors, and she keeps a tape recorder running. "I'd rather talk about Lucille and what a wonderful person she is and how her rights were violated." Harold Lance does not talk to visitors at all. "We don't want to give away what we can sell," he explains pleasantly; an attempt was made to sell Lucille Miller's personal story to *Life*, but *Life* did not want to buy it. In the district attorney's office, they are prosecuting other murders now, and do not see why the Miller trial attracted so much attention. "It wasn't a very interesting murder as murders go," Don Turner says laconically.

Elaine Hayton's death is no longer under investigation. "We know everything we want to know," Turner says.

Arthwell Hayton's office is directly below Edward Foley's. Some people around San Bernardino say that Arthwell Hayton suffered; others say that he did not suffer at all. Perhaps he did not, for the past is not believed to have any bearing upon time present or future out in the golden land where every day the world is born anew. In any case, on October 17, 1965, Arthwell Hayton married again, married his children's pretty governess, Wenche Berg, at a service in the Chapel of the Roses at a retirement village near Riverside. Later the newlyweds were feted at a reception for 75 in the dining room of Rose Garden Village. The bridegroom was in black tie, with a white carnation in his buttonhole. The bride wore a long white *peau de soie* dress and carried a shower bouquet of sweetheart roses with stephanotis streamers. A coronet of seed pearls held her illusion veil.

by Barry Farrell

The Guru Comes to Kansas

ALLEN GINSBERG is eating breakfast: sterile, plastic-coated Danish pushed crumbling into great Hasidic beard, sips of tea pale as tears, molecules mating in gastric Oneness, sleepy visionary poet munching morning food of Kansas students in afternoon of campus café. Excited elbows ring the table. Passing boobs' laughter is proof of holy isolation to students bent on truth pursuit. Imploring faces shine with want of Allen's talk. Allen has 20 years on all the kids.

"Say, Allen," says an earnest sophomore. "Remember how I was talking about blowing up the railroad stations? And you said no, that it was better to sit in front of the draft board and everything? Last night? Well, anyway, don't you think it would also really be better if we got our hair cut and shaved and everything? I mean because then people wouldn't form an opinion. Allen?"

Allen looks up from his disappearing breakfast. Thirty minutes ago he was asleep in a borrowed bed, and he has not finished his tea. Yet Allen shows no trace of irritation with this familiar question. He suffers sophomores gladly, always has. "My hair's just there," he says, smiling didactically under the balding dome of 40 years. "It's not a flag or anything. It's just there."

Not a flag, just there—a fine, disaffiliated head of hair. Ten years ago, when joke stores were selling Allen Ginsberg costumes to wear to smart parties, Allen himself looked rather soft and clerkish. Too many things were happening all at once in his life for his face to register much beyond simple wonder and delight. But work, fame, baths in the Ganges—these things leave their marks. Now Allen has become the image of his poems, the angelheaded hipster sprung from the page. With beard and sunburst hair and comprehending eye he is like Whitman come back, or Moses. In the streets he is taken for a Skid Row evangelist. Onstage at a poetry reading, chanting Buddhist *mantras*

and ringing his Tibetan finger cymbals, he could be a visiting Himalayan monk. And here, in this chromium cafeteria in the basement of the student union building at the University of Kansas, here in Lawrence (pop. 43,720), here he is a guru—no mistaking it.

Considering how Allen began his poetic career (Beatniks! The madhouse! Marijuana and worse!), it seemed wonder enough when the students of Prague elected him King of the May last year—100,000 of them joining in the parade to carry him through the town. But even Allen is astonished by the breakthrough involved in finding himself a Guggenheim Fellow visiting the University of Kansas to read and talk with the students, to meet the faculty at parties and teas. The shocked hysteria that hounded him into middle age has suddenly slipped away. He can talk about drugs, homosexuality, world love congress, all his pleasures and beliefs: the students will listen and the Kansas City *Star* will carry a friendly story.

Allen's vast experience as a voluptuary and all-weather mental navigator has made him the obvious laureate of LSD and the sexual-freedom movement. But even home economics majors now seem able to hear all he has to say with wonderful, terrifying sophistication. His poems come in strong words—scatological insights, joyous whoops for any kind of love, cries from a mind stalked by a sense of decay and eventual doom. The language writhes with images in crisis and change as the threatened poet advances, taking soundings, scribbling back instructions for those who care to follow.

Sometimes the idiom falters, causing the poems to wheeze, Allen to miss his mark. His recent poems are even further departures from the polished standards he outraged with the three slender volumes he gleaned from his first years' work—*Howl*, *Kaddish*, and *Reality Sandwiches*. But literary responses to Allen's work have always sounded prim and inappropriate, for the beauty of these poems is in their humanity more than their line. Allen's humanity, his unqualified humanity, his almost Franciscan view of things, has won him a genuine influence he never quite achieved in his old Beat days, and Allen speaks today to the young of the world at large as the most famous and admired American poet. But even when he was just another mystical creep, his message was very much the same: be tender with all meat.

The kids around the table naturally want to hear Allen talk about reeducating the police, marijuana and LSD, all forms of soul research—how often does he get to Kansas, after all? But for the moment Allen has other matters on his mind. He is concerned because Peter Orlovsky—his friend and lover, "the strange tender ambulance driver" of his life—Peter cannot find a spot at the table for his breakfast tray. Hair to his waist, feet pink with chill in rubber shower slippers, Peter stands with his silent brother Julius at the edge of the tight little crowd. "Ladies! Gentlemen!" Allen says, and the students make way for the curious brothers. There is polite, uneasy silence while Allen helps

Julius get started with his meal, pointing out the little sacks of sugar and the stick for stirring, unwrapping the crackers from their tight cellophane case.

Allen, Peter, and Julius have been traveling together—six months cross-country to New York in a used Volkswagen Camper. Allen bought the Camper last fall when the Guggenheim grant gave him $6,000, more money than he ever had before in his life. The trip is broken with stops for readings and visitations: Berkeley for the Vietnam Day demonstrations, singing *mantras* in the streets to calm both Hell's Angels and police; Big Sur for an LSD trip; readings in Los Angeles, Wichita, Lawrence, Topeka, Lincoln, Buffalo; a pilgrimage to the Kinsey Foundation in Bloomington, Indiana. As they roll, Allen sings and composes poems on a tape recorder. Peter drives. Julius listens, watches the scenery slip by; 14 years in the back wards of state hospitals have transformed an agitated child into a wordless, fuming judge of no age at all—Julius is 34, but he could be 60, or 10. Allen and Peter look out for him, and they take him along wherever they go. "Julie," they call him, and sometimes "Buster Keaton."

Allen's eccentricities slide out of focus when Peter and Julius are around, even when Allen remains his eccentric best. Both Peter and Allen, for example, are occasionally given to taking off their clothes at parties and meetings and the like. When Allen does this, it is generally understood as a charmingly explicit statement of his belief in total cosmic nakedness. But when Peter unexpectedly undresses, not everyone is pleased. Allen sticks up for Peter doggedly and well. "Now, in perspective," he will say, "Peter took his pants off in front of the group of psychiatrists. And they were upset. But was it Peter who upset them or they who upset Peter? Or did they both upset each other?"

The talk with the students at breakfast leaves Allen excited and agitated, primed for the reading that is held that afternoon in the big student union ballroom. "Those kids!" he says. "They have a sexual awareness, an openness and tolerance and compassion that is absolutely ravishing. It's going to save the world. Ask any psychiatrist. He'll say it's fine. The kids are finally coming out from under the anxiety barrier." He leaves the cafeteria grinning exuberantly and, with a nervous hour to kill before the reading, starts off to visit the campus library, trailing an entourage.

Students have filled the ballroom to overflowing by the time Allen and his band arrive. Peter sits lotus-fashion on the stage by the lectern to fuss with the tape recorder and play the harmonium while Allen sings his *mantras*. Each *mantra* is a Buddhist prayer or sermon, but Allen values them mainly as a means to express simple emotion, and he sings them at his readings as an antidote to anxiety. His voice is just right for carrying the thin modal chant and, with cymbals ringing and poet clearly transported by song, the *mantras* cast a hypnotic lure over even an edgy, grudging audience: SHIKI FU I KU KU FU SHIKI SHIKI SOKU ZE KU KU SOKU ZE SHIKI—*Form is not different from empti-*

ness, emptiness not different from form. Form is the emptiness, emptiness the form.

Then the poems—and they strike with terrific impact, a great rushing cascade plunging down to primitive levels of love and dread, an avalanche of language and confessions so frank that it stares from the poems like torches along a trail. Soon all forbidden words have been spoken, shouted, all forbidden pictures brought to mind. The thousand coeds present are in shock or gladly past it. No one stirs except to applaud.

Allen reads his work with fervor—timidity with these words would make schoolboy graffiti out of every crucial crunch. He prefaces the most direct of them with explanations that serve for one and all like deep breaths before a high-board dive: "The crisis we're all facing—like overpopulation, leaving the planet, the possibility of mass death, the hanging of the bomb over the world —it's made a situation where personal feeling has finally got to come out to the surface and become public. People have got to start telling the truth. So here goes, a purely personal poem."

And so onward, inward, downward into realms of feeling few poets have publicly explored.

Allen reads for two hours, the poems coming in scrupulous chronology of place and time. Berkeley 1955, Paris 1958, Lima 1960, London 1965 —Allen growing older. When he is finished, there is nothing more to tell. The whispers of his secret mind are the possession of everyone present. The reading, like the poems, is a catharsis for Allen: he is subdued and touchingly open to the high-pitched flattery that swirls around him as he leaves. The students are deeply excited—less so, it seems, by the buckets of sexual revelation than by the larger spectacle of a man so completely able to tell the whole truth about himself, however difficult it is to bear.

Allen comes from what he calls a "Jewish left-wing atheist Russian background in Paterson, New Jersey"—his father a poet and teacher, his mother lost early to schizophrenia, Allen at 11 brooding vainly over the Spanish Civil War. He arrived at Columbia University in 1943 both burdened and enchanted with a vision of himself as a servant of the suffering masses, "a Poet-prophet," as he has written, "on side of love and the Wild Good." But he was acutely aware that in fact he was only a trembling seventeen-year-old aesthete, and he set about broadening his spectacled horizon with work as dishwasher, stevedore, spot welder, night porter—anything open to an intellectual boy whose principal concern was with the doom of his desires.

Then two things changed him. He enthusiastically encountered the wild postwar hipster society of Times Square in 1945—"the whole apocalyptic vibration"—and, three years later, he had a vision.

"I was in an intermediate period at Columbia when I wasn't attending any

classes, just writing some papers, living alone in Harlem up on the sixth floor of a tenement, separated from the people I knew as companions for several years already, like William Burroughs and Jack Kerouac. I was eating mostly vegetables and reading a lot of St. John of the Cross and Plato and Blake and Plotinus. And one day, while lying by an open window on a couch, reading Blake, my eye fell on the printed page, and suddenly I heard a voice pronouncing the words on the page—Blake's 'Sun-flower.'

"Well, this was a deep, earthen voice, like a fatherly voice, very tender and real, grave, deep, grave in the sentence, deep, like saying, '*Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time,/ Who countest the steps of the Sun;/ Seeking after that sweet golden clime,/ Where the traveller's journey is done;/ Where the Youth pined away with desire,/ And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,/ Arise from their graves, and aspire/ Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.*'

"It was talking about desire, I guess. Answering desire. And simultaneously I was having an illumination, very similar to some aspects of the illuminations you get with the psychedelic drugs—except deeper, more ample, more real and more blissful than anything I've experienced since. Everything around me seemed completely alive, like a concretized intelligence, so that looking out of the window, all the cornices, the Victorian cornices of 1910 apartment houses of Spanish Harlem slums, they all became the handiwork of a creator—every brick and on up into the sky, the sun, the very blue substance of space."

Allen was so stunned at meeting Blake on his own mystic turf that he mindlessly let the year or so that followed slide into a shambles around him. Herbert Huncke, a Times Square thief and drug addict whose intrepidly accurate personal journals have recently elevated him from the underworld to the Underground—Huncke was staying in Allen's apartment with "a whole *Beggars' Opera* cast of thieves." Soon the place began filling up with silverware and fine oaken furniture stolen from apartment house lobbies. Huncke was far too sympathetic a creature for Allen to throw out, so Allen decided to move himself.

"There was too much anxiety, and I didn't quite approve of the thieving," Allen says. "So I piled all my manuscripts in a car with a friend who was one of the robbers, and I was going to take them to my brother's place, seal things up, quit my job and leave town. So out in Queens we turned the wrong way down a oneway street, at the end of which was a police car. The driver panicked and so did the cop, and we swerved trying to get away until, all of a sudden there we were, riding down Utopia Boulevard at 90 miles an hour being chased by a cop.

"We swerved to take a side road, skidded, smashed into a telephone pole, turned the car over. Papers flying, my eyeglasses lost, all these stolen suits and silverware and suitcases all upside down. Chaos! I crawled out and just sort of wandered away from the scene.

"I'd had a funny visionary thing. Just before we turned into that street I was singing Hebraic *mantras*—'Lord God of Israel, Isaac and Abe-ruh-ham!' So when I walked out of the crash it was like Jehovah coming in judgment, intolerant of thieving and messing around. Wow. Anyway—a great chain of causes leading to my being in the ridiculous spot of being in a crash, with all my manuscripts, all the letters from Burroughs, everything floating inside the wrecked hot car.

"Five minutes after I got home, about six big cops walked in and asked for Allen Ginsberg, and from then on it was a drag. A real bringdown for my teachers at Columbia—Trilling and Van Doren. Like I was billed in the *News* as 'COLUMBIA COLLEGE CRIMINAL GENIUS,' held captive by this gang of low-life people because of craving for dope.

"What a mess! Like was my father ever upset—it really brought him back. He—a nice middle-class teacher, a poet, there in Paterson—the idea of *anybody* going to jail was horrifying to him."

The police let Allen go with instructions to see someone about his head, so he wound up in a mental hospital for the next eight months. It was there that he met Carl Solomon, the mad friend introduced in the famous first line of *Howl*—"*I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked*, . . ." Their meeting was a madhouse classic: "Carl was coming up from shock and he asked me, 'Who are you?' and I said 'I'm Myshkin,' and he said, 'I'm Kirilov,' and so we sat around for the rest of that year discussing the doctors' sense of reality and whether or not it was right for us. Carl was having problems because he was getting shock. But I didn't have any of that. No medicine, no shock. For me it was like a hotel, like a very convenient monastery for me."

Back on the street, Allen began to drift perilously toward respectability and steady employment—book reviewer, market research consultant. He traveled some, wrote poems, relished his friends. But it was no good; he was getting nothing from his life beyond the wan pleasure of discovering that the necktie world no longer intimidated him. So, in 1955 he began a year of psychotherapy in San Francisco that flung open all forbidding doors.

"The doctor kept asking me, 'What do you want to do?' " Allen recalls. "Finally I told him—quit. Quit the job, my tie and suit, the apartment on Nob Hill. Quit it, and go off and do what I wanted, which was to get a room with Peter and devote myself to writing and contemplation, to Blake and smoking pot, and doing whatever I wanted.

"So he said, 'Go ahead and do it then.' So I said, 'What'll happen to me if I grow up with dirty underwear in some furnished room and nobody will love me and I'll be white-haired and won't have any money and there'll be bread crumbs falling on the floor?'

"And he said, 'Ooooh, don't worry about that. You're charming and people will always love you.'

"Such a relief to hear that! His own liking of me! So I realized—well, sure! Why not? And I went at it with a vengeance. I started really enjoying myself. I could get up in the middle of the night and write down a dream without worrying about getting up in the morning."

With such liberating winds in his sails, Allen sat down to write *Howl.* He wrote the entire first section in one afternoon. Looking at it later he was pleased to discover "a huge sad comedy of wild phrasing, meaningless images . . . poetry of mind running along making awkward combinations, like Charlie Chaplin's walk." In the act of writing *Howl*, Allen discovered the one guiding principle of all he has written since:

"I started it with the idea of writing what I really felt, summing up my life for the soul's own ear, tapping the sources of what was really inside me and expressing these things directly—outside literature, of course, outside the possibilities of social communication. Funny wrinkles of my own awareness, as Kerouac says—little secret awarenesses. 'Fool,' said the Muse, 'look in thy heart and write!'

"I didn't expect to publish it, but *Howl* was like really looking in the heart and writing. I wasn't wise esough at the time to realize that that alone would make it close to right. Kerouac put me on to the discovery that we're stepping forth into a time of irrevocable statement: Speak now or forever hold thy peace. And then I realized that the exact area which is classic art and which everybody is interested in is just that—our secret personal doodlings. Art is something discovered from your own real nature."

Understandably, Allen was worried about his father's reaction to *Howl;* the poem is a catalog of the very words and feelings a son would try hard to conceal. But the paternal response was mild, and it included praise for screwball courage. Allen then perceived that all the niceties and conventions that had restrained him, man and poet, were nothing more than the "retrograde hangover of early Paterson provincial fear."

Allen floated enviably free of all ballast through the period that followed, swooping around the country raving, taking Zen, following the unpredictable shape of his mind. With Peter and with Gregory Corso, a fellow Beat poet and the author of *Gasoline* and *Bomb*, Allen lived like someone running a poetic medicine show. Culture snobs were grateful to have him show up superbly underdressed for their parties, and Allen would oblige by lecturing the ladies roughly about love and The Void. Whenever his vanity got the best of him, nudging the poet out of control, Kerouac, his friend and advisor, would warn him of the danger and denounce him as "a hairy loss." So, in 1961 he resolved to disappear into the Orient—for awhile, at least.

Hardly a poet since Lord Byron has made so much of travel—Peru to take the magic drug *ayahuasca* with witch doctors, the Arctic as mystic yeoman

in the Merchant Marine, the Péten rain forest in Guatemala to harvest cacao and dwell in a grass hut, Tangier "to vomit from the rooftops"—Paris, Havana, Prague. The most celebrated of these voyages, however, was his pilgrimage to India, where with Peter and Zen poet Gary Snyder he introduced American transcendentalist poetry to at least one of its spiritual homes.

His letters to friends were passed around and published, and splendid letters they were: "Spent all Tues. nite sleeping with ganjabum holy-men in burning ghats—lost my shoes & wandered around high barefoot from one corpse burning to another with dishevelled hair & feeling crazy. Great nite."

Such radical departures from customary tourism naturally came to the attention of India's rather touchy police, and the poets were asked to leave. Allen appealed, claiming spiritual visas beyond the reach of law. "Well, if you're here on an *intellectual* level . . ." said the man from the Home Affairs Minister's office, and Allen and Peter were allowed to stay long enough to kindle a nettlesome literary revolt in Calcutta that the police are still trying to suppress.

But Allen's first mission was finding a guru, and he embarked devoutly on the guru-seeking exercise of wandering around for days muttering "*guruguruguruguruguruguruguruguru.*" A lady guru thus discovered told him the obvious—Worship Blake! But the next, upon hearing Allen's story, said, "Oh, how wounded! How wounded!" and the searing truth of that plunged into Allen's heart and soul. He walked barefoot in the Himalayas, visited Tibetan monks in holy aeries, practiced yoga and breathing exercises, meditated high on *ganja* (India's legal marijuana), sang *mantras*, traveled to Japan to sit in Zen monasteries, said the holy sound *om* to himself until it became the very buzz of his body and brain.

Then, in the spring of 1963, while riding along on the Kyoto-Tokyo Express the day before sailing for home, Allen had another illumination:

"It came to me, everything at once, in a moment of great euphoric weeping. I saw the end to the moral necessity to enlarge my being, that I could just be myself as I am, *now*, *me*, to live in this form as a human being now. The whole visionary game was lost to me. I was alive in a body that was going to die. Then I began looking around the train and seeing all the other mortal faces—faces of weakness and woe, as Blake has it, and I saw how exquisitely dear they all were. Unique and frail, each a thing bound to die.

"So I pulled out my notebook while the illumination was still glowing in my body and while my breath was still fitted to weeping, and scribbled everything that came into my thought stream—all the immediate perceptions of the moment in the order in which I could record them fastest. Later on, that becomes known as a poem. Anyway, this was a poem called *The Change*, where I say, 'In my trainseat I renounce my power, so that I do live, I will die.' "

Allen returned from the Orient "bankrupt and softened," stilled by the

realization that the period in his life that began with the vision of Blake had ended with the ride on the train—the past 15 years were suddenly over. He would have to renounce all yearning for the visionary state, renounce Blake himself. It was clear that whatever the proper concern of poets was, it was here in this universe now; reaching it would require "direct vision, sense perception contact with the now of life." He could turn fullface to the increasingly bizarre event of his own life, and to a world getting more bizarre all the time, too. He was free to abandon all metaphysical groping in his poetry—good news to Aplen and his readers alike.

The old New Jersey atheist quietly took command, but even now—three years after the train ride—Allen is easy to mistake for a person who grew up somewhere near the Japan-Benares border. He quotes tellingly from Lord Shiva, Vishnu, and the Zen masters, draws instructive analogies from the *Diamond Sutra*, cautions people that they have their *karma*, their destiny, to answer for.

Before the Oriental interlude of his life, Allen's social views had a way of sounding shrill and old-fashioned. Many in the avant-garde who greatly admired his poems found themselves, like Francophiles in France, constantly exasperated with their love. But now there is a note of knowing benevolence in even his most scattered thought, as in his appeal for the "tender comradeship" proposed by Whitman.

"Because of overpopulation and the highly centralized network of artificial communication," Allen says, "it has become necessary to have a breakthrough of more direct, satisfactory contact. It is necessary to the organism. This can be understood from the fact that if babies are not touched by human flesh, they can't develop. They just die. Tenderness is a food to the human organism, without which it perishes."

Surely no decent man would quarrel with this. But when Allen finishes reciting all that this proves or, at least, implies to him, he is left with scarcely an ally over 30 years of age—for no one trusts the potential goodness of man quite like Allen does. He is for total pansexual freedom, LSD for "the Faustian, Columbian, Ulyssean men who care to explore it," the legalization of marijuana, pulling down flags, getting out of Vietnam—in fact, the whole gamut of unpopular ideas.

Flurries of indignation follow Allen, Peter, and Julius on their progress across the country. In Wichita the police arrive to break up a reading in a coffeehouse, then retreat sensibly after Allen instructs them in the full meaning of poetic license. The vice squad in Lincoln is ready and waiting when the Camper pulls into town bearing the poets, and an ecstatic reading to 3,000 students at the University of Nebraska is followed by letters in the campus paper signed "Sickened" and "Disgusted"—plus others in Allen's defense,

signed with names. A week later, readings at Indiana University produced demands for a legislative investigation: Can academic freedom go too far?

But offending a legislator here and there scarcely describes the scale of moral combat Allen has grown accustomed to. His distinction, after all, lies in being equally distasteful to all worldly authorities, east and west. And he, in turn, regards all countries as police states, specifically including this one.

Whatever early hopes Allen might have cherished for people's regimes were dashed last year when he was expelled from both Cuba and Czechoslovakia in the space of the same springtime. In Cuba he was asked to leave "for violating the laws."

"I asked them which laws they meant, of course," Allen says, "and this Brown Shirt answered, 'You'll have to ask yourself.' A pure Kafka bureaucracy shot!"

Trouble in Prague began when the police found a meticulously accurate personal journal, of all sorts of amusements and rejoicings, that the King of the May had lost in the streets.

Allen raised no fuss about these ungentlemanly departures; the appalling irony of becoming a cold war hero struck him mute. But there was no suppressing the scandal in London a few weeks later when Allen's part of a reading in Albert Hall turned into an obscene scream-duet with an audience of fully 7,000. "A section of the audience began to barrack," a poetry critic later wrote. "Ginsberg, shaking his wild locks, responded with all the fire of an Old Testament prophet. 'Can we have some real poetry now, sir?' shouted an officer-class voice, and the incongruous 'sir' revealed an abyss of incomprehension."

Incomprehension is, of course, the very food of revolutionaries, and one wonders how well Allen would get along without it in large draughts. Unmistakably, he is a man who knows his *karma* when he sees it, and if he weren't the kind of poet he is, he would be a depressing case.

Whatever peril or error may lie in a career as an enthusiastic violator of world behavior norms, it seems to be good for Allen's work. His new poems are filled with extravagant attack on all that keeps men in their places, the shouted crowning of the senses—"*naked man the hero-citizen after all!*" And there are darker regions he has begun to explore: the question of dying childless; of life with Peter, the "long-haired saint." Even when he appears to be plunging headlong after the Wild Good, Allen keeps the best of himself for his writing. In the end he is, as he says, "always careful to keep myself together and pursue Poesy & have a forwarding address."

The long cross-country trip ends with a day's rush of turnpikes—from Bloomington to New York—Julius asleep, the poets finally weary. They return to the clutter of the same small apartment on the lower East Side that Allen has lived in for years; though *Howl* has sold through 16 print-

ings, Allen continues to live under an old vow of "relative penury"—$3,000 a year or so, and the rest for whoever needs it.

Allen begins a quiet week of writing, but his friends greet him like a circuit-riding judge. "The network," as he calls his circle, has spread out from Kerouac and Corso and Burroughs to include the likes of Bob Dylan, Lenny Bruce, Dr. Timothy Leary—and now everyone is plagued by trouble with the police. Soon Allen has launched two or three new committees in the name of total psychic freedom. He composes petitions, gives benefit readings, turns up on television, agitates, clips the papers, fires letters at the government.

He works at all his causes with Talmudic attention. He has assembled and all but memorized a vast library of studies which prove the beneficence of marijuana, for example, and his ceaseless campaigning for it has brought him out on the picket line ("POT IS A REALITY KICK") and made him an inviting target for the police. A friend of his testifies in court that federal narcotics agents offered him soft treatment in his own case if he would set prudent Allen up for an arrest. Allen attends the trial, bathes judge and jury and government agents in the equivocal light of his great shaggy smile.

A young man trails Allen out of the courthouse and into a Chinese restaurant. There is an X cut in his cheek, fresh and still mottled with blood. Allen introduces him to his friends as a fellow poet, and the poet gratefully takes his place at the table. The X looks like a one-letter suicide note. The poet tells Allen that he carved it with a piece of broken glass because he had slept through an appointment to meet a friend that morning.

"Yes, but why did you really do it?" Allen asks, and at first the poet cannot answer. "I'm nothing . . . and death is nothing, so I . . ." Allen reaches across the table and lays a cradling hand on the poet's neck. "Now you just eat your soup," he says, and together they eat.

It has been a long time since Allen, like the young wounded poet, had only the tremor of his cornered intelligence with which to snare a crucial moment. Now his voice is clear in everything he does. *Mantra*s are sung, cymbals set to ringing, poems preached over hushed rooms. Allen weeping says precisely what Allen screams with fury or what Allen, in his solitary work for the tenderness lobby, tells Washington:

"Dear Mr. McNamara. The first thing is, be calm. There is no essential threat to anybody's ultimate being. Not yours, you are also safe, as is the one supposed to be 'our' enemy. He is also safe."

by Elroy Bode

Views from the Border: II

GEISHA ROCKEFELLER

THE PINK ELEPHANT LOUNGE in downtown El Paso is a bar where GI's and the college crowd play miniature bowling and try to pick up dates. It was managed for a while by a pretty Japanese woman with a rosebud mouth and an adding machine for a brain. I never knew what her real name was, but someone had aptly dubbed her Geisha Rockefeller.

She was the wife of the owner—an elegant little sample of Tokyo night life acquired when he was off soldiering. The owner himself was a mild, slightly balding man in his thirties who had several bars around town and only dropped in occasionally at the Pink Elephant. He would saunter in and talk a while to the big-bellied guard at the door, then to Geisha, and generally end up having a number of long beers with friends of his at the back of the lounge. Regardless of how long he stayed or how busy things got, he left the managing strictly to Geisha.

There was never any doubt who was boss. Whether she was merely perched up on a bar stool, or playing a quick game of miniature bowling with a customer, or pointing a waitress toward an empty table that needed clearing, Geisha commanded the bar as efficiently as any drill sergeant deploying troops on a parade ground (and just as there would be familiar, comfortable sounds to the sergeant—the unisoned tramping of many feet, the shouted cadences—there were noises in the Pink Elephant which obviously pleased Geisha: the constant ringing of the cash register, the laughter from the booths and tables, the crashes of the miniature bowling game).

She was quite a concentrated little eyeful, and of course was the big drawing card for the lounge. Cool and confident as all get out, beautifully

lipped and haired and cheekboned, she was always dressed in tight-fitting knit dresses that swelled and coasted their way down past her small graceful curves. As she sat motionless at the end of the counter and surveyed the goings-on in the lounge—her hands resting on her thighs, her arm bracelets slipped down about her wrists, one leg and high-heeled foot drawn back toward the counter a fraction—she was a classic Oriental doll, and there was no idle male who did not find himself staring at the exquisite perfection of her body. And even when she bowled (never bothering to watch the ball hit the pins: just moving automatically with her quick little bend, arm thrust, and recovery so she would have time to sweep a glance around the bar before repeating her routine again) she was still a doll-in-motion, a storybook face and figure that kept increasing its exotic allure in the neon-lit darkness.

Of the many times I sat in the lounge, only once did I see Geisha display her dollar-consciousness to the point that she lost composure. I was seated near her at the counter one night when one of the waitresses—a dreary blonde girl with a pointed chin—started bawling out a soldier in a booth. "Watch her," the fellow next to me said, nodding toward Geisha. "She's not about to lose that guy. He's been sopping it up in here since four this afternoon." When I turned to look at Geisha, she was already down from her stool and headed toward the booth. She started off just fine, with her characteristic ball-bearing grace, but halfway there her poise deserted her completely and she became just one more short-legged businesswoman hurrying over to soothe a customer. Her elbows began working a little too much and at too wide an angle; her hips broke into an awkward ducklike waddle. For a moment she could easily have been a midget wrestler headed toward the ring.

She gave the waitress several minutes of solid, high-pitched hell, refusing to listen as the girl explained that for the third time that night the soldier had spilled beer on her dress. The soldier, who had been drunkenly loud to the skinny waitress, began to quiet obediently as Geisha laid an easy, familiar hand on his shoulder, and talked to him and his three friends. There were promises of better behavior—the soldier nodding a great deal and even trying to get up and bow to Geisha as she left. The waitress came back to the counter, her apron and dress wet and her eyes blinking back tears. She ordered another beer for the soldier and then sniffled her way back toward the rest rooms.

When Geisha returned to her stool, she was completely unruffled, in full command of herself and the bar. She smiled at the bright remarks of the college boys nearby, her mouth pursed charmingly into noncommittal and unspoken replies. She smoothed her dress across her waist and sculptured little thighs. And out of the corners of her shrewdly slitted eyes she began playing the old familiar game: watching the customers as they watched her. It was all very much business-as-usual again in the Pink Elephant.

THE YOUNG ALBINO

LIKE STEINBECK's old Chinaman who enigmatically crossed and recrossed Cannery Row, the young albino passes through the center of town each night and morning. Where does he go; what does he do? I keep wondering, but I have never found out. For a while I tried following him—or at least stood watching until he had disappeared down the street. But I have given that up now. I accept his daily odysseys even though I don't understand them.

He is a young man in his late teens or early twenties, with white hair, reddish complexion, and a constant squinting frown. He never dresses up and never goes dirty; usually he wears the same combination of brown leather jacket, white socks, and neat dress pants.

Somehow I feel that he would be a rather likable fellow if you ever got to know him—quiet, calm, sensible. But what has puzzled me is that he never seems to belong anywhere or have any true destination. To be sure, when I first spot him striding along through the center of town each day, he seems to be on a definite and rather urgent mission: he swings his shoulders easily, almost athletically, and walks with a fast, determined gait. He anticipates the little knots of people on the sidewalk, and always skirts around them without slacking his stride. But then he finally comes to a street corner, and acts as though he has completely lost his purpose—or fulfilled it. It is as though he had said to himself a few blocks back, "Now this time I am going to walk five blocks *north* and one block *east*"—and proceeded to do so—with the result that when he reaches the corner he immediately finds himself deprived of a goal.

Standing there, turning his head this way and that, he seems to be weighing and considering and even smelling the air in front of him—his white head some kind of strange antenna carefully exploring the atmosphere. After a moment he strikes out again, quite deliberately, as if the new goal is now to go four blocks east and two blocks north.

I have nearly gone up to the albino several times under the pretense of borrowing a match or asking the way to the bus station—but I never have, and I can't say why. Perhaps secretly I have the feeling that there are still more afflictions to learn about—that if I did speak to him I would find myself staring into a pair of white and completely sightless eyes. I don't know. At any rate, I have so far kept my distance, and merely observed him as he passes by: a kind of landlocked Flying Dutchman, driven back and forth across the city by the whimsical winds of fate.

THE FRENCH COUPLE

ON SUNDAY MORNINGS the young French soldier and his wife got off the bus from Fort Bliss and walked slowly up the plaza sidewalk hand in hand. When

they reached the alligator pond the wife always took a little hop and sat on the wall a split second before her husband moved to help her (you could do that: sit there on top of the low green wall and swing your legs and watch the people strolling by). The girl was small and very pretty, her face like the enlarged drawing of a smiling milkmaid lifted from some child's picture book. She always wore a silk scarf pulled tightly across her head and then pushed back just far enough to leave a rim of light-brown hair showing in front. Her knitted red sweater was a little too bulky, but it made her look nicely casual—comrade-like, as if she and her husband were taking a walk across the Pyrenees and had merely stopped to rest in a village square. The sweater was constantly sliding down her arms, and she was alway mechanically pushing the sleeves back up to her elbows by rubbing her arm against her hipbone (many times when the sleeves began to slip the husband would reach over with curved palms and guide them carefully back into place). Sometimes she wore blue Japanese sandals and white toreador pants. The pants were never tight-fitting; they did not shout at you, "See my shapely legs and nice behind!" They were loose and neat and pressed—just the kind that would please a jealous and protective husband.

Each Sunday for a month the couple spent their time in the plaza that way—the girl sitting on the wall, the husband standing rather tense and formal at her side. Whenever the girl spotted someone that delighted her fancy, she would lean over—without quite taking her eyes from the passerby—and whisper deeply into her husband's ear. Then she would pull herself straight, her hands still tightly gripping the rim of the wall, and smile down at her husband while he turned stiffly to look at the person too. He never bothered to look very long. He would give a single obligatory glance, smile vaguely, then turn back aggressively—as if half-expecting to find that during the brief interim of looking someone had jumped up on the wall beside his wife and had begun to make advances.

The husband was a swarthy, serious-faced man with heavy black eyebrows, a short bull neck, and big handsome teeth. His dark hair was cut in the European style: closely clipped high above the ears, then allowed to spread out in a thick mop. (Sometimes, perhaps out of nervousness or merely to comb his hair, he would cup his hands together and draw back quickly across his head.) He tried his best to smile and be pleasant—to appear interested in whatever his wife found to whisper about—but it was obviously a strain. Being alert to his wife's every movement and need was a serious, full-time business: he simply had no time to waste on anything else.

And sitting on the wall was something he could not do very successfully either. His wife kept inviting him to join her, and to please her he would try it for a while. But soon—as though by reflex—he would jump down

and begin walking in front of her in his restrained little circle, always keeping one hand firmly on the wall beside her thigh.

The last Sunday that the couple came to the plaza, a blond-haired young man sat down on the wall beside the French girl. He did not speak to her; he just hopped up, pulled out a cigarette from his shirt pocket, and began to tap it on top of the wall. He had put the cigarette to his lips and was searching in his pants pocket for a lighter when the French soldier stepped across in front of his wife and said, "Please—do not sit there." The young man's mouth opened slightly, the cigarette angling downward. "Why the hell not?" he said. "Just look around. Ever'body sits up here." The young man fixed what he probably considered to be a steady eye on the husband, then continued to feel around in his pockets for the lighter.

The French soldier pointed along the wall and out toward the benches underneath the elm trees. "Yes, other place . . . many places. But here, sir, no. . . ."

The blond young man drew out the lighter from his back pocket. "I don't know what's troublin' you, buddy, but you better not press your luck. It's a free country . . . I'm not doin' nothin' to your girl friend here." And after a quick glance sidewise at the French girl he bent his head forward to light his cigarette—as though the matter was closed.

The flame of his lighter was still an inch away from the Marlboro when the French soldier placed one hand against the young man's chest and sent him toppling backwards onto the border of grass inside the alligator pond. The young man hit hard, on his shoulder, but he was on his feet quickly.

"Goddam you," he said, his blond face flushing red, "goddam you!"

The soldier stood on the other side of the wall, his fists tightened, a big corded vein pulsing in his neck. People nearby were watching now, and a few had begun to move in a little closer.

But the young man didn't fight. As he was putting his hands to the inside ledge of the wall the French girl, who had jumped down to stand beside her husband, moved toward him and said, "Please, sir, my husband . . . it is hard to tell you; my husband loves me . . . . I am his wife."

The young man, who was as tall as the soldier but not as muscular, stared out at the girl from the alligator pond.

"Well, hell, all I was doing was *sittin'* here. *Christ!*" And with grass stuck to his shirt and neck and hair he stood for a moment glaring at the girl who was smiling now with her beautiful, red-ringed smile. Then he vaulted back over the wall as athletically as he could and began brushing himself off. The soldier, who had picked up the young man's cigarette lighter, presented it to him, and after the young man took it the soldier formally offered his hand. But the young man would not shake. He gave a shrug and

walked away—scowling, pretending to be wholly preoccupied with searching through his pockets for his pack of cigarettes.

Most of the crowd that had pressed in toward the wall began to break up and move back toward the benches, disappointed in the lack of violence. A few lingered, watching as the French girl put her hand on her husband's arm and spoke to him. They saw the soldier nod, touch his wife lightly at the waist, and then, stepping to one side, follow behind her as they walked down the plaza sidewalk toward the bus stop. The girl was smiling pleasantly, and the soldier was solemn and alert.

WAITING ROOM

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON, and I was waiting in the railroad station to meet a friend. I had started reading an article in a magazine, killing time, but after a while I laid the magazine aside and sat there reveling in the building and its cathedral peace.

I listened as the voices of station employees filtered in from unseen passageways—pleasant, casual, contenting. I heard the shoes of slow old men passing over the tiles in a kind of muted, rhythmic litany. A typewriter pecked somewhere in an office, a train released its swish of steam far down the tracks, a janitor's broom knocked hollowly against the porcelain in the men's washroom. And subtly connecting them—all the muffled, echoing, unhurried sounds—were the smells of cleaning compounds and a faint, immemorial dust.

While I waited there, musing, very much at ease, a Negro woman and her three granddaughters took seats down the bench from me. The girls wore starched pink dresses, and had their hair neatly plaited. At first, before they got restless, they remained solemn and quiet and looked around carefully at their surroundings: at the roof arching high above, the big supporting beams, the wide slabs of white-tiled stairs going up to the second floor. But finally one of the girls began to scoot along on the bench—just to hear the noise her bare thighs made against the smooth wood Then the others began to slide, and to look at each other and giggle, until their grandmother was forced to raise her hand warningly and say in a loud whisper: "Shhh, *girls;* not here!"

As the three granddaughters composed themselves again, and as figures from the entrances continued to move almost soundlessly by, I wondered what it was that seemed to affect us as we waited in the huge room. I looked at the high doors and walls, the great imperious dome: was it sheer size that intimidated us, the sense of almost Olympian dignity? Yes, that seemed part of it—the natural awe a person has for physical majesty and grace. But for me there was something else too: a feeling that the waiting room was somehow a *good* place, a place that year after year had borne the constant touch

of human beings and in the process had not been defiled. Whatever urge men have always had, in their emptiness, to scratch *Me* on the sides of monuments and on rest-room walls—it was absent here. The waiting room seemed to touch something deep in the human spirit, making it bow to the simple elegance of silence and air and stone.

MUSIC

I HAD SEEN HIM around for several months, rocking along the streets in the same tired, relentless way—usually crossing in front of a Rexall drugstore as I drove toward the center of town. It would be about one-thirty in the afternoon, and as I paused at the traffic light here he would come, walking like a pudgy metronome with bunions. He moved as steadily from side to side as he did straight ahead, as if resisting his own progress every step of the way. He always appeared to be in the grip of a huge indifference or sadness, as though neither the hot sun above, nor the cars and people passing by—nothing in the whole world around him—was of any consequence. With his shoulders drooping and his hands flopping loosely at his side, he seemed to be using his body to express a deep philosophic Ho Hum.

He seldom varied his dress. Generally he wore a pair of blue denims several sizes too large and cinched in tight across his middle by an old black belt, a denim shirt with the sleeve shacked off at each shoulder, and tennis shoes. Sometimes he had on a white sailor's cap with the brim turned down, or else a gray woolen tam-o'-shanter. As he passed my car he looked like a gloomy bleary-eyed Irishman who had finally become disenchanted with the British Navy: who had jumped ship at Vera Cruz and then made his way—casually, unhurriedly—across Mexico.

I did not see him for a while—had even forgotten to look for his strange, head-bobbing figure to cross in front of my car—and then one afternoon on my way to town I stopped for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. I was seated at the Rexall counter, reading a newspaper and nursing the coffee along, when I saw him slouch through the door. He was dressed the same as always, and as he circled behind a couple of women near the cash register I wondered if he felt embarrassed about how he looked—a beachcomber in a medical building drugstore. But he moved on past the customers without seeming to give them any special concern, so I assumed they didn't bother him. He went to the cigar counter, gazed at it for a while, then slid back one of the glass doors and picked out a Tampa Nugget.

Well, OK, I thought—so much for all this. He is simply a man who dresses the way he wants to and wanders aimlessly about town like a lot of others do: just another loner, another homeless middle-aged man with a little

bit of the stuffing kicked out of him by life. But he'll buy his cigar and smoke it on the remainder of his rounds, and maybe it will stir up memories of good, bygone places—Malaya, Port of Spain, County Cork. . . .

There were several other customers ready to pay their checks now, and they began to join the man near the cash register. But even though his cigar was in his hand and he was obviously the next to pay, the man stepped back to the end of the line and took up a position beside the candy counter. Since he looked at no one—avoided any direct contact of eyes—I thought perhaps I had been wrong: that maybe he really was self-conscious about his appearance and simply used indifference as a pose.

I went back to my coffee and sandwich, satisfied in knowing, more or less, what the man would do: first he would let everyone else clear out of the store. Then, stepping up to the cash register, he would search about nonchalantly in his deep pants for change. Finally—to the further irritation of the rather prim middle-aged lady cashier—he would pause awhile to light up and experimentally puff his cigar before ambling on out the door.

In a moment, however, I quickly looked up, for the man had started to hum—not loudly enough to disturb anyone, just with enough force that I could hear him above the small, scattered noises of the drugstore. I assumed that this, too, was merely a part of the man's waiting routine—that he found it pleasant to strike up an idle melody or two as he waited patiently in the background. And I immediately liked the man a little more for doing that, for saying to himself: "Ahh, let the check-clutchers hurry by; I'll stand here and hum me a little tune before I'll break me blasted *neck*."

But the customers left, and still the man did not go to the cash register; he remained in front of the candy stand and kept on humming. With one wrist grasped firmly by the other hand—rather formally, as if he were performing onstage—he stood there, comfortably erect, his head moving up and down in a controlled but very pronounced vibrato. He did not glance at the door or the counter or any of the new customers passing by; he just continued to stare into the heart of some old reverie and hum.

I looked around once to see who else was aware of the man. A nurse eating a hamburger stared at him before turning away in a kind of frustrated disbelief. A woman selecting postcards from a nearby rack frowned and pursed her lips and finally guided the revolving rack to a halt—unnerved by the man's humming. But the regulars paid him no mind. The waitresses behind the counter joked and complained and called orders back and forth in a routine way. Even the cashier seemed oblivious of the strange humming man, or was at least making a definite effort to ignore him: she had turned sideways on her little hidden stool so that she faced into the cave of her notions and cigarettes, reading.

For a quarter of an hour I looked at the man, at the constant tremor of his face, and listened to his single fragment of a tune, hummed over and

over, unvaryingly. And without knowing it was going to happen, I felt my flesh break into goosebumps and tears start draining toward my eyes–for suddenly the man at the candy counter appeared to be the most solitary person on earth. The drugstore seemed to fade away, and I was standing on top of a high mountain watching as the man hummed what was left of his soul out into the universe. It was as though this potbellied man in the sleeveless shirt and tam-o'-shanter was creating his own private music for the spheres–music that had no sound, no echo, that simply joined his immense loneliness to the greater loneliness of space.

After a while the man stopped. His hand fell free of his wrist, he put the cigar into his mouth, and still without looking at anyone he walked out of the drugstore into the street. The cashier knew he left, and that he did not pay, but she did not turn around.

by Tom Wolfe

Oh Rotten Gotham— Sliding Down Into the Behavioral Sink

I JUST SPENT TWO DAYS with Edward T. Hall, an anthropologist, watching thousands of my fellow New Yorkers short-circuiting themselves into hot little twitching death balls with jolts of their own adrenalin. Dr. Hall says it is overcrowding that does it. Overcrowding gets the adrenalin going, and the adrenalin gets them hyped up. And here they are, hyped up, turning bilious, nephritic, queer, autistic, sadistic, barren, batty, sloppy, hot-in-the-pants, chancred-on-the-flankers, leering, puling, numb–the usual in New York, in other words, and God knows what else. Dr. Hall has the theory that overcrowding has already thrown New York into a state of behavioral sink. Behavioral sink is a term from ethology, which is the study of how animals relate to their environment. Among animals, the sink winds up with a "population collapse" or "massive die-off." Oh rotten Gotham.

It got to be easy to look at New Yorkers as animals, especially looking down from some place like a balcony at Grand Central at the rush hour Friday afternoon. The floor was filled with the poor white humans, running around, dodging, blinking their eyes, making a sound like a pen full of starlings or rats or something.

"Listen to them skid," says Dr. Hall.

He was right. The poor old etiolate animals were out there skidding on their rubber soles. You could hear it once he pointed it out. They stop short to keep from hitting somebody or because they are disoriented and they suddenly stop and look around, and they skid on their rubber-sole shoes, and a screech goes up. They pour out onto the floor down the escalators from the Pan-Am Building, from 42nd Street, from Lexington Avenue, up out of subways, down into subways, railroad trains, up into helicopters—

"You can also hear the helicopters all the way down here," says Dr. Hall. The sound of the helicopters using the roof of the Pan-Am Building nearly 50 stories up beats right through. "If it weren't for this ceiling"—he is referring to the very high ceiling in Grand Central—"this place would be unbearable with this kind of crowding. And yet they'll probably never 'waste' space like this again."

They screech! And the adrenal glands in all those poor white animals enlarge, micrometer by micrometer, to the size of cantaloupes. Dr. Hall pulls a Minox camera out of a holster he has on his belt and starts shooting away at the human scurry. The Sink!

Dr. Hall has the Minox up to his eye—he is a slender man, calm, 52 years old, young-looking, an anthropologist who has worked with Navajos, Hopis, Spanish-Americans, Negroes, Trukese. He was the most important anthropologist in the government during the crucial years of the foreign aid program, the 1950's. He directed both the Point Four training program and the Human Relations Area Files. He wrote *The Silent Language* and *The Hidden Dimension*, two books that are picking up the kind of "underground" following his friend Marshall McLuhan started picking up about five years ago. He teaches at the Illinois Institute of Technology, lives with his wife, Mildred, in a high-ceilinged townhouse on one of the last great residential streets in downtown Chicago, Astor Street; has a grown son and daughter, loves good food, good wine, the relaxed, civilized life —but comes to New York with a Minox at his eye to record—perfect!— The Sink.

We really got down in there by walking down into the Lexington Avenue line subway stop under Grand Central. We inhaled those nice big fluffy fumes of human sweat, urine, effluvia, and sebaceous secretions. One old female human was already stroked out on the upper level, on a stretcher, with two policemen standing by. The other humans barely looked at her. They rushed into line. They bellied each other, haunch to paunch, down the stairs. Human heads shone through the gratings. The species North European tried to create bubbles of space around themselves, about a foot and a half in diameter—

"See, he's reacting against the line," says Dr. Hall.

—but the species Mediterranean presses on in. The hell with bubbles of space. The species North European resents that, this male human behind

him presses forward toward the booth . . . *breathing* on him, he's disgusted, he pulls out of the line entirely, the species Mediterranean resents him for resenting it, and neither of them realizes what the hell they are getting irritable about exactly. And in all of them, the old adrenals grow another micrometer.

Dr. Hall whips out the Minox. Too perfect! The bottom of The Sink.

It is the sheer overcrowding, such as occurs in the business sections of Manhattan five days a week and in Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, Southeast Bronx every day–sheer overcrowding is converting New Yorkers into animals in a sink pen. Dr. Hall's argument runs as follows: All animals, including birds, seem to have a built-in, inherited requirement to have a certain amount of territory, space, to lead their lives in. Even if they have all the food they need, and there are no predatory animals threatening them, they cannot tolerate crowding beyond a certain point. No more than 200 wild Norway rats can survive on a quarter acre of ground, for example, even when they are given all the food they can eat. They just die off.

But why? To find out, ethologists have run experiments on all sorts of animals, from stickleback crabs to Sika deer. In one major experiment, an ethologist named John Calhoun put some domesticated white Norway rats in a pen with four sections to it, connected by ramps. Calhoun knew from previous experiments that the rats tend to split up into groups of 10 to 12 and that the pen, therefore, would hold 40 to 48 rats comfortably, assuming they formed four equal groups. He allowed them to reproduce until there were 80 rats, balanced between male and female, but did not let it get any more crowded. He kept them supplied with plenty of food, water and nesting materials. In other words, all of their more obvious needs were taken care of. A less obvious need–space–was not. To the human eye, the pen did not even look especially crowded. But to the rats, it was crowded beyond endurance.

The entire colony was soon plunged into a profound behavioral sink. "The sink," said Calhoun, "is the outcome of any behavioral process that collects animals together in unusually great numbers. The unhealthy connotations of the term are not accidental: a behavioral sink does act to aggravate all forms of pathology that can be found within a group."

For a start, long before the rat population reached 80, a status hierarchy had developed in the pen. Two dominant male rats took over the two end sections, acquired harems of 8 to 10 females each, and forced the rest of the rats into the two middle pens. All the overcrowding took place in the middle pens. That was where the "sink" hit. The aristocrat rats at the ends grew bigger, sleeker, healthier, and more secure the whole time.

In The Sink, meanwhile, nest building, courting, sex behavior, reproduction, social organization, health–all of it went to pieces. Normally, Norway rats have a mating ritual in which the male chases the female, the

female ducks down into a burrow and sticks her head up to watch the male. He performs a little dance outside the burrow, then she comes out, and he mounts her, usually for a few seconds. When The Sink set in, however, no more than three males—the dominant males in the middle sections—kept up the old customs. The rest tried everything from satyrism to homosexuality or else gave up on sex altogether. Some of the subordinate males spent all their time chasing females. Three or four might chase one female at the same time, and instead of stopping at the burrow entrance for the ritual, they would charge right in. Once mounted, they would hold on for minutes instead of the usual seconds.

Homosexuality rose sharply. So did bisexuality. Some males would mount anything—males, females, babies, senescent rats, anything. Still other males dropped sexual activity altogether, wouldn't fight and, in fact, would hardly move except when the other rats slept. Occasionally a female from the aristocrat rats' harems would come over the ramps and into the middle sections to sample life in The Sink. When she had had enough, she would run back up the ramp. Sink males would give chase up to the top of the ramp, which is to say, to the very edge of the aristocratic preserve. But one glance from one of the king rats would stop them cold and they would return to The Sink.

The slumming females from the harems had their adventures and then returned to a placid, healthy life. Females in The Sink, however, were ravaged, physically and psychologically. Pregnant rats had trouble continuing pregnancy. The rate of miscarriages increased significantly, and females started dying from tumors and other disorders of the mammary glands, sex organs, uterus, ovaries, and fallopian tubes. Typically, their kidneys, livers, and adrenals were also enlarged or diseased or showed other signs associated with stress.

Child-rearing became totally disorganized. The females lost the interest or the stamina to build nests and did not keep them up if they did build them. In the general filth and confusion, they would not put themselves out to save offspring they were momentarily separated from. Frantic, even sadistic competition among the males was going on all around them and rendering their lives chaotic. The males began unprovoked and senseless assaults upon one another, often in the form of tail-biting. Ordinarily, rats will suppress this kind of behavior when it crops up. In The Sink, male rats gave up all policing and just looked out for themselves. The "pecking order" among males in The Sink was never stable. Normally, male rats set up a three-class structure. Under the pressure of over-crowding, however, they broke up into all sorts of unstable subclasses, cliques, packs—and constantly pushed, probed, explored, tested one another's power. Anyone was fair game, except for the aristocrats in the end pens.

Calhoun kept the population down to 80, so that the next stage,

"population collapse" or "massive die-off," did not occur. But the autopsies showed that the pattern—as in the diseases among the female rats—was already there.

The classic study of die-off was John J. Christian's study of Sika deer on James Island in the Chesapeake Bay, west of Cambridge, Maryland. Four or five of the deer had been released on the island, which was 280 acres and uninhabited, in 1916. By 1955 they had bred freely into a herd of 280 to 300. The population density was only about one deer per acre at this point, but Christian knew that this was already too high for the Sikas' inborn space requirements, and something would give before long. For two years the number of deer remained 280 to 300. But suddenly, in 1958, over half the deer died; 161 carcasses were recovered. In 1959 more deer died and the population steadied at about 80.

In two years, two-thirds of the herd had died. Why? It was not starvation. In fact, all of the deer collected were in excellent condition, with well-developed muscles, shining coats, and fat deposits between the muscles. In practically all the deer, however, the adrenal glands had enlarged by 50 percent. Christian concluded that the die-off was due to "shock following severe metabolic disturbance, probably as a result of prolonged adrenocortical hyperactivity. . . . There was no evidence of infection, starvation, or other obvious cause to explain the mass mortality." In other words, the constant stress of overpopulation, plus the normal stress of the cold of the winter, had kept the adrenalin flowing so constantly in the deer that their systems were depleted of blood sugar and they died of shock.

Well, the white humans are still skidding and darting across the floor of Grand Central. Dr. Hall listens a moment longer to the skidding and the darting noises, and then says, "You know, I've been on commuter trains here after everyone has been through one of these rushes, and I'll tell you, there is enough acid flowing in the stomachs in every car to dissolve the rails underneath."

Just a little invisible acid bath for the linings to round off the day. The ulcers the acids cause, of course, are the one disease people have already been taught to associate with the stress of city life. But overcrowding, as Dr. Hall sees it, raises a lot more hell with the body than just ulcers. In everyday life in New York—just the usual, getting to work, working in massively congested areas like 42nd Street between Fifth Avenue and Lexington, especially now that the Pan-Am building is set in there, working in cubicles such as those in the editorial offices at Time-Life, Inc., which Dr. Hall cites as typical of New York's poor handling of space, working in cubicles with low ceilings and, often, no access to a window, while construction crews all all over Manhattan drive everybody up the Masonite wall with air-pressure generators with noises up to the boil-a-brain decible levels, then rushing to get home, piling into subways and trains, fighting for time and for space, the usual

day in New York—the whole now-normal thing keeps shooting jolts of adrenalin into the body, breaking down the body's defenses and winding up with the work-a-daddy human animal stroked out at the breakfast table with his head apoplexed like a cauliflower out of his $6.95 semi-spread Pima-cotton shirt, and nosed over into a plate of No-Kloresto egg substitute, signing off with the black thrombosis, cancer, kidney, liver or stomach failure, and the adrenals ooze to a halt, the size of eggplants in July.

One of the people whose work Dr. Hall is interested in on this score is Rene Dubos at the Rockefeller Institute. Dubos's work indicates that specific organisms, such as the tuberculosis bacillus or a pneumonia virus, can seldom be considered "the cause" of a disease. The germ or virus, apparently, has to work in combination with other things that have already broken the body down in some way—such as the old adrenal hyperactivity. Dr. Hall would like to see some autopsy studies made to record the size of adrenal glands in New York, especially of people crowded into slums and people who go through the full rush-hour-work-rush-hour cycle every day. He is afraid that until there is some clinical, statistical data on how overcrowding actually ravages the human body, no one will be willing to do anything about it. Even in so obvious a thing as air pollution, the pattern is familiar. Until people can actually see the smoke or smell the sulphur or feel the sting in their eyes, politicians will not get excited about it, even though it is well known that many of the lethal substances polluting the air are invisible and odorless. For one thing, most politicians are like the aristocrat rats. They are insulated from The Sink by practically sultanic buffers—limousines, chauffeurs, secretaries, aides-de-camp, doormen, shuttered houses, high-floor apartments. They almost never ride subways, fight rush hours, much less live in the slums or work in the Pan-Am Building.

We took a cab from Grand Central to go up to Harlem, and by 48th Street we were already socked into one of those great, total traffic jams on First Avenue on Friday afternoon. Dr. Hall motions for me to survey the scene, and there they all are, humans, male and female, behind the glass of their automobile windows, soundlessly going through the torture of their own adrenalin jolts. This male over here contracts his jaw muscles so hard that they bunch up into a great cheese Danish pattern. He twists his lips, he bleeds from the eyeballs, he shouts . . . soundlessly behind glass . . . the fat corrugates on the back of his neck, his whole body shakes as he pounds the heel of his hand into the steering wheel. The female human in the car ahead of him whips her head around, she bares her teeth, she screams . . . soundlessly behind glass . . . she throws her hands up in the air, Whaddya expect me—Yah, yuh stupid—and they all sit there, trapped in their own congestion, bleeding hate all over each other, shorting out the ganglia and—goddam it—

Dr. Hall sits back and watches it all. This is it! The Sink! And where is everybody's wandering boy?

Dr. Hall says, "We need a study in which drivers who go through these rush hours every day would wear GSR bands."

GSR?

"Galvanic skin response. It measures the electric potential of the skin, which is a function of sweating. If a person gets highly nervous, his palms begin to sweat. It is an index of tension. There are some other fairly simple devices that would record respiration and pulse. I think everybody who goes through this kind of experience all the time should take his own pulse—not literally—but just be aware of what's happening to him. You can usually tell when stress is beginning to get you physically."

In testing people crowded into New York's slums, Dr. Hall would like to take it one step further—gather information on the plasma hydrocortisone level in the blood or the cortico steroids in the urine. Both have been demonstrated to be reliable indicators of stress, and testing procedures are simple.

The slums—we finally made it up to East Harlem. We drove into 101st Street, and there was a new, avant-garde little church building, the Church of the Epiphany, which Dr. Hall liked—and, next to it, a pile of rubble where a row of buildings had been torn down, and from the back windows of the tenements beyond several people were busy "airmailing," throwing garbage out the window, into the rubble, beer cans, red shreds, the No-Money-Down Eames roller stand for a TV set, all flying through the air onto the scaggy sump. We drove around some more in Harlem, and a sequence was repeated, trash, buildings falling down, buildings torn down, rubble, scaggy sumps or, suddenly, a cluster of high-rise apartment projects, with fences around the grass.

"You know what this city looks like?" Dr. Hall said. "It looks bombed out. I used to live at Broadway and 124th Street back in 1946 when I was studying at Columbia. I can't tell you how much Harlem has changed in 20 years. It looks bombed out. It's broken down. People who live in New York get used to it and don't realize how filthy the city has become. The whole thing is typical of a behavorial sink. So is something like the Kitty Genovese case—a girl raped and murdered in the courtyard of an apartment complex and 40 or 50 people look on from their apartments and nobody even calls the police. That kind of apathy and anomie is typical of the general psychological deterioration of The Sink."

He looked at the high-rise housing projects and found them mainly testimony to how little planners know about humans' basic animal requirements for space.

"Even on the simplest terms," he said, "it is pointless to build one of these blocks much over five stories high. Suppose a family lives on the 15th floor.

The mother will be completely cut off from her children if they are playing down below, because the elevators are constantly broken in these projects, and it often takes half an hour, literally half an hour, to get the elevator if it is running. That's very common. A mother in that situation is just as much a victim of overcrowding as if she were back in the tenement block. Some Negro leaders have a bitter joke about how the white man is solving the slum problem by stacking Negroes up vertically, and there is a lot to that."

For one thing, says Dr. Hall, planners have no idea of the different space requirements of people from different cultures, such as Negroes and Puerto Ricans. They are all treated as if they were minute, compact middle-class whites. As with the Sika deer, who are overcrowded at one per acre, overcrowding is a relative thing for the human animal, as well. Each species has its own feeling for space. The feeling may be "subjective," but it is quite real.

Dr. Hall's theories on space and territory are based on the same information, gathered by biologists, ethologists, and anthropologists, chiefly, as Robert Ardrey's. Ardrey has written two well-publicized books, *African Genesis* and one just published, *The Territorial Imperative*. *Life* magazine ran big excerpts from *The Territorial Imperative*, all about how the drive to acquire territory and property and add to it and achieve status is built into all animals, including man, over thousands of centuries of genetic history, etc., and is a more powerful drive than sex. *Life*'s big display prompted Marshall McLuhan to crack, "They see this as a great historic justification for free enterprise and Republicanism. If the birds do it and the stickleback crabs do it, then it's right for man." To people like Hall and McLuhan, and Ardrey, for that matter, the right or wrong of it is irrelevant. The only thing they find inexcusable is the kind of thinking, by influential people, that isn't even aware of all this. Such as the thinking of most city planners.

"The planners always show you a bird's-eye view of what they are doing," he said. "You've seen those scale models. Everyone stands around the table and looks down and says that's great. It never occurs to anyone that they are taking a bird's-eye view. In the end, these projects do turn out fine, when viewed from an airplane."

As an anthropologist, Dr. Hall has to shake his head every time he hears planners talking about fully integrated housing projects for the year 1980 or 1990, as if by then all cultural groups will have the same feeling for space and will live placidly side by side, happy as the happy burghers who plan all the good clean bird's-eye views. According to his findings, the very fact that every cultural group does have its own peculiar, unspoken feeling for space is what is responsible for much of the uneasiness one group feels around the other.

It is like the North European and the Mediterranean in the subway line.

The North European, without ever realizing it, tries to keep a bubble of space around himself, and the moment a stranger invades that sphere, he feels threatened. Mediterranean peoples tend to come from cultures where everyone is much more involved physically, publicly, with one another on a day-to-day basis and feels no uneasiness about mixing it up in public, but may have very different ideas about space inside the home. Even Negroes brought up in America have a different vocabulary of space and gesture from the North European Americans who, historically, have been their models, according to Dr. Hall. The failure of Negroes and whites to communicate well often boils down to things like this: some white will be interviewing a Negro for a job; the Negro's culture has taught him to show somebody you are interested by looking right at him and listening intently to what he has to say. But the species North European requires something more. He expects his listener to nod from time to time, as if to say, "Yes, keep going." If he doesn't get this nodding, he feels anxious, for fear the listener doesn't agree with him or has switched off. The Negro may learn that the white expects this sort of thing, but he isn't used to the precise kind of nodding that is customary, and so he may start overresponding, nodding like mad, and at this point the North European is liable to think he has some kind of a stupid Uncle Tom on his hands, and the guy still doesn't get the job.

The whole handling of space in New York is so chaotic, says Dr. Hall, that even middle-class housing now seems to be based on the bird's-eye models for slum projects. He took a look at the big Park West Village development, set up originally to provide housing in Manhattan for families in the middle-income range, and found its handling of space very much like a slum project with slightly larger balconies. He felt the time has come to start subsidizing the middle class in New York on its own terms—namely, the kind of truly "human" spaces that still remain in brownstones.

"I think New York City should seriously consider a program of encouraging the middle-class development of an area like Chelsea, which is already starting to come up. People are beginning to renovate houses there on their own, and I think if the city would subsidize that sort of thing with tax reliefs and so forth, you would be amazed at what would result. What New York needs is a string of minor successes in the housing field, just to show everyone that it can be done, and I think the middle class can still do that for you. The alternative is to keep on doing what you're doing now, trying to lift a very large lower class up by main force almost and finding it a very slow and discouraging process."

"But before deciding how to redesign space in New York," he said, "people must first simply realize how severe the problem already is. And the handwriting is already on the wall."

"A study published in 1962," he said, "surveyed a representative sample of people living in New York slums and found only 18 percent of

them free from emotional symptoms. Thirty-eight percent were in need of psychiatric help, and 23 percent were seriously disturbed or incapacitated. Now, this study was published in 1962, which means the work probably went on from 1955 to 1960. That's six years ago. There is no telling how bad it is now. In a behavorial sink, crises can develop rapidly."

Dr. Hall would like to see a large-scale study similar to that undertaken by two sociopsychologists, Chombart de Lauwe and his wife, in a French working-class town. They found a direct relationship between crowding and general breakdown. In families where people were crowded into the apartment so that there was less than 86 to 108 square feet per person, social and physical disorders doubled. That would mean that for four people the smallest floor space they could tolerate would be an apartment, say, 12 by 30 feet.

What would one find in Harlem? "It is fairly obvious," Dr. Hall wrote in *The Hidden Dimension*, "that the American Negroes and people of Spanish culture who are flocking to our cities are being very seriously stressed. Not only are they in a setting that does not fit them, but they have passed the limits of their own tolerance of stress. The United States is faced with the fact that two of its creative and sensitive peoples are in the process of being destroyed and like Samson could bring down the structure that houses us all."

Dr. Hall goes out to the airport, to go back to Chicago, and I am coming back in a cab, along the East River Drive. It is four in the afternoon, but already the damned drive is clogging up. There is a 1959 Oldsmobile just to the right of me. There are about eight people in there, a lot of pop-eyed silhouettes against a leopard-skin dashboard, leopard-skin seats—and the driver is classic. He has a moustache, sideburns down to his jaw socket, and a tattoo on his forearm like a Rossetti painting of Jane Burden Morris with her hair long. All right; it is even touching, like a postcard photo of the main drag in San Pedro, California. But suddenly Sideburns guns it and cuts in front of my cab so that my driver has to hit the brakes, and then hardly 100 feet ahead Sideburns hits a wall of traffic himself and has to hit his brakes, and then it happens. A stuffed white angora animal, a dog, no, it's a Pekingese cat, is mounted in his rear window—as soon as he hits the brakes its *eyes* light up, Nighttown pink. To keep from ramming him, my driver has to hit the brakes again, too, and so here I am, out in an insane, jammed-up expressway at four in the afternoon, shuddering to a stop while a stuffed Pekingese grows bigger and bigger and brighter in the eyeballs directly in front of me. Jolt! Nighttown pink! Hey—that's me the adrenalin is hitting, *I* am this white human sitting in a projectile heading amid a mass of clotted humans toward a white angora stuffed goddam leopard-dash Pekingese freaking cat—kill that damned angora—Jolt!—got me—another micrometer on the old adrenals—

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA
LIBRARY
Victoria, B. C.

by William Murray

Man on a Permanent Vacation

John Buford Fain IV wakes up in the morning to the sound of surf breaking under his windows. He has heard this sound almost every day of his life, and he knows it so well that he can tell at once, without having to look, exactly what the waves are doing out there, just beyond the sun deck of the small, two-bedroom apartment he shares with his mother on the Southern California shoreline. If the omens are good, he'll get up quickly, put on a pair of shorts, gulp down a bowl of chili, pick up his surfboard and head for the water. If the omens are poor, he may simply roll over and go back to sleep. Most of the time Fain has no place to go but the beach, and nothing to do but cultivate what he and his friends call the beach look. At the age of twenty-one, he's a man on a permanent vacation, living to the full the existence some people dream of but seldom achieve until they're too old to enjoy it. And in his particular world, Johnny Fain is more the rule than the exception, only one among the thousands who live the good beach life all year round.

Fain has certainly achieved the beach look. He has long, blond hair, almond-shaped blue eyes, a great many freckles and an impish grin that reveals even, white teeth. True, his hair is bleached and fluffy from sun and water, his eyeballs are sometimes red and his eyelids caked from too much salt, and his lips tend to swell from the sun and have to be constantly basted in protective salves. But these drawbacks, too, are all part of the look, as intrinsic to it as the small, hard bumps that are visible just below his knees. The bumps are caused by the constant pressure of kneeling on a surfboard hour after hour, day after day, month after month, while paddling out to where the waves are breaking. Hawaiians and Australians, who paddle out through the breakers lying on their stomachs, don't have these so-called surf

bumps, but no one frequenting a California beach would want to be without them; the idea, after all, is to look the part as well as play it.

BIG MAN AT MALIBU

Actually, Johnny Fain wouldn't have to do much of either to qualify for admiration in his set. Despite the fact that he's only slightly over five feet six inches tall and weighs about a hundred and thirty pounds, Fain is a very big man on his home ground, which is any one of about a dozen surfing beaches in the bay area of greater Los Angeles. He is one of the best all-around surfers in the world, and being a good surfer is the most accepted way to belong on the beach. When he appears anywhere between Zuma and Laguna, dressed in his brightly colored bathing trunks and holding a nine-foot surfboard made of fiber glass, high-density polyurethane foam and balsa wood, people sit up and pay attention.

"Guys like Johnny Fain had the water before we even knew what it was," an awed sixteen-year-old commented one day. "You got to respect that. When I see Fain and Mike Doyle and Lance Carson and Butch Linden and these other real wave riders going out there, I sit down, man. They're all guts up, these guys, whether they're riding big waves or hotdogging nine-inchers, and I'm out here to learn."

Fain's favorite beach is Malibu, a few miles up the coast from Santa Monica. He grew up in that area, and the particular section of public beach reserved exclusively for surfers is a few minutes' drive from his house. At first sight it doesn't seem impressive—simply a couple of hundred yards of sand bounded on the south by the privately owned Malibu Pier, and on the north by the Malibu Colony, a cluster of large waterfront homes that once belonged to movie celebrities but now contain families with broods of small children. But Malibu provides, with its curving shoreline and western-most tip, where the waves start to break and roll in diagonally toward the pier, just about the finest surfing in the whole bay area. And while Johnny Fain has formidable rivals wherever the wave riders are, at Malibu, according to his admirers, he is hard to touch.

On a recent fine Saturday morning there, with a good four-foot swell running and no wind, leaving the sort of glassy surface all wave riders long for, Fain put in one of his typical appearances. The water was already crowded with surfers, and more were arriving on the beach every minute, but he seemed in no hurry. He propped his board against the rusty wire fence that separates the public beach from private property and the coastal highway, then sat down on the sand near some friends, and began rubbing cream on his face. He ignored most of the people around him, especially the kooks and Ho-Daddies, eager-eyed groups of young surfing neophytes who come to the beaches in packs, and the Valley Cowboys, a term broadly

applied to anyone who happens not to live within five miles of the ocean. Fain and his friends feel these people have no business on a surfing beach; they are there only because surfing has become a teenage craze, and the least they could do is stay away until they've mastered the rudiments of the sport. "They mess it up for everybody else," he says. "Sometimes the blood flows like wine out there. It's a bad scene."

Fain occasionally acknowledged the greetings of established veterans on their way to and from the water, but most of the time he talked only to two older men named Dino and Dolphie. They are both in their thirties, and while neither is an especially good surfer, they are accepted by Fain because they're commendably cool and have other qualifications: Dino is a Hollywood hairdresser with access to some of the better movie parties; Dolphie, who dabbles in real estate, has lived the beach life for years, and is considered a first-rate volleyball player. Both enjoy a reputation as conversationalists.

"So where have you been, John?" Dino said.

"Long time no see," said Dolphie.

"Man, it's been a *time*," Dino said.

"Like you haven't been in view, man," said Dolphie.

"I just finished up another movie," Fain said. "They had me going there for two weeks."

"That's a gas," Dino said. "What do they pay you for them rotten surf movies?"

"How many you been in, man?" Dolphie asked. "Seems like every time I look up you're bouncing around some screen behind Frankie Avalon. What's this one all about?"

"Like the others," Fain said. "Frankie, Annette Funicello and all the gang. They pay me three-fifty a week and expenses."

"Wild, man," Dino said.

"Man, that's wild," said Dolphie.

"This one'll gross three million," Fain said. "They pay *us* the Guild minimum."

"What do you want, man, gold?" Dino said.

"It's better than working, man," said Dolphie. "Like you make a few hundred bucks for doing what comes naturally, right?"

"You surf, you bounce around, you ball a few chicks, you hoot it up, and they hand you a few dollars," Dino said.

"So don't knock it, man," said Dolphie.

"Who's knocking it?" Fain said. "You asked me and I told you."

DOLPHIE AND THE HO-DADDIES

For the next half hour, as they lounged on the warm sand, the conversation ranged over the stock market, motorcycles, girls, skiing, parties, and

the latest movies. After a while, Fain stood up and studied the ocean. It was evident he didn't like what he saw. There were at least a couple of hundred people already in the water, swooping in toward the beach in clusters, bumping into each other, riding up over the backs of each other's boards, tumbling headlong into the foam or toppling backward behind the curl of the wave, thus committing the cardinal surfing sin of leaving a dangerous loose board to find its own way to shore. At the same time, other surfers were fighting their way out, kneeling on their boards and paddling through the breakers, hoping not to be run down by the mass of humanity hurtling at thirty miles an hour toward the beach. "We'd better get out there, before all these kooks mess it up completely," Fain said.

He and Dino tucked their boards under their arms and walked toward the tip of the crescent-shaped beach, where the breakers start to roll in toward the pier. Only the best surfers pick up the waves that far out, where the swell is bigger and harder to handle, but where there is the advantage of not having to risk your life simply to get into the water. Dolphie and a couple of envious-looking Ho-Daddies tagged along to watch.

Fain and Dino paddled out together on their knees, keeping the noses of their boards firmly planted into the incoming surf and riding safely through the foam. When they got out to where the waves were breaking, they swung their boards around and straddled them, waiting for the right moment to take off. Waves usually run in sets of four to nine, and between sets the surfers sit quietly on their boards, chatting with each other and jockeying for position.

The first wave of a new set started to break, and Dino took off on it. He lay down on the board, paddled hard, then stood up just below the curl of the wave, swung his board to the right, crouched, arms outstretched, and swooped in toward shore. "That wave is tubing, and he's going to get locked in," Dolphie said grimly. Sure enough, Dino soon disappeared in a shower of foam. "Boy, he really got blasted," one of the Ho-Daddies said.

Moments later, Fain took off. He began the same way, stretched out full length on the board, arms paddling hard, then, as the wave began to form, he stood up, picked up speed, swung the board quickly to his right, and began his ride. He had the wave completely in control. As he glided diagonally in toward the beach, he began performing the maneuvers known as hotdogging: climbing up to the top of the wave and dropping back down, running up to the tip of the board and dangling his toes over the nose (this is called "hanging ten"), performing the lightning-fast turns from left to right and back again that are his specialty. As he neared the shore, his freedom of action became seriously impeded by the presence of so many other surfers, but he seemed to have little trouble swooping in and out and around them, much as a weaver might thread a loom, and eventually he came to rest safely in a few inches of water at the edge of the beach.

"Beautiful," a Ho-Daddy whispered.

Dolphie turned to look at him contemptuously. "That's what it's all about, man," he said coldly. "Like what else is there?"

Johnny Fain has been in the water since, at the age of four, he first began to lug canvas surf mats into the waves; he can't remember a time when the ocean did not play a part in his life. He was born in Malibu, and brought up in the Colony, where the houses squat only a few feet from the water's edge; when he came home from school, more often than not he dashed right out into the surf. He loved all kinds of sports, but the water was the only place where his size did not put him at a disadvantage. And he was fearless.

BIRTH OF A HERO

One day when he was ten years old, he walked down to the surfing beach to see what was going on. "It was nothing like today," he recalls. "Only a few people anywhere went in for it, but I saw a man that afternoon jump from his own to the back of another man's board, and then I watched them ride tandem all the way in to shore together. The excitement and the freedom of it hit me right away. It was a drama, and I couldn't wait to get into it."

Fain went at it more frantically than he should have. "I had a six-and-a-half-foot board a man named Dale Velzy, one of the real old-timers and a great surfer himself, had built for me, and I weighed about ninety-eight pounds," he says of that period. "I had no idea what the ocean could do to me, and it almost cost me my life several times." He earned himself the usual surfer's wounds, a few broken bones and lots of stitches, but it never occurred to him to give up surfing. Then one gloomy afternoon he missed the first wave of a huge set of rollers, lost his board and, gasping for air, found himself trapped between the breakers and a strong undertow. "I saw the horizon move like mountains," he recalls. "I kept diving under waves and coming up to find bigger ones. I got panicky and began swallowing water. Four people had to come out to rescue me, and that's when I learned the fear of the ocean."

Fain had additional fears to master, mostly the result of others' carelessness. Once a loose board cracked his forehead open and almost cost him an eye. The progress he made was slow, the frustrations many. For a year he quit entirely and took up tennis. "But the pounding of the surf was too much for me," he recalls. "I could hear it, no matter whose court I was playing on. I had to get back to it." Finally it all began to come more easily; what had once seemed impossible became attainable. Soon he was doing things on his board that attracted attention. When surfing began to be really popular, in the late fifties, he was already established and had begun earning laurels in local contests. Then, in 1959, while still a junior in high school, he went to Hawaii for the International Surfing Champion-

ships, the Wimbledon of surfing, and reached the finals. He has six Oscar-like gold figurines, all surfing trophies, that attest to his standing.

"My turns are supposed to be the fastest in surfing," Fain says of his technique. "I have the most radical style, but it's in proportion, always in adjustment to the wave. My left-go-rights are sometimes so critical that people are sure I'm going into the soup, but I always come out and ride the face of the wave with the soup breaking in back of me. Once in a while, for movies or a photo layout, I'll do a handstand, which nobody else can do. And my nose-riding is compared with the best."

Surfing has opened all the doors to the good life for Johnny Fain, but opening them and keeping them open hasn't been easy. This is because the sport is and always has been tremendously competitive. During all the years it took to master his skills, Fain was always conscious of who was ahead or behind or even with him. The king of the waves at Malibu at that time was a lean, hard, fast talker named Mickey Dora, whom a contemporary has described this way: "Mickey is one of the best. He lives a unique, nonconforming life, and people follow him like sheep. But there's no one around like him. He's the one."

Dora is a few years older than Fain, but, since he was "the one," Fain eventually had to compete with him. They competed in everything, from croquet to Ping-Pong, and Fain, much to Dora's annoyance, won his share of victories. The day finally came when Fain could take waves away from Dora, and the competition has not diminished with the years; Dora, with his more nonchalant, graceful style on a board, remains Fain's most formidable local rival. But there are many others; and now that surfing has become a craze, leading inevitably to the creation of a multimillion dollar industry to feed it, it seems more than likely that Fain, Dora, and the other established stars are going to have to struggle to maintain the present pecking order on the beach.

But Fain puts on a cool front. "Look, the main thing is not to get captured by brown shoes and white collars," he says. "There has to be more to life than that, right? And who's to say we haven't found it?"

No one, evidently. The problem of money is minimal on the beach and, in any case, surfing itself now provides Fain, Dora, and a few others with a precarious though glamorous living. Movies with a beach background have become popular with teenagers (they cost two or three hundred thousand dollars apiece to make and generally gross several million). During the past year Fain has appeared in seven of them, all with titles like "Muscle Beach Party," or "Beach Blanket Bingo"; his most recent one is "How to Stuff a Wild Bikini." He rarely has more than one or two lines to speak, but he is much in evidence, usually doing his stuff in the surf or cavorting on the sand. "I get billed," he explains, "and anyway, I always try to work in improvised scenes. I'm very hungry for publicity."

This hunger is caused by the birth of a new ambition; Fain wants to become a movie star. He has been interested in the possibility ever since he saw Burt Lancaster grappling in the surf with Deborah Kerr in "From Here to Eternity," and he recalls with pride that he once played the lead in a college production of Saroyan's "Hello, Out There!" He doesn't think very highly of the movies he has appeared in, but he has a feeling that they at least convey some sense of "the fast motion that's going on today." In any case, he is prepared to bide his time, and he keeps closely in touch with his agent. "If they won't let me have any lines," he says, "I still can't complain too much. I've got to be a whimpering little dog now, until I get big." Meanwhile, he basks in the new American *élan vital*. "My life is surfing, beach people, and movies," he explains. "That's what it's all about."

On this particular Saturday, Fain surfed for several hours, until the early afternoon. When the tide began to ebb and a fresh breeze came up, making the waves less manageable, he came out of the water, and said goodbye to his friends.

"Where you going, man?" Dino wanted to know. "What's on tonight?"

"Yeah, like what's doing?" Dolphie asked.

"I don't know," Fain said. "I may catch the Byrds at Ciro's later."

"We may make that scene," Dino said.

"Yeah, we may see you there," Dolphie added. "There's not much action elsewhere."

KEEPING TRIM AND FIT

Dressed only in his wet shorts, Fain walked to the highway, and gently slid his board into the back of his station wagon, propping the nose of the board against the front seat, and allowing the tail, with its tiny, lethal keel, to protrude from the rear window. He used rolled-up towels and blankets to cushion the board against damage from jolting, packing it as lovingly as if it were a Ming porcelain. (Surfboards can cost as much as $175.) When he was fully satisfied that only a head-on collision could crack the board, Fain drove off toward Santa Monica. He stopped about a mile down the road, dashed across the highway to gulp down a fresh-fruit salad at a local health food emporium, then drove on to a private beach club. Fain is not a member of this club, but he and his friends are admitted without question, possibly because they are all well known and lend the beach an air of professional distinction. The club has a volleyball court much frequented by the beach people, especially on weekends and on days when the surfing is poor.

When Fain arrived, he found a friend of his named Doug Dragon playing on the court with three other muscular types while a few watchers lounged on the warm sand, their backs against a concrete wall. Dragon is a jazz pianist who heads his own four-piece combo, and he is anxious to work;

but in this era of rock 'n' roll his services are not greatly in demand. Consequently he spends a lot of time on the beach, and though not much of a surfer, he has become a masterful volleyballer. As Fain appeared on the scene from the clubhouse, Dragon shouted, "You're up next, John!" and bounded into the air to put away an overhand smash.

By the time the sun had begun to go down, and the air had acquired a slight chill, Fain and Dragon had played nine hard-fought matches with various partners. Fain finally headed for his towel, but Dragon remained on the court, cradling the ball in his arms, and bouncing lightly on the soles of his feet. "How about one last one?" he pleaded.

"I don't want to overdo it," Fain said, and proceeded to explain that he wanted to get up early the following morning to beat the Sunday mob to the waves. "Besides, I'm going to catch the Byrds tonight at Ciro's," he added. "It's going to be the rock-out of the year."

"What about the party?" Dragon asked.

Fain looked blank. "What party?"

"Man, they're throwing a monster blast over on West Lafayette Street," Dragon said. "There's going to be three bands, I hear."

"Are you going?" Fain asked.

"No," Dragon said. "I want to get up early and get some volleyball in. Why don't you come over after dinner and we'll play a couple of games of Monopoly?"

"No, I don't think so, Doug," Fain said. "I'll see you."

At home, Fain found his mother waiting for him with a hot supper. The most important thing in her life is that she and Johnny are very close; they share everything. Johnny's mother *believes* in him and is fiercely proud of his achievements. "Surfing is the sport of kings, you know," she has been heard to say. "It began in Hawaii, and there only royalty was allowed to practice it. It wasn't for the peasants."

After eating his only real meal of the day, Johnny took a nap. He was a little restless, so his mother came in and massaged his back until he fell asleep. An hour or so later, he got up, showered, shaved, and carefully combed his hair. He put on tennis sneakers, skin-tight corduroy slacks, a red-striped sports shirt, and a brown leather jerkin. His mother kissed him goodnight, but she did not ask him what time he would be home. By ten o'clock he was sitting at a ringside table at Ciro's, awash in the noise of the Byrds.

Ciro's, located in the heart of Hollywood's Sunset Strip, used to be a gaudy, red-plush bistro, much like the Latin Quarter in New York, and catering to the same touristy clientele. Today, in the year of our Lord à Go Go, it has been intermittently taken over by various teenage idols. The place was full of people attired in neo-Edwardian court dress, black leather Gestapo suits, and lounging pajamas, and no one in the room appeared over thirty-five.

The beach people greeted each other casually, came and went with the utmost nonchalance, sipped from each other's drinks, sat in each other's chairs and laps and departed frequently to bounce and jiggle opposite each other on the crowded dance floor. Conversation was out of the question whenever the Byrds were in full-throated cry, and it was only during the intermissions that anyone even attempted to socialize.

The room was full of many of the same bronzed faces seen on the beaches, and one had the distinct impression that everyone knew everyone else, an odd feeling to have in a nightclub of that size located in an urban area of some nine million souls. Dino and Dolphie, trailed by two willowy, abstracted-looking girls with pink hair, were among the first to sit down at Fain's table.

"Man, it's wild, isn't it?" Dino said, picking up the nearest glass and sipping from it.

"What a sound!" said Dolphie. "They're wild!"

"You making the blast later?" Dino asked. "I hear the Byrds are going over, too. Right from here."

"I guess so," Fain said, getting up to dance again. "If somebody knows where it is."

"Crazy!" said Dolphie. "Wild!"

Fain returned from the dance floor twenty minutes later with a diminutive actress in tow named Maxine Morrow, a gamine who wore her blond hair so far down over her eyes that she seemed to be peeking out at the world through a wheat field. She was dressed in a tight skirt not more than three inches above her knees and a shortened middy blouse. Max has been on the beach scene for four years—ever since, at the age of seventeen, she came West from the family home in Forest Hills, New York, to crash the movies—and is a well known figure on the main surfing beaches, which she graces in a variety of eye-popping bikinis. She hasn't had much luck in the movies or on television ("I've done a lot of independent garbage—like kooky teenagers, *you* know—but none of them has ever been released"), but she is absolutely certain that her break will come. Meanwhile she has earned the respect of the many surfers she has dated, primarily because she has an aficionado's appreciation of the beach look. "I like it here a lot better than New York," she has said. "In New York it's so impure; everybody's gray and flabby. Nobody ever picks up a tennis racket or a volleyball. I mean, they're not tan or boyish."

Fain, naturally, is also fond of Max. "There are beach girls and town girls, and Max is definitely a beach girl," he says of her. "I mean, all these girls go to the beach, but only the beach girls are hip. They know what

the wave is doing and who's on it. The town girls go for show." This enthusiasm for Max's qualifications doesn't mean that Fain considers her anything more than a casual date. "It must be nice to have a regular girl, someone you can come home to when you get put down," he says. "But I like to flash around and play the field." Anyway, he and Max found themselves, by pure coincidence, jerking opposite each other that night and evidently decided to allow this stroke of fate to dominate events.

Shortly after midnight the crowd began to thin out; the blast on West Lafayette Street had begun to take its toll and, like compulsive lemmings, the beach people were on the move again. The word was brought to Fain's table by a tall, pale, emaciated young man dressed entirely in leather and with a silver pendant dangling from a chain around his neck. For the purposes of this report he will be called Pippo Festering. Pippo is twenty-three years old and earns several hundred dollars a week (which his parents invest for him) arranging and orchestrating music for various rock 'n' roll groups. He talks incessantly and is incapable of speaking a single sentence clean enough to appear in a family magazine.

Fain, Max, Pippo, Dino and Dolphie now piled into Fain's station wagon and headed for downtown Los Angeles. No one was quite sure exactly where the party was (or who was giving it), but from time to time, above the blasting radio, from which more rock 'n' roll music poured forth into the night, Pippo would scream instructions.

West Lafayette Street turned out to be situated in what was once an elegant section of residential Los Angeles. It is still lined by a number of handsome old mansions, a few of which even now are inhabited. Many of them, however, have been demolished to make way for more functional buildings, and most of those that remain have been condemned. It was in one of these abandoned mansions that the party was being given, and it turned out to be easy to find because the air was alive to the throb of what Johnny Fain called "the big beat." There were also rows of cars parked bumper to bumper up and down the street and for blocks around.

As Fain and his group approached the house on foot, the night air became alive with the muddled sounds of electric guitars, laughter, some sort of steady pounding, and a constant humming undertone, as of a massive swarm of agitated bees. Pippo skipped on ahead. "Oh, you delicious pukers, here I *am!*" he screamed and, before reaching the house, disappeared into the shrubbery. Fain and the others followed him. The idea was to avoid paying the entrance fee of two dollars, and this circuitous approach through the jungle of an adjacent lot brought the group to a lawn where a jazz combo was in full swing. A side door led into the house itself, a solid three-story Tudor structure.

Elaborate arrangements had been made to handle a good-size crowd,

and it was clear that the overall topography had been laid out by some unsung expert in party logistics. The only trouble was that it would have taken a house twice that size to accommodate comfortably the mob that now swarmed through it. The bar was so jammed that it was impossible to get a drink or even approach it; the porches were stacked three deep with nuzzlers; the social rooms resembled loaded cattle cars; two lines of distressed-looking people stretched down the corridors from the rest rooms; the temperature in the dancing areas had soared well into the nineties, and the only practical movement was to writhe and stomp in place. There was no possibility of sitting down, hardly room to stand, and nowhere to go, because the halls and staircases were also packed with revelers—a great sea of blank, brown, vaguely contented faces that reminded one of an emotionally spent football crowd on its way home from the big game. All the beach people were here, in the motley costumes of their particular in-groups, while through the colorful horde moved the occasional symbolic Englishman, usually a young man in a tweed jacket with tight pants and long hair, the Lochinvar of the discothèque set.

"Crazy! Everybody's *here!*" Max said. "Drop a bomb and you wipe out the beach scene!"

Nobody took her advice. She and Johnny Fain found a niche in a stairwell and hung on and on until shortly after 3 A.M., when two police cars, answering the telephoned complaints of residents from as far as six blocks away, disgorged four unsympathetic uniformed squares who turned off the music and broke it all up.

Fain and Max left Pippo and the others to make their own travel arrangements and drove to Max's place. Fain had wanted to take her back with him to Malibu, but she had forgotten to feed her three miniature poodles and insisted on being delivered to the small furnished house she rents in Laurel Canyon on money from home. At 4:30 A.M. she and Johnny, having mixed cornflakes and hamburger for the dogs, were sitting side by side on her back porch, shooting at the limes on a neighbor's tree with the .25-caliber revolver Max keeps to ward off prowlers. The pistol shots cracked over the sleeping countryside, limes spattered to the ground, and behind the young couple the sky lightened to a dull, smoggy gray.

Four hours later Johnny Fain was back in the water, bobbing out beyond the point at Malibu, straddling his board and waiting for the swell to rise. He felt clean and alert and ready for anything. By noon the sun would have burned away the early mist and the beach would again be crowded with Ho-Daddies and kooks and Valley Cowboys. Fain didn't know what the day might bring, but he knew it would be something pleasant, something sweet. That's the way it had always been and would always be. Nothing mattered but the next wave, the one that would soon be sweeping him in to-

ward the beach, allowing him to do supremely well the one thing he had trained himself to do. In those few minutes it would take him to master that wave and reach the shore, Johnny Fain would be, if not a king, at least something a good deal more than a peasant.

by James Phelan

The Abandoned American

"Where American citizens go, that flag goes with them to protect them."
—President Lyndon Johnson

For more than six years, an American citizen named Dykes A. Simmons has been confined to a sweltering, fly-plagued cell in the grim state prison on the outskirts of Monterrey, Mexico. Simmons, a 36-year-old Texan, was convicted in the mystery shrouded murder of three members of a Mexican family on a lonely roadside on the night of October 12, 1959. He was sentenced to be shot by a firing squad, the only American ever sentenced to death in Mexico.

Since the day of his arrest, Simmons has insisted that he is innocent, and many Mexicans consider his conviction a gross miscarriage of justice. Simmons has poured out hundreds of letters to American officials, pointing out major flaws in the case against him and appealing for help in reopening the investigation of the three murders. Hundreds of Americans who have learned about his case have written to their Congressmen and other Washington officials. These letters invariably are referred to the U.S. State Department, which has responsibility for protecting Americans abroad. The State Department, in turn, refers them to the American consulate at Monterrey, which now has nine huge volumes of correspondence on the Simmons case. The Monterrey consulate routinely assures everyone who inquires that it is watching the case with concern and vigilance.

For Simmons, the circling of all these letters back to the Monterrey consulate has the nightmare quality of a Hitchcock movie. He bitterly charges that the American consulate played a major role in putting him where he is today, and that the State Department does not want his case reviewed because its own actions will not stand scrutiny.

Simmons makes four shocking accusations against the consular service of the State Department: (1) it removed from Mexico another American who, according to two newspapermen and a Mexican chief of police, confessed the murders for which Simmons stands convicted; (2) it provided that American with a false alibi for the night of the murders; (3) it stood by without protest while Mexican officials denied Simmons due process of law; and (4) it withheld evidence in the consular files that could have helped Simmons clear himself in the murder trial.

In a long investigation of the Simmons case, this writer has uncovered new facts supporting each of Simmons' charges. The writer traveled 11,000 miles, interviewed witnesses, key figures, and State Department officials in Washington, Mexico, and Texas, consulted back issues of Mexican newspapers, and read the entire court record of the evidence submitted against Simmons. Much of the new information supporting Simmons' charges comes from two secret State Department reports and from confidential files of the American consular service. It was obtained despite efforts by State Department officials to keep it from public view.

These new facts cast grave doubt on the verdict in Simmons' trial. But beyond their impact on one obscure American, they spell out a story that is of concern to the millions of Americans who travel abroad each year. They go forth secure in the belief that their flag, in the words of Lyndon Johnson, goes with them to protect them. But like Simmons, they are entitled only to equal justice under the laws of the countries to which they travel. Their right to that alien justice—unfamiliar, bewildering, and often inadequate by American standards—is guarded only by the consular service of the U.S. State Department. That agency failed Simmons, damaged his efforts to clear himself of murder, muddied up the case irreparably, and then abandoned him. And in the callous appraisal of a top consular official in Washington: "Things like this have happened before and no doubt will happen again."

Dykes Simmons was arrested October 15, 1959, three days after he had entered Mexico for the first time in his life. He had driven down alone from Fort Worth for a week's vacation. He was 29 years old, single, and employed as a crane operator for a pipe-threading company. He was a man poorly equipped to cope with the events that lay before him. He has a stubborn and contentious personality, a strong sense of pride, and little skill at ingratiating himself with others. His personality difficulties had resulted in several sessions of psychiatric treatment. He also was burdened with a police record; it is one of the first facts about him that U.S. consular officials volunteer when discussing his case. In 1949 he was convicted of burglary, and in 1955 of car theft, and he served time on both convictions. But in neither instance was he armed, and he had no history of violence.

He entered Mexico in a 1954 two-toned Oldsmobile registered to his

brother, William Carroll Simmons. D.A., as his family calls him, had assumed the payments on the car but had not changed the title. He stopped at the border checkpoint at Nuevo Laredo, and came away from it with a Mexican tourist card made out to William Carroll Simmons. The court that convicted him cited this "entering Mexico under a false name" as circumstantial evidence of his guilt. Simmons says that the border guard warned him he would have trouble bringing out a car that was not in his name, and volunteered to make the tourist card conform with the car registration for a dollar "tip." Two points support Simmons' explanation. He carried with him a full set of identification papers as D.A. Simmons, Jr., in his wallet, and produced them when arrested. Further, it seems unlikely that he would use his own brother's name if he was trying to conceal his identity.

Simmons crossed the border at 8:45 P.M. Monday, October 12, 1959, a fact noted on his tourist card. The crossing time was the main strand of circumstance that shortly enmeshed him in trouble. Forty-five minutes earlier, four members of the Perez Villagomez family of Monterrey had preceded him over the border, bound south for Monterrey. Their car, a 1952 Ford convertible, was driven by Dr. Raul Villagomez, a dentist. With him were his two sisters, Martha, 21, and Hilda, 18, and his brother Juan, 14.

At around 9 P.M., 57 miles south of the border on a deserted stretch of road, the Villagomez car broke down. The dentist pulled off onto the dirt shoulder, and decided to go on alone for help, leaving his sisters and brother behind. He flagged a ride into nearby Sabinas Hidalgo. There he hired a tow truck, and returned with the driver to the stalled car, arriving after an absence of about two hours.

He found a tragic scene. All three people in the car had been riddled with shots from a .22-calibre gun. Martha and Juan were dead, and Hilda was badly wounded. The girls had not been violated sexually. Nothing had been stolen from the car except for a small wooden club. There was no apparent motive for the crime, and none was ever established.

Hitching the tow truck to the stalled car, the driver pulled it into Sabinas Hidalgo. Hilda was transferred to an ambulance and rushed to a Monterrey hospital. The Villagomez car was left in Sabinas, where the police neglected to impound it or put it under guard, an oversight that had far-reaching consequences for Simmons.

Hilda clung to life for 17 days. On the day after the crime, she was able to give a halting, whispered account of what had happened, and in the next two days she amplified this and described the killer. After her brother had left for help, she said, an auto, headed south, pulled off the road ahead of the stalled car. The driver, an American, came back to their car, asked them in English if they were having trouble, and offered them a ride. When they declined, he tried to start the car for them without success. He renewed his offer of a ride, then suddenly said, in Spanish, "*Yo soy bandido*" (I am a

bandit), pulled out a gun, and began firing. He shot Juan and Martha, then turned the gun on Hilda.

The brutal, unprovoked crime aroused all of northern Mexico, and the police began a massive manhunt. Hilda's description of the gunman contained three details that were expected to make the killer easily identifiable. She said the gunman had two gold teeth on the right side, that he was driving a 1958 blue Chevrolet with Texas plates, and that she had scratched his face while he was shooting her brother and sister. "A PAIR OF GOLD TEETH WILL BETRAY THE BLOOD THIRSTY KILLER" announced a bannerline in the leading Monterrey newspaper. She further described the gunman as perhaps 30 years old, 6 feet tall, over 200 pounds, complexion "ruddy," with a small mark on his upper lip. She said he was wearing a white shirt and dark trousers, and she "believed" his hair to be blond.

The police checked the border entry station and got a list of Americans who had crossed into Mexico on the day of the killings. On the list was the name of William Carroll Simmons. The police began trying to locate him, along with other Americans on the list. Simmons was picked up by this dragnet on October 15 in the little town of Allende. Allende is roughly 300 miles from the scene of the slaying on the route Simmons drove and about 50 miles from the U.S. border at Eagle Pass, Texas.

By Simmons' account, he had driven directly from Laredo to Monterrey on the night of October 12 without a stop. He says he has no recollection of the stalled Villagomez car, that he noticed several cars on the roadside but paid no particular attention to them. He says he cruised at over 60 mph; the stretch is flat, straight, and dull. If his account is accurate—and it was not impeached in court—he could not have been at the murder scene when the killings occurred. He crossed the border only 45 minutes behind the Villagomez car, which made one filling-station stop south of the border. Testimony at the trial placed the attack one hour and 15 minutes after the Villagomez car stalled. By then, Simmons would have been far beyond the murder scene and nearing Monterrey.

Simmons says he looked over Monterrey briefly on his arrival and decided to push on toward Saltillo, west of Monterrey in the state of Coahuila. On the road to Saltillo, he pulled off behind a couple of parked trucks, and slept in his car. "I didn't have much money," Simmons says, "and I wanted to stretch it as far as I could." The next day, October 13, he drove on into Saltillo, where he met an English-speaking Mexican. They roamed around sight-seeing. At one point, they stopped and gave a short lift into downtown Saltillo to two Mexican girls. The girls, registered prostitutes, were in the car for approximately five minutes, and subsequently were used as key witnesses in the case the state fashioned against Simmons.

The next day, October 14, Simmons meandered north alone to Rio Brava, where he met another English-speaking Mexican named José Man-

cha. That night Mancha guided him to a small, inexpensive hotel at nearby Allende and registered him under the name of "Larry Hall." Simmons says that Mancha had trouble pronouncing his name, so he finally said, "Hell, just call me Harry."

Late on October 14, the Allende police heard that a "young gringo" had been driving around with Mancha. They picked up Mancha early the next morning, and Mancha led them to Simmons' hotel. The subsequent sequence of events underscored two facts to which the court attributed no weight in convicting Simmons: first, he did not resemble the killer; second, he behaved like a man with a clear conscience.

Two policemen aroused Simmons at 7 A.M. and, with Mancha serving as interpreter, questioned him briefly. They asked him if he had any gold teeth, and wanted to know the make and year of his car. Simmons showed them that he had no gold teeth, and told them he was driving a 1954 Oldsmobile two-toned Holiday coupe, which was parked at the hotel. The police apologized for disturbing him, and went away. Simmons dressed, drove Mancha to work, and arranged to go swimming with him after 4 o'clock. Although he had been questioned by the police and was less than an hour from the American border, Simmons stayed on at the little Mexican town. He spent the day sight-seeing with one of Mancha's relatives, picked up José late in the afternoon, and went swimming at a large flowing spring outside of town. En route back to Allende, he was picked up by the police and taken in for a second questioning.

Says Simmons: "Hilda Villagomez's description of the murderer does not match me. The description she gave was changed by the prosecutor at my trial. At the Allende police station the commandant had a long argument on the telephone with some other official. Mancha told me the commandant kept saying 'This is not the man. He does not fit.' "

The facts: Hilda's description was recorded independently by three separate sources before Simmons was arrested. It was summarized in the Monterrey newspaper, *El Norte*, in the edition of October 14, and by the Associated Press under Monterrey datelines of October 14 and October 15. It was preserved in full in the files of the U.S. consulate at Monterrey in a long memorandum written by John Creedon, an FBI agent attached to the consulate, who was present when Hilda gave the original description. Simmons does not match the major points she gave the police. He has no gold teeth; his hair was black instead of blond; he was two inches shorter and 35 pounds lighter than the man she described; he had no scratches on his face; his car was the wrong make and four years too old. The court transcript shows, however, that the prosecution withheld all these points when it entered into evidence what it termed Hilda's description of her assailant. Only those items that could be construed as fitting Simmons—such as his age and his white shirt—were listed.

After his arrest in Allende, Simmons was locked in a mud hut that served as a cell. That night, he was removed by three police officers and driven out of town. He charges that they demanded that he confess the three killings and put a cocked gun to his forehead. "I told them they could kill me, but I would not confess a crime I knew nothing about."

The next morning he was taken to Monterrey, where he had his first contact with representatives of the U.S. consulate and his first experience with its "protection" service. That afternoon, with three consular officials looking on in silence, the Mexican authorities grossly violated Simmons' right to due process and irreparably wrecked his best opportunity to prove that he was innocent.

The Mexican authorities decided to take Simmons before the dying Hilda Villagomez to see if she could identify him. Although he bore little resemblance to the man she had described, this was a reasonable police procedure in view of the established fact that Simmons had been on the Monterrey highway the night of the murders. But it was a procedure that cried aloud for caution and objectivity. Hilda was severely wounded and emotionally distraught from her ordeal. She already had repeatedly "identified" another American as the killer. She had been shown a stack of 30 photographs of American criminals and had pointed out a fugitive on the FBI's Ten-Most-Wanted list as her assailant a number of times. Hospital attendants later reported that she flinched in terror when any strange male entered her room. Public passions were equally inflamed. A mob had assembled outside the hospital when the news got out that Simmons would be brought in for confrontation, and one of Hilda's relatives was seized in a hospital corridor with a loaded gun.

The Mexican penal code has a built-in safeguard against the errors that arise out of passion and prejudice. It spells out the manner in which the confrontation between a witness and a suspect in a capital crime must be conducted. The law declares that the suspect must be placed in a lineup, together with other individuals of the same general age, class, and clothing. This procedure is common to many countries besides Mexico. Requiring a witness to single out the suspect from a group strengthens the identification and reduces honest error or unconscious prejudice. The lineup thus serves a double function. It cuts down the chances that an innocent person will be falsely identified and increases the credibility of a firm identification based on selection from a group.

Says Simmons: "I was dressed in a white shirt and dark trousers and thrust in front of Hilda alone. I was flanked by Mexican authorities in their uniforms and by Mexican doctors in their hospital gowns."

The facts: Three years later and long after his conviction by the original court, an appellate court threw out the hospital confrontation as "an absurd procedure" and a "flagrant violation of the penal code." It nullified

Simmons' conviction on the grounds of this violation and ordered him retried. Then it returned his case to the court that had made the original error—which swiftly declared him guilty again.

Says Simmons: "Although I was standing alongside her hospital bed, I did not hear Hilda Villagomez say anything. I did not learn until later that she allegedly identified me."

The facts: Although the court record showed that a stenographer was present in the hospital room, no stenographic record of the confrontation was entered into evidence. Instead, the prosecutor, who conducted the illegal confrontation, testified to what Hilda Villagomez allegedly had said. He declared that she had identified Simmons immediately and repeatedly. In the files of the Monterrey consulate, however, is a memorandum written by a consular observer present in the hospital room. The memorandum declares: "*The girl's voice was practically inaudible. As Salinas* [the prosecutor] *asked questions he had to put his head down to her to hear the answers.*" Questioned on this passage, a consular official said, "It is logical to assume that the prosecutor *relayed* Hilda's answers to the other people in the room."

In a summary of the Simmons case that it distributed widely, the State Department omits these peculiar circumstances. The summary says only: "Simmons was taken before the dying girl, Hilda Perez Villagomez, who identified Simmons as the murderer. A United States consular official was present at the confrontation."

Says Simmons: "I did not have a lawyer when they dragged me into the hospital room. Although there were several American officials from the consulate present, none of them protested against the procedure."

The facts: The American Consul General at that time, John Killea, his successor, Richard Johnson, and the head of the Protection and Representation division of the Bureau of Consular Affairs in Washington, William R. Jochimsen, confirm that the Monterrey consulate did not intervene at the illegal confrontation. Killea, who was later transferred to protect Americans in Tijuana as Consul General, defended the failure of his Monterrey staff to protect Simmons' legal rights. "Foreign service officers are not lawyers," he said. "Most of them don't know the details of Mexican law, and they wouldn't know whether or not a procedure was legal. That would be a matter for Simmons' lawyer to raise."

State Department regulations contradict Killea. American consular officers have a limited but specific responsibility to American citizens abroad. One of their major duties, according to the Foreign Service Manual, is to "determine whether the American national's treatment"—when in legal difficulty—"was similar to that accorded to nationals of the foreign country." Every American consulate maintains a "protection division" for just that purpose. The consular agreement between the U.S. and Mexico provides that the consuls of each country are entitled to protest any discrimination

against their citizens under the law in the other country. If the American consular officials at Monterrey did not "know the details of Mexican law" they were not qualified to do the job for which American taxpayers—such as Simmons—support them abroad.

Interviewed in Washington, the chief protection officer in the consular service, Jochimsen, attributed the failure to protect Simmons' legal rights to the public passions aroused by the Villagomez murders. "Even if the consular officers had known that the Mexican law was being digressed," he told this writer, "they might not have intervened considering the circumstances. This has happened before in other countries and is likely to happen again." Jochimsen confirmed that "protection" officers being sent abroad are not instructed to familiarize themselves with the laws of the foreign country where they are to serve. And he declared that the State Department had made no changes in its instructions as a result of the Simmons case.

Neither Killea nor Jochimsen expressed concern over the impact the failure of the U.S. "protection" officers had on Simmons' case. Yet the hospital confrontation was plainly a crucial juncture in the Villagomez murder investigation. Conducted legally, it could have resolved beyond reasonable doubt Simmons' guilt or innocence. If Hilda had singled him out from five or six persons and firmly identified him, the case against him would have rested on direct and admissible evidence. If she had *failed* to identify him from a group, he might well have gone free then and there.

As it was, the prosecutor's account of the hospital confrontation was blazoned in the newspapers and cast a cloud of presumed guilt over Simmons. Says a Monterrey journalist, "After the confrontation, the case against Simmons got set in concrete. The police had their gringo, so why look further?"

Consul General Killea's contention that Simmons' lawyer should have protected his rights ignores one fact: Simmons had no lawyer when he was taken into the hospital room. American consulates are required to keep a list of competent local lawyers, and the Monterrey consulate had such a list. No one bothered to give it to Simmons when the consular officials conferred with him after his arrest. A memorandum in the consulate files reports that the list was presented to Simmons after the hospital scene—when the damage had been done. Two weeks later, Hilda Villagomez died. When the hospital fiasco was thrown out of court much later, there was no way to restage the confrontation properly.

The court record shows that the Mexican police, after checking a few vague leads, abandoned their investigation of the Villagomez murders shortly after Simmons' arrest.

Says Simmons: "When I saw how things were going, I asked if anyone had checked the Villagomez car for fingerprints. I never got an answer."

The facts: The Monterrey police grudgingly concede that the car

was not checked for prints, although Hilda had said that the killer had got in it and tried to start it. The car was left standing unguarded on the street at Sabinas Hidalgo the night of the murder. The next day, several hundred morbid sightseers swarmed over it and smudged any prints the killer might have left.

The highway murder was left with many loose ends. There was no murder weapon. None was ever found. Monterrey newspapers reported that police discovered tire tracks in front of the spot where the Villagomez car had stalled and that a police photographer took pictures of them. The police had Simmons' car for comparison, but no evidence about the tire tracks was entered at the trial. The tracks could have been checked by the FBI laboratory against standard factory tires for a 1958 Chevrolet—the car Hilda said the killer drove. If the tracks had proved to be those of a 1958 Chevrolet, that alone would have ruled out Simmons' car.

On this point, the U.S. consulate file contains a significant entry that never got before the court. On the afternoon of October 14, the day before Simmons was arrested, a consulate staff member talked to the chief of the Nuevo León judicial police, Julian Candanosa. Candanosa reported that his agents had located a Mexican engineer who had driven past the stalled Villagomez car on the night of the murders. The engineer noticed a car parked in front of the stalled auto and a man talking to the occupants. The engineer had thought nothing about what he had seen until he read about the crime the next day. Since Hilda said only one person stopped at the car, the man the engineer saw had to be the killer. When questioned by his agents, Candanosa reported to the consulate officer, the engineer declared that the car in front of the Villagomez auto was a "late model Chevrolet, light green in color."

This constituted independent cross-corroboration of Hilda's description of the killer's car as a make different from Simmons'. The consulate officer duly recorded Candanosa's information in a memorandum and turned it in at the U.S. consulate. There it was filed away.

Why did the U.S. consulate bury vital information that might have helped an American deep in trouble? "Simmons' defense was the responsibility of his lawyer," said a consulate spokesman. "Besides, the information was only hearsay." Why didn't the consulate make the information available to Simmons' lawyer, so he could call the engineer as a witness and question him? Says the spokesman: "To my knowledge, no one ever asked us for it."

Says Simmons: "The newspapers were full of wild stories after my arrest. They even reported that I had brought in a .22 gun and discussed it with a border guard, which was completely false."

The facts: Shortly after Simmons' arrest, the Monterrey newspapers headlined a sensational story to this effect. The story quoted the Mexican

guard at the border who had checked Simmons into the country. The police rushed the guard down to Monterrey to identify Simmons. This time, they placed Simmons in a lineup. The guard could not pick out Simmons from the group. When the American was pointed out to him, the guard said that Simmons *was not the man who had brought in the gun.* That man, said the guard, was tall, blond, and had gold teeth. Once the tall, blond man with the .22 was found not to be Simmons, he dropped out of the case. Nothing in the records indicates that he was sought or located, or that his .22 was checked ballistically against the slugs recovered from the Villagomez car.

Instead, the police concentrated on Simmons. The Monterrey police laboratory expert examined one of Simmons' shirts, found a spot on it, and announced that his analysis showed it to be blood. To nail down this finding, the shirt was sent out to the chemistry department of the University of Nuevo León. There the spot was retested and found *not* to be blood. Puzzled, the university chemists checked back with the police. They learned that the police "expert" had used the wrong chemical test—one that is not a specific for blood.

The same police expert gave Simmons a paraffin test to determine whether he had fired a gun. He reported a faint "positive" at two spots on one finger. This finding was cited by the judge who condemned Simmons to death, and by the Mexican Supreme Court, which declared that the "presence of gunpowder on the defendant's right hand constitutes a true fact." In a confidential analysis of the Simmons case, the State Department termed the paraffin test one of the "most important" factors that "led to the finding of guilt."

The paraffin test for gunpowder remnants actually is so unstable that competent crime experts consider it worthless. It can yield a strong "positive" from the hands of a man who has never fired a gun in his life. At a criminology seminar of Interpol, the noted international police organization, 50 crime-laboratory technicians concluded from years of experience that the paraffin test was of no value "as evidence to put before the court" or even as a guide to police in focussing on a suspect. Says a California crime-lab veteran of 25 years' experience. "I have used the paraffin test on a man immediately after he fired six shots from a handgun, and obtained a negative finding. I have had the test show a strong positive from a person who never fired a gun. In little words, the test is no damn good."

One other piece of circumstantial evidence to which the State Department attributed major importance was the testimony of two illiterate Mexican prostitutes. Shortly after Simmons was seized, police rounded up the two girls to whom Simmons had given a lift into Saltillo on the day after the murders. "Statements" from them, signed by their thumbprints, were entered as evidence in Simmons' trial. They declared that during the five minutes they were in his car they "observed" guns on the floor under the

front seat. Although they said they were sitting side by side in the rear seat, one said she saw "two guns" and the other claimed she saw "four guns." Four other Mexicans who were with Simmons before his arrest testified that they saw no guns on him or in his car.

In Monterrey this writer located a witness who declared that the testimony of the prostitutes was perjured. He was a photographer who was present when the two prostitutes were brought in from Saltillo to testify. The photographer says he overheard a Mexican official instructing the prostitutes on what they should say in their testimony. "After I heard their declarations, I questioned one of the girls," the photographer asserted. "I asked her if she actually had seen any guns in Simmons' car and she said she had not. I asked why she had testified to seeing guns and she said she did so because the official told her to do it." This writer has the name of the photographer, evidence establishing that he was present when the girls were brought to Monterrey, and a tape recording of his statement. In the recording, he names the Mexican official whom he accuses of procuring false testimony.

Simmons was tried and found guilty on March 1, 1961, by a one-judge court in Monterrey. This in itself violates Mexican law; the code provides that an accused person be tried within one year after he is formally charged with a crime. The State Department has weighed this and decided not to make a point of it on the grounds that Mexicans frequently violate this legal requirement.

"It was not a trial like we have in the United States," Simmons says. "People would get up and talk in Spanish and then someone would bring me some paper and ask me to sign it. I refused to sign anything. Most of the time I didn't know what was going on. I had no interpreter."

The U.S. consulate disavows any responsibility for Simmons' bewilderment when on trial for his life. Says a spokesman: "We do not provide interpreters. That was Simmons' responsibility."

Says Simmons: "There was no evidence connecting me with the Villagomez murders listed in the court's finding. I don't know how to establish my innocence when there is nothing to prove me guilty."

The facts: The court listed what it termed "19 circumstances" on which it said it based its verdict. Three American criminal lawyers and one California judge who have reviewed this list assert that, granting the accuracy of all "19 circumstances," they would not constitute sufficient evidence to hold a subject for trial in an American court. The court included such items as Simmons' "confession" that he occasionally in the past had stopped to help motorists in distress on the highway. It ignored his categorical statement that he never stopped at night. It cited as evidence against him his possession of a white shirt and dark trousers, his sleeping in his car on the Saltillo highway, and his failure to remain in Monterrey after listing that

city as his destination on his tourist card. That "circumstance of guilt" may dismay any American vacationer who has ever journeyed into Mexico. The official Mexican tourist handbook asserts that the familiar tourist card is good for travel anywhere within the Republic of Mexico.

The Mexican courts that convicted Simmons and rejected his appeal did not have to dispose of the most baffling aspect of the Villagomez murders—the purported confession of another American. The "confession" was never investigated by the Mexican police, and the subject did not get before any court. The man who reportedly made the confession was removed from Mexico in a bizarre series of events in which the consular service played a key role. It is a role that has never been fully reported, acknowledged, or explained.

Says Simmons: "A few weeks after I was arrested, the Monterrey newspaper carried a long story that a Texas doctor had confessed to the Villagomez murders. There were later stories that the doctor would be brought to Monterrey for questioning and investigation. Then, about a week later, the newspaper reported that a U.S. consulate officer had taken the doctor out of Mexico without any investigation."

The facts: On November 2, 1959, three weeks after the triple slaying on the Monterrey highway, a psychotic Texas doctor was arrested by Mexican police at an Indian village near Muzquiz. Muzquiz is a small town near the Texas border city of Eagle Pass, in the state of Coahuila. The doctor was arrested on a complaint that he was running naked through the Indian village, firing a .22 firearm. He was taken to Muzquiz and jailed.

On November 10, the Monterrey daily *El Norte* carried a story by two of its reporters, filed from Muzquiz. The story, headlined "DR.——— CONFESSES HE IS THE TRIPLE MURDERER," quoted the physician as saying that he had killed three people on the highway "and with you it will be four." The Muzquiz chief of police, Andres Vara Pena, supported this sensational development, declaring that he had heard the doctor's "confession." The reporters wrote that an inquiry at the Indian village where the doctor had been living disclosed that the doctor had been absent from there for a period of days before and after the date of the Villagomez murders.

On November 17, *El Norte* headlined a sudden turn of events. "WITHOUT INVESTIGATION, DR. ——— RECOVERS HIS LIBERTY." It reported that the doctor had been released at Muzquiz and escorted across the border into Texas by a U.S. consular officer, Harry Hargis, from the small consular post at Piedras Negras. The charges growing out of the shooting at the Indian village were dropped on the grounds that the doctor was demented. The story noted that the doctor was transported to the border in a consular car under restraint of a straitjacket. There he was transferred to an ambu-

lance and rushed to the Veterans Administration hospital at Waco. At Waco, he dropped out of the news, like a stone down a well, for almost four years.

Simmons and his distraught parents were stunned. The story about the doctor's "confession" had given Simmons' mother and father the first surge of hope after a month of tragic and bewildering news from Mexico. The news that the doctor had been freed without investigation outraged them; today, after more than six years, they complain bitterly that they have never been given an adequate explanation of what happened.

From his cell, Simmons embarked on a long and frustrating effort to learn why the doctor was removed from Mexico. He wrote to public officials in Mexico and the United States and finally aroused the interest of Sen. Ralph Yarborough of Texas, who requested the Monterrey consulate to explain what had happened.

Says Simmons: "The consular service reported that a police investigation had determined that the doctor could not have committed the murders because he was not at the scene of the killings on the night they happened. Since I was being held for the killings, I wanted to know what police had made the investigation, how they had determined the doctor's whereabouts, and where they had established that he had been the night of October 12. But nobody could answer these simple questions."

The facts: The American Consul General at Monterrey, John Killea, informed Senator Yarborough in a letter that ". . . police authorities had established that Dr. ——— was nowhere near the scene of the murder on the night of the incident. Furthermore, as personally investigated by Mr. Harry Hargis of the staff of the American Consulate in Piedras Negras, it was learned that Dr. ——— had never confessed to any murder and had no knowledge of any such killing. The only implication, a news story which appeared in Muzquiz to the effect that Dr. ——— had confessed, was proved to be entirely unfounded by Mr. Hargis and Mexican police authorities. . . ."

This letter, and many subsequent versions of it, had the effect of providing the doctor with an alibi. The alibi had the impressive authority of the U.S. consular service behind it, but it could not be verified because it lacked specific details. In the summer of 1963, this writer spent four weeks attempting to learn who had cleared the Texas doctor and how they had "established" his whereabouts. Neither the Monterrey consulate, the Piedras Negras consulate, nor the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City could give any details. They suggested that only Hargis knew who had "cleared" the doctor, and Hargis had long since left Mexico.

The writer traced Hargis to Seoul, Korea. In a trans-Pacific telephone call, Hargis flatly denied that *he* had established the doctor's whereabouts or that he knew of anyone who had. "We never determined the whereabouts of the doctor on the night of the murders," Hargis said. "We asked a lot of people, but we never pinned anything down."

Other information about the doctor supplied by the consulate collapsed under investigation.

Says Simmons: "For years, the consulate told everyone who asked about the doctor that he was undergoing psychiatric treatment at the V.A. hospital in Waco. But I couldn't get any information about him from the hospital there."

The facts: Simmons could learn nothing from Waco because the doctor was not there. He was transferred to the Houston V.A. hospital and released a few months after he was removed from Mexico. The writer traced him to Wichita Falls, Texas. Rather than "undergoing psychiatric treatment," the doctor was working as a staff physician at a state hospital. He denied the Villagomez murders, and declared that he had not been in that area of Mexico during the entire year of 1959. He said that he could not account for his whereabouts when the murders occurred because he had undergone electroshock treatment in the V.A. hospital that had impaired his memory. He declared that "much of that period in Mexico is like a patchy fog."

Meanwhile, teaming with another reporter, this writer had picked up the doctor's four-year-trail at two points. The doctor had appeared at the University of Texas in Austin several days before the Villagomez killings. He had shown up at a hotel in Eagle Pass, Texas, on October 17, five days after the murders.

The inability of the Texas doctor—or anyone else—to account for his whereabouts on October 12 does not imply any involvement in the Villagomez killings. It no more incriminates the doctor than Simmons' inability to produce witnesses to *his* whereabouts that night incriminates Simmons.

What remained unexplained was the U.S. consulate's peculiar action in giving the doctor an alibi that no one could support. In Mexico City, Ambassador Thomas Mann became disturbed by this. A few days after this writer had discussed the puzzle with an embassy official, the ambassador ordered the entire Simmons file brought from Monterrey to the embassy, and began an investigation of the strange handling of the Texas doctor. Instead of assigning the job to an agency such as the FBI, however, Ambassador Mann delegated it to a member of his own staff. The grave nature of the assignment was disclosed in a later report. "In view of the possibility that Simmons might be condemned to death for a crime committed by another American citizen," the report stated, "the embassy has made an exhaustive investigation of (the doctor's) whereabouts for the period covering October 12, 1959."

The embassy's investigator spent several months on his assignment. He filed two reports; a preliminary review and a final report. Both reports have been classified by the State Department, which refuses to make them public. Although they deal with a subject, by the embassy's own statement, that

could affect Simmons' ultimate fate, the State Department declines to make their contents available to Simmons.

This writer, however, obtained access to them. Their contents make it abundantly apparent why the State Department has clamped a lid of secrecy on them. They confirm some of his bitterest charges.

Says the report: "In early correspondence on the Simmons case, the Consulate General at Monterrey was stating that the Mexican police had established that [the doctor] could not have been at the scene of the murder on the night in question and that the source of his reported 'confession' was a Mexican police official who was merely interested in the reward offered for the capture of the Villagomez murderer. There is nothing in the files here (at Mexico City), at Monterrey, or Piedras Negras, however, to support this statement. . . ."

The Consul General at Monterrey had assured Senator Yarborough that the doctor "had never confessed to any murder," and this statement was repeated and paraphrased in dozens of other letters from the Monterrey consulate. The secret report, however, declared: "Monterrey's files include a notation that [the doctor] had 'repeatedly confessed, to the killing of three Mexicans on October 12. The drafting officer added that credence was lent to the confession by [the doctor's] possession of a .22 rifle, his resemblance to the description of the killer, and his absence from Muzquiz for over a week during the time of the killings."

The bulk of the report dealt with the efforts of the State Department's investigator to learn the doctor's whereabouts on the day of the murder. He wound up at the same blank wall as this writer. The investigator "established that [the doctor] checked into a boardinghouse . . . in Austin on about October 9." Attached to the secret report were a series of statements taken from people at Austin who recalled the doctor's brief appearance there. None of the witnesses, however, could establish the doctor's whereabouts from the morning of October 11—the day before the murders—until several days after the murders.

From a student who lived at the boardinghouse where the doctor stopped, the investigator got the following statement: "What I remember concretely about [the doctor's] visit to the University is that . . . he was absent from the boardinghouse from October 11 until the middle of the week when he was present again. I remember hearing other people say . . . that [he] was going on a trip on October 11, I think to Mexico. I also recall hearing that he could not start his car on Sunday morning, October 11, and I remember being told that he had had car trouble and could not take his own car and may have taken someone else's car on this trip. When I saw [the doctor] during the middle or latter part of the week, I have the impression

that he told me, in the course of a conversation, that he thought he had been responsible for a crime committed during this trip. . . ."

The report thus confirms—although it does not acknowledge—Simmons' six-year complaint that the U.S. consulate gave the doctor a fictitious alibi. It then swiftly sweeps the whole unpleasant affair under the rug with a deductive broom. It relates that a check of all Mexican border entry points for October 11 and October 12, 1959, showed that there was no record of the doctor entering Mexico. The report summarizes: "The embassy has concluded that there is no evidence that [the doctor] was in Mexico on the night of October 12."

No doubt this is literally true, but a trained investigator would point out a gaping hole in the logic that led to that conclusion. The State Department made the border check *four years* after the murders. An FBI agent with long experience in Mexico declares: "The Mexicans don't pay much attention to paperwork. You can't depend on an entry check four weeks after the date, let alone four years."

This is the record of the State Department's protection of one American in trouble abroad. Last year the State Department quietly reviewed the Simmons case and decided that it would not protest to the Mexican government. With its own record of bungling, failure, and misrepresentations of vital facts, the State Department could hardly complain about the quality of justice dispensed by the Mexican government. And thus Dykes Simmons is left naked to his fate in an alien land.

When the Mexican Supreme Court upheld Simmons' conviction in the spring of 1965, the governor of Nuevo León announced that he was willing to commute the death sentence to 30 years in prison. By Mexican standards, this offer was hardly tempered with leniency. The European Communist agent Ramon Mercader, who sank an ax in Leon Trotsky's brain at his Mexican villa, got off with 20 years. And the Trotsky assassination was an open-and-shut case of cold-blooded political murder, in which the slayer was caught red-handed and confessed.

As of this writing, Simmons' sentence has not been commuted. He lives on, in the tiny, sweltering cell, in a legal limbo. The death sentence can be executed at any time by the order of the governor. Simmons continues to write letters of protest, but he gets fewer and fewer answers. He has charged, on a number of occasions, that he has been beaten by prison guards.

One afternoon, his mother and two friends went to the prison to visit him. He was not in his cell. Some Mexican prisoners pointed silently up a narrow stairway that leads to a few cramped cubicles up under the roof. These are for solitary confinement, which Mexicans call "*separo*."

The women found him lying unconscious in a drying pool of his own

blood. "He was frightfully beaten," his mother said later. "He had lain there unconscious since that morning. I would not have recognized him, except for his shirt, and I thought he was dead."

The women went to the prison director and complained. "He told us," said Mrs. Simmons, "that my son must have injured himself."

The women called the American consulate and reported what had happened. This time, the consular service swung into action.

"We wrote an official letter of protest to the director," says a Monterrey consular spokesman. "And to indicate our disapproval, *we wrote it in English.*"

Conrad Knickerbocker

Swinging The Paradise Street Blues: Malcolm Lowry in England

Editor's Note:

On Saturday, April 2, 1966, Conrad Knickerbocker died of a self-inflicted wound from a .22 rifle in his garage in Westfield, New Jersey. He was thirty-seven, and had come East from Kansas City shortly after Christmas with his family (married twice, he had three children) to work as a front-rank book critic for *The New York Times*. But Kansas City was the place he called home, and New York wasn't easy for him. Born in Berlin, the son of the famous correspondent H. R. Knickerbocker, his early years were spent in traveling; Kansas City was the first place he had really settled. He worked for the *Kansas City Star* and Hallmark Greeting Cards, and published book criticisms in many papers, in addition to his own work in *Life*, *Esquire* and *The New York Times*. He was particularly noted for his articles describing the movement in American literature he called "Black Humor."

Conrad Knickerbocker was a friend and advisor to the editors of this magazine, and contributed an outstanding interview with William Burroughs in # 35. This issue, with his article on Malcolm Lowry—a writer whose disordered and footloose life had great fascination for him—is dedicated to his memory. The article is prefaced by a prospectus which Knickerbocker submitted in 1964 after having visited England.

—G.A.P.

Besides being one of the great talents of this century, Malcolm Lowry was also a ferocious drunk, fallen and exiled heir to the back parlor of the Establishment, seastruck fumble-thumbed sailor, composer of hack foxtrots

and banger of jazz ukeleles, remittance man, syphilophobe, masturbator, poet, myth-maker and Faust. Despite the success of Under the Volcano, *few knew him or cared when he died in 1957, because after Mexico and his discovery of the Consul in himself, he bowed out and at last became only a writer.*

I spent last May in England, seeking the young Lowry as he was before the Fall. He came to manhood in the late 1920's and early 1930's, when Sebastian Flyte's teddy-bear was no epicene gesture but a profound symbol, and Aleister Crowley, the Great Beast 666, was a more appealing personage to undergraduates than any lecturer. Lowry traveled the conventional routes —public school at The Leys, where James Hilton had found his Mr. Chips in one of those unbelievable housemasters, and St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, where Lowry's supervisor was the second most boring don in England. But even then he was beginning to move toward his own horizon. Still a schoolboy, he shipped as a deckhand to the Orient, moved in on Conrad Aiken as spiritual son, and wrote a novel.

He came down from Cambridge to literary London. His father, the incarnation of the worst of the imperial middle class, forced him to live in temperance hotels, but he attended clever luncheons in Charlotte Street, and hung on Liam O'Flaherty's shoulder in the pubs of Fitzrovia.

My article would not be a straight biographical segment, but rather a report of the process of my discovery of the young Lowry, a gradual intensifying of the lights until he emerges from the shadows. Lowry would remain center stage, but the other participants, as I encountered them, would be the people who remembered him. How they remembered him reveals what England has come to. He disappeared before Munich; he did not grow old with them; hence their memories are clearer, sadder, and happier. The young Lowry represented a kind of brilliant youthfulness and gaiety that England seems incapable of today. Now Rotting Hill extends beyond all city limits, and Lowry's memory magnifies this knowledge.

The period covered would be 1927 to 1933, Lowry from eighteen to twenty-five. Hopefully, the structure and tempo would be somewhat those of an epiphanous short story. The piece would be all fact, but mood and tenor is what I'd be after—past contrasting to present.

—Conrad Knickerbocker
December 11, 1964

On the night of June 26, 1957, Malcolm Lowry pitched forward and died, and his body lay on the floor all night amid a gin bottle's broken splinters. His big novel, *Under the Volcano*, had been published ten years before, and somebody called him a genius then, but after the inquest—"death by misadventure"—only eight people attended his country-church funeral. *The*

Brighton Argus ran a few paragraphs under the headline, "She Broke Gin Bottle." *The Times* did not cover it.

So *la mordida*, the bite of corruption about which he was always talking, found him, not in a *cantina* nor aboard ship nor facing the Pacific, but in an eighteenth-century cottage in a Sussex village. He had come home at last to England. After his death they started calling him genius again. They called his novel "vivid and relentless and murderous and beautiful." They started mentioning him in the same breath with Joyce and Faulkner, until somebody had to say *Under the Volcano* was the finest novel in English since the war, and finally, that it was one of the few great novels of the century. The legend began, the legendary tone, as though he had actually been grim, this man who once loved the Memphis Five above all, as though he had found a new map of hell. They talked about "demons" and "vision" as though he had marched off to a crucifixion. They remembered. "My God, I never saw a man who could get so drunk. He would sit for hours listed forty-five degrees to starboard, and then, when you thought he was completely gone, he would say, 'Now hast thou but one bare hour to live, and then thou must be damned perpetually.' "

I was seven years too late. Everyone was too late for Malcolm Lowry. The name of my 707 was the *Kinchinjunga*. As on all trans-Atlantic flights, a drunken young German stood all night at the bar, and finally the stewardesses put on Macy's sweaters over their saris. We rushed into the dawn at two-thirty in the morning. When the *Kinchinjunga* began to descend, England in a rare bright sun looked so green and orderly that one might expect to die there only by appointment in a fine bed surrounded by heirs.

The new England: chalk on a wall, "Vote labour and have a nigger for a neighbour." The old: jugged hare at Rule's; in a corner houndstooth jacket haw-hawing with huge feather hat over lashings of brandy. Lowry might once have recognized a similar scene, before the fall, before the booze and Mexico, but instead he went to a shack on the water near Vancouver, where he swam every day, and talked only to fishermen so that he might live without drinking and go on revising draft after draft of *Volcano*. In the book, Geoffrey Firmin, a drunken British Consul stranded in a Mexican town like Cuernavaca, staggers to his death like a dog, fallen magician in the final exile. His half-brother Hugh, chronic observer and on-the-roader but still whole, can't circumvent the Consul's doom. Lowry was both men, consumed by his characters. He always said he felt as though he were being written. I had come to England to find out what he had been like before the Consul took charge.

He was born in the family home at Caldy, Cheshire, on July 28, 1909, with three upstanding older brothers and an iron tyrant of a father who made a fortune as a Liverpool cotton broker. Arthur O. Lowry, who signed himself, "your affectionate Dad," was not big rich, but rich enough

to afford Inglewood, a fifteen-room Tudor oaken-beamed house with the usual large and valuable grounds, and to give his sons those advantages that in England either make or break you.

Liverpool rambles along the banks of the Mersey River, and has place-names like Knotty Ash and the Cast Iron Shore. They think of that lot down South as the English, and Lowry once said he would rather have yaws than go through all that again. I telephoned Stuart Lowry, a loyal-to-Dad retired cotton broker, the only brother Malcolm had spoken to and vice versa.

"You sound like a gentleman," Stuart Lowry said. "If you're writing a biography, just say that he was very much wanted and loved, really. He tended to overdramatize his parents. He'd go around with his hand clenched, pretending he was a pirate with a hook. Mother loved him. Let sleeping dogs lie. I respect you Americans; after all, I lived in Dallas five years. Lots of oil and cotton down there. You sound tired after your trip. Have a highball." Click. I had two highballs, remembering that Lowry had laughed, even though he was unlimbering in a mental hospital near London, because his father had died of cirrhosis of the liver, and Dad, expert Methodist swimmer, had never taken a drink in his life. Stuart Lowry also forgot to mention the raree show of social disease on Paradise Street, full of bottled deformities, where young Malcolm had the sexual bejeesus scared out of him semipermanently, so that most of the time in those early days he felt sure the spirochetes were boring away at his vital parts, and it was a choice of whiskey or paresis.

"Those Wirral people are a hard lot," a lady told me on the train to Cambridge. His parents had shipped him off at the age of seven, standard toughening-up procedure, but he couldn't have been too sorry. A few months before his death, he told a friend that the nursemaid in charge at Inglewood used to take him to a secluded corner of the garden and beat him and twist his arm. He wondered if *that* had anything to do with all the trouble later.

He first went to Caldicote, a preparatory school of about one hundred students, at Hitchin, a small town twenty-five miles southwest of Cambridge. No one remembers how he got the nickname of Lobs. A classmate recalls that at the age of ten, Lobs was somewhat "fat and clumsy, with a very uncertain temper. He appeared to be quite unmoved by an elder brother's achievement in playing rugger for England, and was not particularly interested in or good at athletic pursuits. Nor was he a very enthusiastic scout." Just an average defiant, tormented English boy.

I got off the train, and for a bit sat with the German scientists on the lawn in back of the Garden House, watching the undergraduates punting on the Cam. Some shaggy, others muscular, none exquisite, they poled through the dark water, and the ones with a good sense of timing were the best, had the prettiest girls lolling in the punt. I walked along the Backs to The Leys School, where from 1923 to 1927 Lowry had tried to live up to Dad's

expectations. In the distance, across a playing field of that unbelievable clipped grass, an occasional muted cry, like a bird's, came from the figures in white who were playing cricket.

Maurice F. Howard, the careers master of the school, showed me a dining hall which once was the study hall in which Lowry's gaze had wandered, and pointed out the window of his dormitory in West House. I paused before a plaque honoring William Henry Balgarnie, "The Balf," who for James Hilton, another Leysian, had become Mr. Chips. Actually, The Balf had never found a Greer Garson, but he was beloved anyway. He encouraged Clarence Malcolm Lowry to write under the pseudonym of Camel in *The Leys Fortnightly*, stories, poems and wry, sardonic coverage of hockey and rugby matches. I looked at old photographs of Lowry in school plays as Percy in *Tilly of Bloomsbury* and General Fairfax in *Oliver Cromwell*, and read little notices that Lowry had spoken before the Literary and Debating Society on the subject, "That this Society deplores the literary tastes of the modern schoolboy." Howard was a vigorous, discreet classics master, and he had little to say about *Under the Volcano*. As we sat on a bench outside the tuck shop drinking orange squashes and watching the vigorous, discreet schoolboys, I realized that this healthy school, founded in 1875 by the Rev. H. Bisseker, M.A., simply had no instruments to record the passing through of someone like Lowry. When the mathematicians and soldiers and civil servants and clergymen and solicitors gathered at meetings of the Old Leysian Union, no plaques bearing his name would be unveiled nor toasts drunk to his memory. I went back and joined the Germans drinking gin-and-tonics on the Garden House lawn. After dinner, while I was strolling on Trumpington Street, someone handed me a handbill, "Witchcraft Prevalent at Oxford."

The next day I climbed two flights to see T.R. Henn in his study at St. Catherine's College, where Lowry had taken third class honors in 1932, the kind of tripos that goes to the dumb rich or to brilliant wasters. Henn was a Yeats scholar, rosy, mustached, with a military limp, the kind of don who has kept Cambridge going since the year one, the kind Central Casting sends over when one asks for a Cambridge don. Roll-top desk, floor to ceiling books, books in a lazy-Susan bookcase, tripos examination papers all over, and pale scholastic light illuminating the sherry, whiskey, and gin bottles by the window. In 1929, Henn had been director of studies in English for St. Catherine's and Trinity, and was Lowry's supervisor for two years. Supervisor: the Man, inquisitor, crammer, psychoanalyst of sorts, who meets with his undergraduates once a week ostensibly to hear an essay, but actually to wrestle with all the infinities, to assign, chivvy, bully, and inspire.

First off, a fast sherry, and the fact that Henn had been a brigadier in the war, had served in Italy with a brave little fellow from Harvard. *Very* good show, the war. Lowry was apt to turn up late or not at all for super-

visions. "He was a tough person, slow-spoken, rather idle. I was not impressed by the quality of his writing. Cambridge favors fast starters; he was a slow starter. He collected a number of gate bills—small fines for returning to college late, after the gates were closed at night. I *was* impressed by the eccentricity of his vacation plans. He was always shipping off somewhere."

Just once in supervisions, Lowry had done it Henn's way, had given his all for Cantab. and St. Cat's. Discussing the medieval ballad, he cited a seaman's ditty, itself a variation on a music hall song, that had turned up in a fo'c'sle. This illustrated the subterranean life of ballads, and proved to Henn's satisfaction that Lowry was paying attention.

"He made quite a good point there. But he didn't take much part in college life. He wasn't an oarsman. And you know, after graduation, *he never came back*." Never came back to chuckle with the physicists over what a good show the war had been. Nor, I suppose, had he made bright talk at Henn's Monday night at-homes over coffee, fruit, and snuff. Henn used to read poetry aloud with I. A. Richards. Nice. Henn was official, the voice and guardian of the institution, and the institution does not cherish those who do not cherish it. Cambridge: bikes, beer, gowns knotted over the shoulder, one billion paperbacks, the feet of reverent German tourists shuffling through King's Chapel, little plastic statues of the Beatles in the shop windows on Market Street; and all that legend—Isherwood dropping his copy of Bishop Stubbs into the Cam—and wit, "Unspeakably lovely, and no one speaks to you," and charm. Marvelous. A dream to which Lowry of course could never return, having never dreamt it in the proper way.

If institutions couldn't remember him except as a footnote, try the people. London *hoicks!* Soho, Bloomsbury, tea, chops, Teazy-Weazy, talk, monocles, small dogs. At last, looking down Park Lane, I saw approaching through the twilight the true Waughian vision—a white drophead Rolls driven by an Arabian prince wearing sunglasses, the golden cords binding his robes, undergraduates lounging beside him in the leather—but in the same glance I saw Trader Vic's and Wimpy's. The Rolls disappeared behind a dented 1953 Cadillac. "A corpse shall be transported by express," the pentameter of *Volcano.*

I met Ronald Hill in the lobby of the Piccadilly Hotel, and he carefully ordered a cup of coffee while I hurled down a large gin and asked for another. Ronnie Hill: popular singer for the BBC before the war; wrote for radio; scored revues. "One day when I was fifteen, I was playing the piano in the music room at The Leys, and Malcolm came in. He stood listening and then brought his ukelele, although he insisted on calling it a taropatch. We started to play jazz, 'hot music' it was called. He was seventeen, a subprefect; so he had made some sort of accommodation with authority. I revered him. He was a sort of trend-setter in a mildly daring way. He and Michael Rennie —unlikely pair—introduced trousers with turn-ups and also pointed sideburns.

"One of our favorite tunes was 'Hindu Babe,' full of rhythmic breaks, and Lobs always passed wind during the breaks. Remarkable. He was allowed to perform at the year-end concert, an honor, but without the gas. We started writing tunes together and paid a few pounds to have our songs printed. I believe one was actually performed once on the BBC. Then he went to sea in May, 1927, as a deckhand bound for China. One day in October, a friend rushed up and said, 'Lowry is back and he's in your bathroom.' I found Malc roaring drunk, wearing a seaman's windbreaker, shouting songs at the top of his voice, and playing his uke. I was terrified. He'd moved into a man's world, and I was still a schoolboy.

"He had wanted to go to Christ's, and as a result, I did too, but after the bathroom episode, I was greatly relieved when he went to St. Cat's instead. He visited me once in Cambridge when I was living in digs in New Square. I was by then frightened of him. He seemed full of suppressed violence, and I didn't want to be possessed. So I was unfriendly, and he was hurt. I didn't see him again."

"Possessed, my God!" Hill began to laugh softly to himself, sipping his coffee. He was trim and taut, but with two gins in me and wanting another, I began to imagine that something terrific, quite enormous had happened to him along the way. Something huge had happened to all England. These were aftermath people, recuperating, having to be damned careful. Waiting in queue for a telephone at Fortnum & Mason's, a lady had asked me why I had come here. She couldn't imagine. She really wanted to know. I said good-bye to Hill, and a few moments later caught a glimpse of him in the crush on Piccadilly, walking erect and thoughtful, more than alone, a man careful to be in full control. Possession. Vision. Demons. London had rarely figured in Lowry's work. In Mexico, Hugh Firmin had remembered Bolowski's "shabby little shop" on New Compton Street, imagining the thousand sheets of his songs rotting in the shop window. No comedian would ever sing the tunes of "the schoolboy composer" at the Birkenhead Hippodrome.

I ate chicken *Jeannette* and drank a bottle of wine at a restaurant presided over by a Levantine with a spurious French accent, and then went in search of John Davenport, book and drama critic, man of letters, large capacity, large memory, one of Lowry's best friends at Cambridge. He moved through all the pale shades of London, and finding him was a matter of phone calls, notes left here and there, tips, clues. A matter of enough gins to connect with the world of mystical correspondences, black and white magics, terrible cabalistic coincidences, signs, portents, all the manifestations of an incomprehensible deity by which Lowry had guided his life. Crossing the Lowry barrier. Late that afternoon, at last available to the Demiurge, Cambridge remembered, Liverpool forgotten, I closed in on Davenport across all of London, finding him at the end of a corridor, slumped in his overcoat

in a chair of the waiting room of a somber, tattered place in Whitehall Court called the Authors' Club. He was staring out the window at a sooty wall.

"You must remember that Malcolm was a masturbator," were virtually his first words to me. We immediately had gone to the club bar, and were hunched over in some sort of Elizabethan pew. He kept on his overcoat. "Middle, *middle* class origins. He hated The Leys, all that Wesleyan heartiness. I first met him in Robin Fedden's rooms at Magdalene during the October term of 1929. 'Are you Mr. Fedden?' he said. 'No,' I replied. 'John Davenport.' 'Oh, yes, the poet.' And we had drinks, many drinks.

"I had only three fights with him—horseplay, really. When drunk he would reach a psychotic stage of infantile self-absorption, and his monologues would become longer and more convuluted until finally he would fall under what I called a 'Malcolmspell,' and fisticuffs were the only cure.

"He was muscular and had huge hockey player's thighs, so that he wasn't able to walk any distance without chaffing himself. He would lock himself in his rooms for days with whiskey and sardines and read the novels of B. Traven until I could get him out for a short stroll. He was always making embarrassing gestures, insisting that we become blood brothers with appropriate ceremonials, things like that.

"Don't let *Volcano* deceive you, or the way things turned out; he had friends; they loved him. The whole Conrad Aiken thing, for instance. You remember the first letter Malcolm wrote to Aiken. It began, 'I have lived only nineteen years and all of them more or less badly.' And Malc's voyage to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and their beano on bootleg gin the first night, and Malc tossing Conrad into the fireplace, thereupon fracturing the great poet's skull. Conrad came to England in 1930, and Malcolm's father simply gave up and put him in charge, paid him six pounds a week to act *in loco parentis*. Conrad and Malcolm were natural father and son, obsessively so.

"Malcolm tried to keep Conrad and me apart; I think he feared conspiracy. Once, when I was set to go down to Conrad's home, Jeakes House, in the village of Rye, Malcolm sent a telegram saying, 'Conrad tired, twisted, tortured. Avoid these darks and danks.' When I met Conrad in 1934 and mentioned this, he said Malcolm had told him I'd disappeared abroad.

"And Wynyard Browne, later a successful playwright; Kathleen Raine, Hugh Sykes-Davies, and then William Empson and all those people in Charlotte Haldane's circus. And James Travers, a vague, amiable boozer, rather rich and languid, worshipped Malcolm; he later died in a burning tank in North Africa. Travers once drove his car through the front door of the Ship Inn at Rye while Malcolm and Conrad were boozing inside. Tom Neeves, the proprietor, rushed from behind the bar biting his little finger and shrieking, 'Oh, we can't have that! We *can't!*'

"Nor was it all beer at the Bath or the Eagle or the Maypole. Malcolm published several stories in *Experiment*, and he had completed a draft of his

first novel, *Ultramarine*, by January, 1930. It was a perfectly straightforward account of his trip to China. (He was a terrible sailor, incidentally. He started off as a coal trimmer, lowest of the low. He had no ambition to be an A. B. seaman. He was interested only in the amniotic mythos of the sea.) But after he finished the first draft, he started all that collage, the fault, too, of his big book. Ah, well, all of it was very long ago. I must go to the theater."

Davenport's eyes had turned cloudy in the haze of the bar; it was the kind of place in which one expected pigeons to fly around. I paid for the drinks, and stopped at the Grosvenor House to pick up some laundry. When I arrived at the Cadogan Hotel, the hall porter said a gentleman was waiting to see me in the bar. It was Davenport, sitting erect and massive in his overcoat, sipping a large whiskey.

"I forgot to tell you," he said in his soft, rich voice, resonant beyond breeding, beyond Cambridge, beyond literature, the once eternal sound of civilization, but also faintly menacing. "I forgot to tell you, Conrad and I finally decided what it was about Malcolm. It was simply that he hadn't wanted to be born at all. 'Never to have lived is best, ancient writers say . . . The second best's a gay goodnight and quickly turn away.' "

He vanished into the night in his overcoat to review a troop of African dancers, and I roared to the East End and paid the urchins not to steal the expensive Jaguar hubcaps and elbowed through one thousand Americans escaping the tourists at the Prospect of Whitby. After a steak and chips, I drank whiskey on the little porch overhanging the Thames. The warehouse cranes stood black against a thin moon. "I too have heard the sea sound in strange waters—*sh-sh-sh* like the hush in a conch shell," the nineteen-year-old endurer of a bad life had written in one of his first letters to Aiken. " 'And silently there above us,' " he had quoted, " 'beyond our dreams and knowledge, Presences swept, and over us streamed their shadows.' "

A terrible clangor begins to rise from certain parts of London after midnight. I went to the Jack of Clubs in Brewer Street. An American Negro sang Sinatra-a-go-go and soft-shoed, and a middle-aged English couple at the next table rolled in their chairs, giggling hopelessly. A nearly empty bottle of bourbon sat on their table. The lady took off her hat and spun it across the room. I wondered what would happen if I became drunk and fell down in the street, as the Consul had on the Calle Nicaragua. As with him, would a kindly Englishman come along in an MG Magna, illegitimately wearing a Trinity tie, to offer a nip of Burke's Irish? My fellow survivors chattered with guilty joy. The air was filled with snickers and shouts, and a kind of hurt nostalgia that no one could bear to talk about. *La mordida:* spiritual violence.

Dissolve slowly through bank holiday with all of London lying on the grass. In Trafalgar Square, a beautiful young mod in velvet pants ignored

a band of evangelists shouting into a loudspeaker. A shuffling man waved a placard, "The Wicked Shall Be Turned Into Hell." I met Martin and Ralph Case, brothers, closest nonliterary friends of Lowry's, at the Duke of York in Upper Rathbone Place. Major Alf Klein was behind the bar. "That," said Martin Case, pointing to a Great Dane lying under a table, "is a direct descendant of the original Hound of the Baskervilles. I mean actually. His great-grandfather, or something, appeared in the movie." Young men with nature-boy hair lay full length on the sidewalk in front of the pub, cradling their heads on their guitars. Lowry had drunk here, hanging on Liam O'Flaherty's shoulder, during his first year down from Cambridge, living in marvelous seedy digs in Devonshire Street, being a young novelist, roistering with the king swingers. Martin Case had taken a double first in physical sciences at Cambridge in 1927, and was doing research work in biochemistry under J. B. S. Haldane when John Davenport brought Lowry around to Charlotte Haldane's salon at Roebuck House on the banks of the Cam. Case had played piano in the University dance band, and Malcolm and Martin became immediate friends over Mrs. Haldane's magnificent piano.

Lowry never went home to Caldy during vacations, and Case brought him to the Case family's big Victorian house in the Birmingham suburb of Edgbaston for the Christmas vacation of 1930. "I want you to meet a true syphilophobe," Martin had told Ralph. Lowry arrived at New Street station in a blue shirt that appeared to have been worn three months, nor did he change it during his stay. On the way home they passed Needless Alley. A good title, Malcolm observed, for a jazz tune.

"Malcolm talked about syphilis so much that Mrs. Haldane thought he was actually infected. Not true, of course," Martin said, keeping an eye on the Great Dane. "He was terrified of girls, except in the most idealistic, remote way. I once tried to introduce him to a girl, a literary type, at Birmingham University, but he wouldn't go near her. He finally became angry because he thought we were making fun of him. He simply couldn't believe anyone wanted to meet him, nor was he ever able to accept the fact that his talents commanded great respect in others.

"At Cambridge, he lived in digs on Bateman Street for a couple of years. He would occasionally sleep on the floor under a table, wearing an old trilby Ralph gave him, because it reminded him of being in a ship's bunk. Malcolm's landlord had a clubfoot, which of course Malcolm attributed to syphilis, and he could hardly bear to eat or drink anything the landlord had touched.

"One night late we were on our way back to Malcolm's digs from the Cambridge station. A hideous old bag—which meant she must have been thirty—waylaid Malcolm, and the two disappeared behind a shed in a builder's yard on Bateman Street. Later, he said it had been a marvellous experience, being tossed off with a fur glove."

We left the Duke of York just as a black police car pulled up to clear

the beatniks off the walk. We strolled over to the Fitzroy in Charlotte Street. Fitzrovia: the name appears on no maps, but once, before the lino and chrome, the Fitzroy was headquarters for many artists and writers. Fitzrovia was not really Soho, nor Bloomsbury, but an indeterminate area—and state of mind—bordering on both of them. T. E. Lawrence drank there. Everybody did.

We settled in over pints of bitter, and Martin, keeping an eye on the girls holding hands in the corner, continued. "In his Cambridge days, Malcolm worshipped physical prowess of any kind. He used to practice with his barbell in his digs, dropping it to the floor with a tremendous crash and much ceiling plaster. When he found I could do one of those difficult tricks with the barbell that taxed him considerably, he was lost in admiration. Typical of him that he should congratulate me instead of being jealous.

"He decided that he would teach me boxing. Beginning scientifically, correctly, academically, usually outside the Red Cow, our session would degenerate into bare-knuckle slogging matches, without the slightest ill-will. Then we would repair with black eyes and split lips to the bar.

"For all that, Malcolm was enormously strong. In 1932, I had received my Ph.D. and I was tatting about London with Malc, trying to find a job. One day we were walking along some street off Charing Cross Road. Malcolm was feeling particularly persecuted and wronged that afternoon. While we were passing a horse standing in the shafts of a cart, the horse made one of those snorting, raspberry, rubberlip sounds that horses do, unutterably contemptuous, derision of the Fates. Beasts and inanimate objects were always conspiring against Malcolm. He swung. His fist connected just below the cart-horse's ear, and the animal quivered and sank to its knees. Although no real harm was done to the horse, Malcolm was overwhelmed with a remorse that lasted for weeks."

Amid the smoke and beer, and in that latitude the long twilight that encouraged inventory, the three of us began to count up the losses. Martin Case had finally signed on for Kenya to help jack up the price of coffee there; the depression market had been poor for brilliant biochemists. Now he was in charge of the pathology lab at Wormwood Scrubbs prison, too old, he said, to join the brain drain. Ralph Case had performed surgery around the clock during the Blitz. Once he had played hot piano with bands in dance halls in Birmingham and Brighton.

We rolled around to the Marquis of Granby, which once had an old upright piano on which Ralph had accompanied Malcolm in such original Lowry numbers as "That's What I Mean."

"He was the kind of man," Ralph said, "one meets once or twice in a lifetime if one's lucky. He had a defenseless air that was irresistible. He placed himself in one's hands. The result was that various people were always adopting him. In those days, he was a perennial mascot.

"The three of us loved neologisms, and he was always twisting the language askew. Words like 'biniculars' and 'vetroloquist' left us, for some reason, gasping with laughter. They later turned up in *Ultramarine*, and the proofreader carefully corrected them. His own followers, people such as James Travers, cultivated what was known as a Malcolm-voice and also Malcolm-staggering, a strange little to-and-fro dance of joy he would perform when he first walked up to a bar.

"Malcolm's trustfulness made him the perfect butt for practical jokes. As a medical student, I had a textbook which depicted the effects of *adiposa dolorosa*, a particularly repellent type of obesity. I gravely diagnosed his slight beer gut as the first symptom, and he took it seriously for all of five minutes.

"He was frightened of people in charge. Once when we went into the University Club in Birmingham to wash up, Malcolm disappeared into a cubicle, and I decided to impersonate the janitor, yelling in a janitorial voice, 'I'm pretty well fed up with these buggers stinking with drink!' Malcolm cowered in the cubicle and would not come out until we told him the pubs closed in ten minutes. He was also terrified of facing his father's agents in London to collect his allowance. His father made only one stipulation, and that was that Malcolm had to present himself in person to receive the money. As a result, he frequently starved before he could pull himself together sufficiently to go around to see them."

The pub had turned brighter and louder, and we decided to go to The Wheatshead in Rathbone Place. On the way over, through the beginning of night, I asked Martin about the missing manuscript of *Ultramarine*. Ian Parsons, then a reader at Chatto & Windus, had left the MS unattended for a moment in a briefcase, and the briefcase was stolen from his auto.

"I received an incoherent telephone call from Malcolm saying that his work of years had gone for nought," Martin said. "He had kept no carbon, which was typical. He had no sense of practicalities. Once I saw him in a telephone booth, shouting into the wrong end of the receiver. When he learned his manuscript was gone, he blindly caught the first train to Birmingham. I had spent many days helping him by typing out the final fair copy, and secretly I had retrieved discarded sheets and carbons from waste-paper baskets and fire grates, and bound these together for my own enjoyment. He was out of his mind with relief when I presented him with my private copy. But he talked about the loss for years. He regarded it as a prime example of the Eumenidean conspiracy against him."

The Wheatsheaf was snazzier, lots of dark wood and good tweed and hot-potato laughter, bright young people with lots of hair cuddling in the booths. The place had the Dylan Thomas cachet. "I went up to Dylan once in here," Ralph Case said, "just to say how much I admired his poems. 'Hello, *dearie*,' he said; he was sneering. He thought I was trying to pick him up."

"We all drank as much as our pockets would allow in those days," Martin said, "and I don't suppose I was aware that Malcolm was headed for trouble until one morning when we were all in the Fitzroy after a late night. All of us ordered half-pints except Malcolm. In a firm voice he called for a treble gin, with emphasis on *treble*. At one point, his father insisted that he stay in temperance hotels such as the Kenilworth.

"During the summer of 1932, when I had a house in Cambridge and he was staying with me, he discovered two and a half liters of a ninety-five percent alcohol solution of limonene, an essential oil derived from lemon peel which I was using in some experiments. He was ecstatic. 'True fire water,' he called it, and proceeded to polish off most of it.

"The last time I saw him alive was in Birmingham in 1934. I don't remember why he or I were even there. We drank beer and played the piano in an appalling pub, and the fog swirled around and the rain never stopped. I went to Africa and he went on to New York and Mexico. Aiken had convinced the old man that his son was a genius, and Arthur Lowry had settled an income on Malcolm, as much to enable him to stay the hell away as anything else. In Liverpool, no geniuses need apply."

"Hurry up, please, it's time," the barmaids called. We chugalugged and joined the other voyagers outward bound. Rathbone Place began to fill up with people; some marched off singing. A tart standing in front of another pub bent over to scratch her knee. We rushed to assist her. "Can't jer see I'm *waiting* for someone in there? Careful with me *hose*!" We drove in silence through the streets. In the dim Cadogan lobby, I sat and read a poem that Lowry had given Martin Case in 1930. "So in our lives with what dark certainty we move, swiftly toward the magellan of our birth, the bourne is dangerous the noon unsighted we have known on this earth. I have worn my jackknife in my cap to catch the lightning at Cape Horn." Ralph Case had played the piano, "In a Mist." Erect and straightforward, the kindly doctor, when he began to play he had hunched into the music, cigarette dangling. He began to brood, turned inward. He became tough, jazzy, a late-nighter, bored with the clerks clutching their shop assistants, full of Chicago and Bix.

Perhaps Hugh Fermin had been right. The Consul had spiraled down that last long day while in Spain, the Battle of the Ebro was being lost. The Battle of the Ebro had drawn a line through every life. Englishmen had died in Spain; Hugh had almost died in Lowry. The times had little use for Hugh/Lowry. After Spain, nobody needed a handsome sailor lad with a ukelele, a bright charmer who yelled into the wrong end of the phone and read Gogol and talked so beautifully. Blame the booze and a cruel nursemaid, a dithering mother and a ramrod father who talked about disappointment when he spoke of his son; but the times, and England, they too created the Consul. His life contained overtones of ritual sacrifice, the young voyager

who became the black magician. Lowry spanned the true Fall. Beginning with the Ebro, none could claim innocence again.

It rained the next day, a fine London moment to go to Parliament Hill in Hampstead, to where the "Taskersons" lived, that family of brawly boys whom the Consul had known briefly. Beginning with the Cases, Lowry had undertaken a series of adoptive families. For Taskersons, read Hepburns, a family full of action and incident. Patrick Hepburn, later killed in a climbing accident, was married to Anna Wickham, the poet. Malcolm had met Miss Wickham at a party in London. It was a case of mutual adoption at first sight. Lowry often stayed at the Hepburn house. After the loss of the *Ultramarine* manuscript, he rewrote most of the recovered carbons there. He was fond of the Hepburn boys, James and John, a rough lot who acted on the stage and performed song-and-dance numbers in music halls. More than fond, fascinated and awed by the clattery stage world.

The Ebro again. John was now in the Australian government. James was a former RAF squadron leader who retired because he got bored with all the mickey-mouse involved in putting on a jet-age space suit. Putting on the damned suit took longer than the flight. As we settled down to tea, rain fell in gusty swirls over Parliament Hill, where Gay Fawkes's followers were supposed to wait for the explosion that would scatter King James all over London.

"Malcolm was sometimes a bit much," James Hepburn said. "He had a tremendous sense of preordination, and he was shattered by the loss of his manuscript, even though for all purposes it was recovered. He ran the entire destiny thing rather hard at times. I wonder if it was really necessary, for instance, for him to go to sea. He tended to present himself at the sensitive young poet who had to submit to the crude, cruel, indifferent forces of life.

"One night he and I were sitting around the fire drinking. Mother was there. Malcolm had discovered a one-month-old white rabbit that my younger brother George was keeping in a box in the morning room. He was fondling the rabbit in his lap as he talked. Suddenly the rabbit went limp; it was dead. Somehow Malcolm had broken its neck. He had large, coarse, artisan's hands and occasionally reminded me of a young boar. He was absolutely decimated by the death of the rabbit and went into an awful funk. Destiny had struck again. 'Look what happens when I try to touch something beautiful,' and all that. It was bound up with the fact that he never could seem to find a girl when everyone else had one. I tell you, it was a poignant moment.

"Malcolm talked about his father a great deal, and I seem to remember that it was something his father said to him that made him go to sea. All the elder Lowry anecdotes became boring to me. After all, everyone's parents are a cross. My own mother was always dragging me off to meetings of literary societies in Paris, when I would have preferred to play cricket, and

it didn't warp me unduly because I didn't let it. The fact that Malcolm could drink sixteen pints of beer and a half-bottle of whiskey somehow evened things up between him and the old man.

"But God, he was utterly marvelous on the whole. He had a way of looking up at you from under his eyes, foxy and twinkling. Mischief, the real thing. Remembering him makes all those years seem—real. My wife was cleaning out a shed in back recently and came across several schoolboy exercise books full of Malcolm's handwriting, and what appeared to me to be moldy notes for *Ultramarine*. She burned them." A stricken look crossed Hepburn's eyes.

"Well, said Mrs. Hepburn, a willowy, progressive, practical woman, "you can't expect me to keep all the paper that's passed through *this* house."

Stricken myself, I caught a series of taxis, buses, trains, and people that led me eventually to Twickenham. Arthur Calder-Marshall, novelist, BBC savant, and Jack London Buff, met me at the station. We drove past Alexander Pope's house and Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill, monuments to an orderly literature. Ducks from the Thames whirred across Calder-Marshall's garden, and sculls clicked and splashed on the river.

"Lowry was fabulous as opposed to legendary. He had only a fragmentary relationship to society, one of those strange men to whose genius any limelight was fatal. I think he regarded drinking as an essential part of the creative act," Calder-Marshall told me as we took the genteel sunlight in his garden.

"I met him in 1934 at the end of a vinous literary luncheon at the Astoria Hotel in Greek Street. He came in, and Hamish Miles, a reader at Jonathan Cape, asked Malcolm what he was doing now. 'I have a dead white rabbit in my suitcase, and I'm trying to dispose of it,' he replied, and told us what had happened at Anna Wickham's. I introduced myself and suggested that he give the rabbit to the waiter to put in the dust bin. He was astonished by the simplicity and good sense of my idea. We had a couple of pints, and liked each other immediately.

"But as I say, he was not quite in touch. In *Ultramarine*, he had several sailors playing bridge, and there's a bit of dialogue with some bidding in it. When I pointed out that no bridge player would make those kinds of bids and that he should change the dialogue, he said, 'No, don't you understand, that's the way I *heard* it.' He also dropped in a number of quotes from Homer, even though I don't think he knew a word of Greek. And always the butt. After *Ultramarine* appeared, the public library at Hull banned the book for some obscure reason. A brief newspaper story appeared, and Hamish Miles gave the cutting to Malcolm saying, 'See, you're famous.' Malcolm took him quite seriously, and proudly showed the cutting around at the Fitzroy until we laughed him out of it.

"I suppose the reason we behaved as we did in those days was because

we were reacting against the Victorian moral capital we had inherited, a worthless estate, as the First War proved. I don't really suppose Malcolm was any more eccentric than the rest of us. He was perhaps more intense about some things. He talked about his writing as though it were a part of his body; he *lived* it. That's why he was not able to get going on *Volcano* until he had actually become the Consul."

We lingered in the garden until almost dark, talking about some of the rotten, funny things that had happened to Lowry. "He should have stayed in Canada," Calder-Marshall said. "America was capable of giving him a fresh start, never mind the past. England and Mexico were nemeses, too many painful reencounters. After the success of *Volcano*, he began wandering around Europe, and that was fatal." A kitten limped through the shrubbery, a thorn in its foot. The ducks whirred across the garden like huge bats. I went to a Greek restaurant in Soho and, contemplating murals of the Acropolis, began to have the delusion that England had slipped its moorings and was drifting and would eventually run aground off Fire Island.

Brighton, they say, is now one of the nicest places to live in London. I caught a Brighton Belle the next day to see "Peter" Churchill, Victor Spencer, Viscount Churchill, at seventy-four, a lithe, intense man who had not aged because he had refused to quit laughing; his face had the puckish toughness of Steve McQueen's. After his father had disinherited him, he had lived in Hollywood, among other places, by his wits. His recipe for longevity: plenty of sex and scramble for money. "Come right down," he had said on the phone. "I have a funny old dump, and we'll have a drink and lunch and talk about Malcolm."

He had not known Lowry in the young days, but in some ways, he was the only one who detected in him, and appreciated, the remnants of Hugh. In 1949 or thereabouts, John Davenport had brought Lowry to Joan Black's home at Vernon in the Seine Valley to recover from an especially disastrous run of drinking. Joan placed Lowry in a village hospital operated by the Sisters of Charity, where he charmed the nuns into bringing him bottles of *vin rouge*. He lay there drinking wine, eating hardboiled eggs, and writing long letters to Conrad Aiken in a three-by-five note book in a microscopic hand. "Poor fellow, he's bored stiff," Joan said, locked up the liquor cabinet, and brought him home.

"Nobody could control him, but I was able to tune in on his frequency," Churchill said. "Once, after Joan and I were married and were living at Sneden's Landing on the Hudson, Malcolm came through with his second wife Margerie on their way to Europe. Hurricane Edna was headed toward New York. The morning the Lowrys were to leave, Malcolm disappeared. I finally found him in his pajamas in a tree, clutching a swaying branch, which was swaying because of his weight, not because of the wind. 'Hang on,' he shouted, 'hurricane's coming!' Instead of ordering him out of the tree, I

simply asked if I could borrow his razor. He forgot his roped-to-the-mast fantasy, climbed down, and we got him packed and onto the boat. He taught me a great deal; he could detect the ptomaine in any conversation. He taught me how to listen. After Joan died, his was the voice I most wanted to hear."

We whipped through Brighton in Churchill's silver 1959 Buick convertible, his man Ron Scrivener at the wheel, burly, Hampshire, ex-Royal Marine commando; I and Julie, a black-and-white border collie, in the back seat. Whiskey and steak at the Castle, Julie sitting on my feet under the table, and then *zoom* down tiny Sussex lanes to Ripe, while we talked about the habits of German drivers. Sussex in May: green, green, soft, the wind full of the sea.

Lowry had spent a good part of those ten years after *Volcano* looking for Hugh, trying to find the old Fitzroy, but instead, in New York, London and Paris, in Rome and Taormina, it was the Consul and the Farolito waiting in the shadows outside the pension. That night he had gone to Chalvington for cheese, and instead returned with a bottle of gin from the Yew Tree. He had been writing a poem to his wife, remembering the nest they had built for themselves in Canada, but then he threatened her with the bottle when she tried to take it away from him. The bottle broke. She ran next door, and he, full of the rage of a husband who jumps into his car and drives anywhere at all right into a tree, popped down twenty sodium amytals. A miscalculation. After the coroner's ambiguous verdict, the Reverend Frederick Talbot Baines read the burial service according to the rites of the Church of England. They buried Lowry next to the grave of a lame, kindly shopkeeper in the churchyard of St. John the Baptist; the parish is recorded in the Domesday Book.

Churchill and I stood beside Lowry's grave. Lichens had begun to form on the headstone, and already it could have been a century old. Americans know few appropriate gestures. I was able only to take a photograph, but Churchill could weep without shame; and instead of bringing flowers, Martin Case had once poured a bottle of Flower's Ale over the old-fashioned hummock.

Back in Brighton, Churchill's flat began to fill up with people by some unnoticed signal. Charlotte Haldane came in, still beautiful, with bright eyes that stopped you in midair. "I was never in love with Malcolm," she said. "He had a grain of genius. He adored Scott Fitzgerald's work. *Under the Volcano* seemed to me to be *dreamed up;* that was a weakness of his. We sometimes wrote poetry together side by side. He needed to drink in order to communicate. I finally had to banish John Davenport and him from Roebuck House for showing up one night too drunk to admit.

"Malcolm was extremely beautiful, brown-gold hair, small, triangular blue eyes, incredibly white teeth. Sweet, with beautiful manners. He wanted

to be a tough guy, to prove that he was tough and could take it. He would liked to have been a tall man."

Tall, handsome young men circulated through the flat, lighting one's cigarette and refilling drinks. Hermione Baddeley, clad in leopard slacks, leopard blouse, and leopard coat, complained of the terrors of the Los Angeles freeways. A bald painter all in black glowered. Anita Bolster suggested that I go to her country place in the west of Ireland for a holiday. Instead I caught a minicab to the station, and all the way back to London watched the black rain streaking the train windows.

They showed us a movie over the Atlantic. At Kennedy, the passengers sat silent while an immigration inspector marched down the aisle, his head clicking left, then right, in a mechanical rhythm, looking for signs of sickness. The police were there to protect the latest exiles, the Rolling Stones. Thus one comes again to the New World.

by Dick Schaap

Death of a Hooked Heiress

FIVE TIMES A WEEK, every week, in New York City, as regularly as each commuter makes his round trip, someone dies of an overdose of heroin. Hardly anyone notices, unless, for some reason, it is a special case.

Celeste Aimée Crenshaw was a special case.

She came from the suburbs, intelligent and attractive and troubled, from a comfortable home and a proud family, and for two years, with increasing frequency, she "turned on." She tasted marijuana and amphetamines and LSD and heroin, and then, one day early this year, at the age of 19, she tasted death.

She had been dead 13 days when her body was found. Her fingers were withered, her eyes sunken, her skin red with rashes. Revealing "tracks"—the ugly marks left by needle injections—scarred both her forearms. On her left forearm, the tracks were recent, almost as recent as death.

She was a special case for several reasons, perhaps the most significant being that she had not injected the fatal dose herself.

It was cold and clear, the temperature below freezing, the morning her body was found.

At 3 A.M., Monday, February 7, 1966, on East 2nd Street in Lower Manhattan, Robert Laurence Brooks Friede sat in a rented 1966 red Chevrolet Impala, its motor idling. He fought to rouse himself from a heroin daze, to think clearly, to decide, finally, what he was going to do about the body that had been lying for more than a week in the trunk of his car.

Bob Friede was 25 years old, barely five-feet eight-inches tall, and weighed no more than 135 pounds. His light-brown hair was uncombed, and the pupils of his blue eyes were "pinned"—constricted—from a shot of heroin he had pumped into himself. He wore dirty black dungarees and a dirty shirt. He did not look at all like a graduate of Dartmouth College or like a member of a rich and philanthropic publishing family or like the beneficiary of a trust fund that gave him an allowance of $27,000 a year.

One block away, on East 2nd Street, another car stood with its motor idling—a police radio car, #906, shared by two patrolmen, Dudley Reid and Bob McFeeley. Reid and McFeeley were not supposed to be on East 2nd Street. They were supposed to patrol only 14th Street south to 10th Street. They strayed because McFeeley, who was driving, wanted to use the men's room of a firehouse on 2nd Street, one block east of where Bob Friede had parked.

When McFeeley emerged from the firehouse, he headed west. In front of 167 East 2nd Street, he spotted the parked red Chevrolet, New York State license plate 8Z-5231, and Bob Friede inside it.

McFeeley decided not to return to his own area immediately. "I knew it was a rent-a-car from the license," he recalls, "and I thought you had to be 25 to rent a car in New York. He didn't look 25 to me. [McFeeley was wrong; anyone over 21 can rent a car in New York.] I said to Reid, 'Ah, let's give him a check.' "

Reid asked Friede for his license. "You could tell he was high as a kite," McFeeley says. "He began fumbling through his wallet."

A tiny glassine envelope slipped out of Friede's wallet onto the floor. Another jutted out of the wallet, then fell onto Friede's left arm, by the inside of his elbow. Friede folded his arm, trying to conceal it. Each of the envelopes held a white powder. Heroin comes in tiny glassine envelopes.

Friede gave the patrolmen his name and his home address, 36 East 69th Street, an impressive address, off Park Avenue.

"You using heroin?" McFeeley said.

Friede nodded. McFeeley and Reid placed Friede under arrest, handcuffed him, and took him to the police station on East 5th Street.

"Where'd you get those bags of heroin?" McFeeley asked on the way to the station house.

"My girl friend must have put them there," said Friede.

While McFeeley checked in, Reid, who had driven the rented car, led Friede into a back room and started to ask questions. McFeeley interrupted.

"Hey, give me the keys to the car," he said. "I'll check to see if there's any more stuff in there."

McFeeley searched the front and back seats. He found nothing. Then he opened the trunk. He saw a blanket stretched across the trunk and, next to the blanket, a woman's pocketbook. He picked up the pocketbook, looked inside and found a Social Security card in the name of Celeste Crenshaw.

He reached forward and lifted one end of the folded blanket. His hand brushed another hand, a cold, hard hand.

"I thought it was a mannikin," McFeeley recalls. He lifted the other end of the blanket, and he stared at the face of Celeste Crenshaw, blonde-haired, blue-eyed, and dead.

McFeeley folded the blanket back, locked the trunk and hurried back into the station house.

"Lieutenant," said McFeeley to the officer in charge, "I don't know if I've got a homicide out there, but I've got a body in that car."

Lt. Albert Swenson didn't even look up.

"Hey, Phil," McFeeley yelled to Patrolman Phil Safina, who was sitting a few feet away, doing clerical duty, "I don't know if I've got a homicide, but I've got a body out there in that car."

Swensen lifted his head. "If you're kidding," he said, "I'm going to give you a fixer [a fixed post] for the rest of the week."

Swenson, Safina, and McFeeley rushed out to the parked car. McFeeley unlocked the trunk and pulled back the blanket. Celeste Crenshaw stared blankly up. She was dressed in denim slacks, an aqua-colored sweater, a brown-leather jacket, and high suede boots.

The policemen turned back to the station house, and Safina sprinted ahead, into the back room, where Dudley Reid was quietly questioning Bob Friede about narcotics.

"Hey, Reid, you'd better put the cuffs back on that guy," said Safina. "There's a body in that car."

Friede seemed startled. "My God!" he said. "Is that what they did to her?"

"They who?" said Reid.

Two weeks earlier, Bob Friede told the police, Celeste Crenshaw, his girl friend, disappeared from his apartment. After a few days, Friede said, he started hearing rumors that she had taken an overdose of heroin. He rented a car and left the keys to the car in his mailbox—with $100 in $10 bills. Then he spread the word among people who knew Celeste, among drug users and pushers, that the keys and the money were in his mailbox, that the rented car was in front of his apartment, that the $100 was a reward for her return, alive or dead.

And one morning, a week before he was found on East 2nd Street,

Friede said, he came down from his $274-a-month apartment on East 69th Street and opened his mailbox and found only the keys inside, not the $100. He walked outside and saw that the smooth layer of snow coating the car had been disturbed, that the snow on the trunk, in particular, had been shifted, as though someone had opened the trunk and put something inside.

He never looked inside the trunk, Friede told the police. He did not want to see what might be inside. But he strongly suspected, he said, that the trunk held the body of Celeste Crenshaw.

"That's ridiculous," said Detective Dan Murphy, as he listened to Friede's story. "Come on, Bob. Why don't you tell us the truth?"

But for more than four hours after Bob McFeeley uncovered Celeste Crenshaw—while Dr. James Luke, an associate New York City medical examiner, studied the body and determined that death, from "acute and chronic intravenous narcotism," occurred at least ten days earlier; while Helen Crenshaw Gooden, Celeste's mother, came to the station house and tearfully identified the body; while Friede himself saw the body in the station house and cried, "Oh, baby,"—for more than four hours, Bob Friede clung to his story.

Shortly before 6 A.M., Friede told Detective Murphy and Detective Joe Pickett that, if they didn't believe him, they could check with his physician, Dr. David Protetch, or with his lawyer, Arthur Field. Friede said he had told both of them the previous week that he suspected a body had been placed in his trunk.

Dan Murphy called Arthur Field, awakened the lawyer and told him Friede was being held. "What do you know about a body?" said Murphy.

"What body?" said Field.

"A body in the trunk of his car. Friede says he told you as far back as last Thursday he had a body in the car."

Field explained, properly, that he could not discuss a lawyer-client conversation without the client's consent. "I'll be right over," he said.

Murphy then called Dr. Protetch, who confirmed that Friede had told him of the body. But Dr. Protetch, who had been treating Friede to get him off drugs, said he had not believed his story.

Field arrived at 6:45 A.M. and spoke to his client, privately, for more than half an hour. Before Field left the station house, he told the detectives that Friede had called him the previous week and had told him of the body. Field said that he had not been certain whether Friede was telling the truth or hallucinating, but he had suggested that Friede call the police. Friede had refused.

At 8 A.M., Detective Murphy and Detective Pickett confronted Friede once more. "Look, Bob," said Joe Pickett, "you've been giving us the runaround for several hours. We let you speak to your lawyer. You want to tell us the truth now?"

Friede nodded.

"Tell us what really happened," said Pickett.

Now, Friede began to tell a totally different story, a story that would lead to a charge of homicide against him, and even as he talked, the afternoon newspapers were starting to go to press. It was a good story, a body in a trunk, and, combined with Friede's family background, it was going to produce such bold headlines as:

GIRL DEAD IN CAR
TRUNK—QUIZ HEIR

The short, skinny young man in the dirty black dungarees and the dirty shirt looked, even to his lawyer, "like a Bowery bum." He came from one of the wealthiest American families, the Annenbergs, owners of, among other properties, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, the Philadelphia *Daily News*, *The Morning Telegraph*, *The Daily Racing Form*, *Seventeen* magazine and *TV Guide*.

Bob Friede's grandfather was Moses "Moe" L. Annenberg, who, during the 1930's, was reputed to have the largest individual income of any person in the United States and who, in 1940, went to Federal prison for income-tax evasion. When Moses Annenberg died in 1942, he left his newspaper empire to his wife and his eight children. At the same time, apparently, he established the trust fund that would be paying Bob Friede $27,000 a year when he was charged with homicide.

The eight children of Moses Annenberg have devoted themselves generously to charity. Only eight months before Bob Friede was found with Celeste Crenshaw's body in his car, his mother, her six sisters, and her brother had donated $8,000,000—$1,000,000 apiece—toward the construction of a new school of medicine in New York City.

"We have tried to have a motto of doing everything for the good of others," Evelyn Annenberg Friede Jaffe, Bob Friede's mother, said shortly after her son's arrest. "I don't quite know how to fit this [the arrest] into the puzzle of my life. We're as divorced from this world [of drugs] as from what's going on with the astronauts."

The Crenshaw family could not, in the 1960's, even approach the Annenbergs in wealth, but Celeste was certainly heiress to a proud tradition. Her great-grandfather, William Graves Crenshaw I, owner of a fleet of sailing ships, organized the Crenshaw Battery, a Confederate artillery unit that fought its last battle at Appomattox.

Celeste's father, William Graves Crenshaw III, graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1933 and served in World War II. Soon after graduation, Will Crenshaw married, and his first two children were born. Divorced early in World War II, he married Helen Cary in 1944, and Celeste was born in 1946, her brother Woody, two years later. Will Cren-

shaw's second marriage broke up in the early 1950's. His family's wealth has dwindled since the turn of the century, and now he and his third wife live in a small, one-story home five miles outside Raleigh, N.C.

Celeste's mother, Helen Cary Crenshaw Gooden, was born in the Midwest, the daughter of John Cary, once an officer of the American Petroleum Institute, and Margaret Steinwender Cary. John Cary died in a hunting accident when Helen was still a child, and his widow moved to New York and married John Wyle, educated at Harvard, owner of a seat on the Stock Exchange by the time he was 21. John Wyle earned perhaps $1,000,000 in his 20's, then lost much of his money in the crash.

Before he married Margaret Cary, John Wyle was friendly with another stockbroker, Leo Friede, whose son, Kenneth Friede, married Evelyn Annenberg. "I knew Bob Friede's grandfather well," John Wyle recalls. "He used to crew on my brother's boat. It's ironic, isn't it?"

Divorces have not been uncommon in Bob Friede's family and in Celeste Crenshaw's family. Both saw their parents separate before they were ten years old. Friede grew up mostly with his mother and his stepfather, William B. Jaffe, a prominent New York attorney, in a Park Avenue apartment and a summer home in Rye, N.Y. Celeste Crenshaw briefly tried living with her father, briefly tried living with her mother, but neither worked out. She grew up mostly with her grandparents, the Wyles, in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Certainly, both Bob Friede and Celeste Crenshaw must have been affected by the divorces. Certainly, each missed some measure of parental affection. But it would be unfair to blame the tragedy that erupted February 7, 1966, simply on divorces and remarriages. It would be unfair to the parents and stepparents. And it would be unfair, too, to other children of the same parents, children who have flourished. For instance, Bob Friede's older brother, John Friede, went to Dartmouth before him, edited the campus humor magazine, served in Army Intelligence, excelled at Harvard Business School and is now a stockbroker.

When Celeste Crenshaw was six and her brother Woody, four, after their parents had separated, the children moved to Hastings to live with their grandparents. Celeste started grammar school in Hastings, but from the fourth grade through the eighth, she attended the private and progressive North Country School in Lake Placid, N.Y.

"She had very delicate features, a fragile creature, sensitive and quick to notice things—beauty, color patterns, the change in the weather," says Walter Clark, the director of North Country.

At North Country School, and for one year at Josephus Daniels Junior High in Raleigh, Celeste was sensitive, bright, perceptive, and always alone, apart from her fellow students.

In the fall of 1962, after completing the ninth grade in North Carolina —she lost one year because of sickness—Celeste returned to Hastings to live

with her grandparents. "She was really intelligent," a schoolmate remembers, "but she was bored by most of her classes. The teachers sort of considered her a freak, and the kids, well, they were kind of in awe, kind of afraid of her."

"I met Celeste at the start of her junior year," another friend recalls. "She was in the gym, sitting by herself, completely alienated. She had elegance, grace. They mocked her in high school."

Celeste was 17, and within a few months, she was going to be "into" the drug scene, smoking "pot" (marijuana), swallowing pills, turning on.

Like Celeste Crenshaw, Bob Friede was a loner before he turned to drugs. He went to the Choate School, a distinguished prep school in Connecticut, and he was neither particularly popular nor even particularly well-known among his fellow students. "Bobby wrote brilliant papers at Choate," his mother says. "An English teacher told me he expects a great book out of him."

When Friede matriculated at Dartmouth in 1959, he seemed, outwardly at least, more sophisticated, more cynical than most of his classmates. He talked knowingly about sex, and he talked proudly about his parents' mansion in Rye, and he seemed to know everything about modern art. He knew art firsthand. "I stayed at his summer house once," a friend recalls, "and I never saw anything like that. There was a standing sculpture by Hans Arp that must have gone at least a ton and a half. And when I saw the Park Avenue place, it was incredible. . . . I was an art major, and I couldn't believe it. There were Picasso originals, Légers, Modiglianis. There must have been $500,000 worth of art in the bedroom I slept in."

Friede joined no clubs and no fraternities, and although he loved to write, he did not try out for any campus publications. With his attitude of superiority, with his professed scorn for religion and for even minimal sexual morality, he alienated many of his fellow freshmen. He refused to concentrate on his studies, and his grades were poor, but he didn't seem to care. "He'd study for some exams by copying someone else's notes at 11:30 the night before," one of his roommates says. "He was fluent as hell. He could write a sentence that would encompass what I'd say in a page."

Yet Friede was quickly in academic trouble, and early in his sophomore year, the dean suggested that he take a year off from school, fulfill his military obligation, and then return in 1961.

Friede followed the dean's advice, and actually enjoyed his six months' tour in the infantry. He enjoyed winning a marksmanship medal, and he enjoyed, too, he told a friend, meeting some "crazy individuals"—people who used narcotics.

Bob Friede may have smoked his first marijuana cigarette in the Army. He may have smoked it earlier. But he was not yet deeply into drugs. During

his second sophomore year at Dartmouth, he dated a girl from Connecticut whom he had met in Greenwich Village; he even gave her a ring. She sensed his "huge need to have someone love him," but she ended their relationship, finally, because she found him too possessive.

"We both thought that drug addiction was like the dumbest thing in the world," the girl said, after she learned of Friede's arrest. "Friede never talked about marijuana."

But by his junior year, in 1962–63, when he was 22 years old, Friede was smoking marijuana at least occasionally. By his senior year, when he could escape for a weekend from Dartmouth and his parents were away, he was holding parties in their apartment, and there was marijuana among the Modiglianis, pot among the Picassos.

Dozens of young drug users in New York, the self-appointed "hip" set, flocked to Friede's parties, but they never fully accepted him. They used him, and they scorned him. "On the level that I appreciate someone," says one leader of the young drug cult, "Friede wasn't there. He wanted so desperately to be hip, and he didn't know how."

"Friede wouldn't go out and cop [buy] the stuff himself," says a young girl who knew him well. "He always had someone go out for him. He wouldn't go through the street scene. How could we accept him? He never paid his dues."

But Friede kept buying drugs for people he hoped would like him, expanding his own experiments in drugs, sinking deeper and deeper into the turned-on world.

Celeste Crenshaw followed a common route into that same world. Frustrated in Hastings, frequently complaining to friends that her grandparents were alternately too liberal and too strict with her, fearful that her mother, who had remarried, was rejecting her, Celeste looked to New York to escape. Early in 1964, she began going to Greenwich Village. Soon she was smoking marijuana, and soon she was dating Negroes, seeking to rebel as dramatically as she could.

She rebelled in school too. She liked to shock her classmates by telling them she wanted to have a black baby or by talking about the drugs she tried. Once she shaved off her eyebrows for dramatic effect. Everything she did, she did to the extreme, and she turned to sex in the same way.

"Sex was her scene," says one young drug user. "She was the stereotype WASP sex symbol. She'd come into a room and cock her head back and lean back heavy on one leg. Pure sex."

In the spring of 1964, on one of her excursions to Greenwich Village, Celeste met Bob Friede. Soon they began going together, the high-school junior and the college senior. "It was a relationship built upon a drug need on both parts," someone who knew them both insists. "Celeste had all the contacts, and Bobby had the bread."

The day Bob Friede was graduated from Dartmouth, June 14, 1964, he received no special honors. But Dartmouth presented eight honorary degrees, including a most impressive one to Bob Friede's stepfather:

"William Belnord Jaffe, it has been suggested in public print that your marriage had a measure of necessity about it; at least it was the only way for you and a certain lady to share the Picasso painting for which you were both bidding. Later that same shared love of the arts gave to Dartmouth the Jaffe-Friede Gallery of the Hopkins Center. . . . In you the fine arts have that most wonderful of all champions: one who knows wherefore he loves. Dartmouth delights to inscribe on her family rolls the name of a . . . practising Doctor of Humane Letters."

Early in the summer of 1964, Celeste sometimes visited Friede's parents' home in Rye. "Mrs. Jaffe would call and ask if Celeste could stay for dinner," says Margaret Wyle, Celeste's grandmother. "She would ask what time Celeste had to be home, and she would send a chauffeur over to pick up Celeste's bathing suit."

Mrs. Jaffe has harsh memories of that summer. "Bobby was a good child," she insists, "and his life changed when he met this girl. Her way of life became his after a while. She made him as unstable as she was. He was wild about her. I said I'd disinherit him."

Together, Celeste Crenshaw and Bob Friede moved deeper into drugs, past marijuana, into amphetamines, into hallucinogens, into the sniffing, if not yet the injection, of heroin. And then, on Bob Friede's 24th birthday, they were arrested.

Early in the evening of August 12, 1964, Detective Ray Imp of the New York Narcotics Bureau sat in his car on a corner in Lower Manhattan. A young girl sat next to him. She had been arrested on a narcotics charge, and now she was helping the police as an informer.

"You're not coming up with anything," Imp told the girl. "I can't tell the judge you've honestly tried to help us."

"Why don't you lock up Bob Friede?" the girl said.

"What does he have?" said Imp.

"He's got a gun," she said. "He'd never use it, but he waves it around. And he's got 20 pounds of marijuana and some heroin he keeps in a humidor for his guests—like candy."

Imp, joined by three other members of the Narcotics Bureau, drove the girl up to Friede's apartment house. They parked by a corner phone booth. Imp went into the booth, wrote down the telephone number and gave it to the girl. "Go up to his apartment," he said, "and call me at this phone and tell me exactly what he has up there."

The girl phoned in a few minutes. "I see like I told you," she said. "Bowls of pot . . . a gun . . . heroin . . . someone smoking hashish."

Around 11 P.M., the doorman of Friede's building led the four police-

men to Friede's apartment. Imp crouched down, and the doorman rang the bell. Someone peered out through the peephole of the door. "It's an old man with a cap," Imp heard a female voice say.

"Let me look," he heard a male voice say. "That's the doorman."

The latch clicked, and as the door opened, Imp stood and identified himself. "Are you Robert Friede?" he said. "I have a search warrant."

The lights were dim, a stereo was playing, and a strong smell of marijuana filled the room. A humidor filled with envelopes of heroin sat on a small table. A .38-caliber pistol, loaded, lay on a dresser in the bedroom. In the living room, a man puffed marijuana on a hookah. A few girls lounged around the apartment. One was Celeste Crenshaw.

"I use pot," Celeste said to Detective Imp. "Pot'll never hurt anyone. I can smoke it till the day I die, and I'll probably outlive you."

Later, when Friede and Celeste were being booked at the station house, Friede asked Imp how he had been caught.

"A little bird told me about you," Imp said.

"Now don't give me that," said Friede. "You'll have to admit that my intelligence is far superior to yours. In addition, I made a complete study of the police department, and what happened tonight should never have happened."

"I don't know anything about that," said Imp, "but I do know tonight I will sleep home, and you will sleep in a cell. We start from there."

Two months after the raid, Celeste Crenshaw was adjudicated a youthful offender and placed on probation for an indefinite period.

On March 15, 1965, before Justice Mitchell D. Schweitzer of the New York State Supreme Court, Friede pleaded guilty to attempted felonious possession of narcotic drugs.

Arthur Field, Friede's lawyer, spoke for leniency. "This defendant," said Field, "had never been involved in any previous trouble. . . . He has maintained a clear record . . . since his arrest. . . . Although he was found in possession of a quantity of these drugs . . . in no true sense of the word can he be deemed to have been a purveyor of the drugs for profit. Whatever he did, he did solely as a means or gesture of maintaining his status with these particular people and . . . currying favor with them.

"Now, after his arrest . . . we placed him under the care of a psychiatrist, and Your Honor has the psychiatrist's report, which indicates, first, that this man has completely given up his drug habit; that he is no longer addicted; and that he is capable of rehabilitation. I, therefore, respectfully ask Your Honor to give this man an opportunity to rehabilitate himself. . . ."

Irving Lang, a Manhattan assistant district attorney specializing in narcotics cases, said, "I realize that the imposition of sentence in this case presents a difficult problem for the Court. On the one hand you have a defendant with no prior criminal involvement, who comes from a distinguished family. . . .

On the other hand you have an obligation to society. . . . The defendant was involved with two types of narcotic drugs and . . . the possession of a loaded gun. . . .

"In this type of situation . . . it is perhaps more difficult to sympathize with this defendant, who consciously and deliberately violated the law, than with the individuals who come from more economically deprived sections of the community, who utilize these drugs as an escape. . . . I ask Your Honor to weigh the equities carefully. . . ."

"There is nothing in my probation report to suggest that this man was a seller of drugs. . . ." said Justice Schweitzer. "The psychiatric report indicates that he is making progress. . . . I can't . . . see what . . . possible gain there would be to society if he was incarcerated at this time. . . .

"The Court suspends sentence and places you on indefinite probation, Robert Friede. And this means that you must lead an orderly and law-abiding life. You must report to your probation officer as directed. You must answer all questions which he asks of you. And you must not leave the jurisdiction of the Court without permission. . . .

"You must also . . . avoid all persons or places of disreputable or harmful character, and this necessarily includes anyone who is directly or indirectly involved in the usage or trafficking of narcotic drugs. . . . And I further direct that you continue with your program of psychotherapy. . . ."

On probation, both Bob Friede and Celeste Crenshaw saw psychiatrists, both saw probation officers, and both saw a physician who treats drug users. But neither seemed to benefit perceptibly.

"Celeste put on her psych," one of her friends recalls. "She told him what he wanted to hear. She never believed he could help her."

"We couldn't reach them psychologically," says Elmer Reeves, chief probation officer for the Supreme Court in Manhattan. "They complied with directions only minimally."

Dr. Protetch gave them pills and medication in heavy doses, but neither patient responded fully to treatment. "Celeste was a sweet, pretty, young girl," Dr. Protetch says. "But she was self-destructive. She was constantly depressed."

Once, in Dr. Protetch's office, Celeste brightened. She saw on his bookshelves a huge brandy glass filled with gaily colored sample pills. "Is that," she asked, "a present for me?"

Friede and Celeste had still been seeing each other in the fall of 1964. She missed classes frequently at Hastings High. She boasted to classmates, more than ever, of the drugs she tried. Friede and Celeste broke up temporarily on Christmas Day, 1964, and a few weeks later, at the recommendation of the Hastings principal, Celeste transferred to the private Rhodes School in mid-Manhattan. She began her senior year again.

In February, 1965, Bob Friede, living in his parents' apartment since the day of his arrest, went to work for Allied Artists, the film company, as a script reader, at $75 a week. One script assigned to Friede dealt with teenage gangs.

"I found the heroin scene very accurately described," Friede wrote, in analyzing the script. "In real life, [drugs] are there all the time, and THEY ARE NOT A BIG, SPECIAL THING. . . . By the way, smack [heroin] does not come in cellophane envelopes; it comes in glassine envelopes. . . ."

In the spring of 1965, against the directions of the court, Friede began seeing Celeste again. She was seeing other young men, too, and her adventures in drugs and sex grew wilder. She tasted heroin and she took amphetamines, pep pills. She told friends of at least three abortions, although the autopsy, at the time of her death, showed no evidence she had ever been pregnant.

In early June, Celeste and three young men spent a week on Fire Island. "It was acid, acid, acid," says one of the young men. "LSD all day long. To Celeste, it was a kick. She just wanted to get whacked out. She wanted total escape."

A few weeks later, on July 8, 1965, on her 19th birthday, Celeste celebrated by going to the movies with her grandparents. "We took her," Mrs. Wyle remembers, "to see *Mary Poppins*."

By the fall, Friede, no longer seeing Celeste regularly, was living in his apartment on East 69th Street and was shooting heroin into his veins. In October, he lost his job with Allied Artists—fired for absenteeism. He received permission from the probation office to take a three-and-a-half-weeks' trip by car to the West Coast. Friede left for Seattle on November 17, 1965. He did not return to New York until December 23, partly because he hit snowstorms in the Rockies, partly because he was arrested. At 3:40 A.M., on December 17, a snowy, icy morning, Friede missed a turn on a dead-end street in Rockdale, Ill., and drove a rented Chevrolet convertible into a creek. When Rockdale Patrolman John Donisch helped him out of the car and then took him to a hospital for treatment of minor injuries, Friede insisted upon taking along a brown attaché case.

Eventually, Donisch persuaded Friede to open the case. In it, Donisch found marijuana, Benzedrine, a hookah, and a hypodermic. Friede was booked for illegal possession of narcotics.

"We knew he had been arrested in Illinois," says Elmer Reeves, the New York probation officer, "but we didn't know the full situation. If he were convicted, then it was a clear violation of his probation. But we couldn't send him to jail on the basis of an accusation."

The Illinois case never came to trial. Illinois authorities dropped prosecution, largely because they felt that the search-and-seizure law had been

violated and the evidence would be suppressed. By then, Celeste Crenshaw was already dead.

In the middle of December, when Mr. and Mrs. John Wyle decided to spend Christmas in Illinois visiting Mrs. Wyle's younger son, they asked Celeste, still in the Rhodes School, to go with them. She said she preferred to stay in New York. As a Christmas present, the Wyles rented a room for her at the Barbizon Hotel for Women.

During the summer and fall of 1965, Celeste had been dating one of the young men from Fire Island. Then he moved to Washington, and Celeste missed him very much, she told a friend. She sent him a Christmas present, and all Christmas Day, she waited in her room for a telephone call from him. He didn't call. On Christmas night, Celeste decided to go see Bob Friede.

During the next four weeks, she practically lived with Friede in his apartment on East 69th Street. Much of the time, she was turned on, high on amphetamines or on marijuana or, occasionally, for a change of pace, on heroin.

The Wyles moved into Manhattan temporarily during the New York subway strike. They saw Celeste twice, on Wednesday and Thursday, January 12 and 13, while Bob Friede was out in Illinois for a preliminary hearing.

Celeste had dinner Wednesday at the apartment the Wyles were staying in.

"We knew she was using something," John Wyle recalls. "She looked terrible."

On Thursday, Mrs. Wyle visited Celeste's room at the Barbizon, sipped tea with her and invited her out to dinner. Celeste accepted.

"Halfway through dinner," John Wyle says, "she got up to go to the ladies' room. She took her pocketbook with her. When she came back, I saw that look coming over her face again. We walked her back to the Barbizon. We didn't see her again."

During the next two weeks, Mrs. Wyle tried several times to call Celeste at the hotel, but never reached her. She had heard Celeste was planning a trip to Washington, but still Mrs. Wyle worried.

On January 24 and 25, Mrs. Wyle tried to reach Celeste's probation officer, Marie Ward, on the phone, but was told Miss Ward was either out or busy. On January 26, after failing once more to contact Miss Ward by telephone, Mrs. Wyle sat down and wrote a long letter to the probation officer and mailed it special delivery.

"I'm not permitted by law to say anything about Celeste," says Reeves. "The only thing I can say is that Miss Ward was always available."

It didn't make too much difference. It was already too late.

On Sunday night, January 23, Celeste Crenshaw slept at Bob Friede's apartment on East 69th Street. She told him she had to get up early Monday morning to take exams at the Rhodes School. She overslept, and when she and Friede finally awoke, she began injecting an amphetamine solution into her veins.

Friede, at this time, was not hooked on heroin, but he was "shooting up" at least once in a while. While Celeste took her amphetamines, Friede may have injected himself with heroin, or he may have contented himself with marijuana.

Late Monday night, Friede talked on the telephone with Alphonso "Ahmed" Brown, a musician and songwriter, composer of the theme music for *The Cool World*, a movie that touched upon narcotics. Ahmed Brown, once a junkie, now a user of amphetamines, had become friendly with Friede only a few weeks earlier. Friede did not like to go out and buy drugs himself, and Brown had good connections. Friede wanted some heroin, and at midnight, Brown brought him "half a load"—15 glassine envelopes—he had purchased for $35. Friede asked Celeste whether she wanted heroin or amphetamines. She decided to come down off the amphetamines she had been using all day by taking a double shot of heroin.

They went through the heroin ritual. Friede cooked up two bags of heroin; one of the daily risks of being a heroin user is that one never knows how potent a dose of heroin, cut with quinine and milk sugar, is in each bag. Friede mixed the white powder with water and heated it over a small flame. Then he drew the mixture into a medical hypodermic needle.

Most heroin addicts use homemade hypodermics—eyedroppers with needles on one end and a baby's nipple on the other, small and handy, so that the user can inject himself. But Friede could afford the best equipment, a needle difficult for a young girl to use on herself. Celeste held out her left arm, already sore with needle scars. Friede picked out a vein and plunged the needle into her.

Immediately, Celeste overdosed. She slipped onto a couch, her legs tucked under her, her eyes closed, her face suddenly pale.

"Let's put her in a cold tub of water and inject her with a saline solution," Friede said. He had used this method twice before when she had OD'ed on him, and both times he had revived her.

"Man, you're out of your mind," said Ahmed Brown. "Let's give her a couple of jolts of what she had before. Give her amphetamines."

Two weeks later, when he was found with the body, Friede argued that if his method had been used, Celeste would have survived. But Dr. James Luke, the associate medical examiner, said that Brown's idea, at least in theory, had been right.

Brown won the argument. Again, Friede filled the hypodermic, this time with an amphetamine solution, and again he plunged the needle into Celeste's left arm. She began to revive. Her body shook. The color came back into her face.

"She's going to be OK," Friede told Brown. "She'll be OK. You'd better get out of here now."

"Just keep her moving," Brown told Friede, as he left. "Keep her moving." It is standard procedure among drug users to keep a person moving after they OD.

But Celeste felt too weak to get up. At 4 A.M., she fell asleep on a studio bed. Friede lay next to her and went to sleep. He awakened at 9:30 Tuesday morning, January 25, and turned to Celeste. She was dead.

"She was lying face up," Friede later told the police, "stiff and cold—dead. Her eyes were still open. I went out of my head. I talked to her. I didn't know what to do."

Friede controlled himself long enough to call Ahmed Brown. "Celeste is dead," Friede said, in tears. "Man, you've got to come back here."

"I ain't going near the apartment," Brown said. "You come up here."

Friede took a cab to Brown's apartment in East Harlem and persuaded Brown to accompany him back to 69th Street. Celeste still lay on the studio bed.

Brown took a blanket and covered her. "You got to get rid of the body," he told Friede. But Friede, incapable of decision or action, kept injecting himself with heroin to quiet his fears.

The next day, Wednesday, Friede finally decided he had to dress Celeste, who had died in her pajamas, and move her out of the living room. "He told me to wait in the bathroom while he dressed her," Brown recalls. "He massaged her, rubbed her with lotion and changed her clothes."

"It was one of the worst ordeals of my life," Friede said later.

Together, Brown and Friede carried Celeste into a small bedroom off the living room. They placed her in the center of a double bed. Then they turned off all the heat in the room and turned on the air conditioner. They closed the door and sealed it. They wanted to keep the room, and the dead body, as cold as possible.

"You can't keep her here," Brown said.

Friede agreed. "We need a car," he said. "My license is out in Illinois." He called Illinois and asked to have his driver's license mailed to him.

On Thursday, Friede, now on a steady diet of heroin, phoned Dudley Watson, another musician and songwriter, once a junkie, still a member of the turned-on set. "I'm desperate," Friede said. "I don't know what to do. You've got to help me."

Watson took a cab to Friede's apartment.

"Hey, man, what's up?" Watson said.

"Celeste's dead. She OD'ed." Friede nodded toward the bedroom. "In there, man," he said. "Take a look. Maybe she's just in a coma."

Watson agreed to help Friede move the body. He agreed, he explains, because he feared that if the body had stayed in the room, Friede might have been driven to suicide.

On Saturday, January 29, Friede picked up his driver's license at his post-office box and, at 11:48 P.M., rented the red car. A few hours later, close to 3 A.M., Dudley Watson came up to Friede's apartment. It was time to move the body.

It was not easy to carry Celeste from the bedroom to the living room. Her body, wrapped in a blanket, sagged, and, a few times, her head fell forward against her chest. Watson and Friede almost dropped her. They put her down on the studio couch. "She was very heavy," Watson says.

Friede went to the hall and pushed the button for the elevator. When it arrived, Friede put a wedge in the door to hold it open. Watson lifted one end of the body and backed out of the apartment. Friede, facing him, carried the other end.

They sat Celeste down in the elevator. It was a small elevator, and to Friede and Watson, as they descended, it seemed even smaller.

Friede backed out of the elevator, carrying Celeste, Watson following him. They put the body down on the floor of the lobby in the small apartment house, and Friede went outside and opened the trunk of the car. He glanced around and hurried back. Then the two men carried the body out to the car and placed it in the trunk.

For the next week, Friede stayed on heroin almost all the time.

"I spoke to him two times on the phone," Dudley Watson recalls. "He thought his phone was being tapped. He was hearing voices in the hallway and on the roof and down in the yard."

"I thought I heard noises in the trunk," Friede later told the police. "I had a strange feeling she was alive."

On Wednesday, February 2, eight days after Celeste had died, Friede telephoned Dr. David Protetch, his physician; Dr. Irving Robbins, his psychologist; and Arthur Field, his lawyer. He reached Dr. Protetch and Dr. Robbins and told them about the body in his trunk.

"What are you on now, Bob—LSD?" Dr. Protetch asked Friede.

Dr. Robbins called Arthur Field, and left a message for Field to call him back. Later, Dr. Robbins told Field that Friede was having delusions, hearing voices, displaying symptoms of paranoia.

On Thursday, Friede talked to Field. He told his lawyer that Celeste had died of an overdose. "By an elaborate arrangement," Friede said, "I got her transferred into the trunk of my car."

Field told Friede to call the police—"I had grave doubts myself about a real body," Field recalls—but Friede refused.

On Saturday, February 5, Ahmed Brown visited Friede's apartment to use his piano. Brown found the piano was out of tune because it had been placed in front of a radiator. "We had a few hot words," Brown remembers. "The piano was all fouled up because of neglect. Celeste was dead because of neglect. And he still did nothing. He had a way of doing nothing."

Saturday night, two of Friede's friends, who lived on East 2nd Street, went to his apartment. He had called them the day before and had told them that Celeste was missing, that she had probably OD'ed, that he was looking for her.

When the two friends arrived, Friede said, "Did you see anyone outside?"

"He had taken the doorknobs off his closets," one of the friends says. "He believed there were secret passageways to the streets in his closets."

"He was a ghost of a person," the other friend says. "He was walking around the apartment in circles and carrying on conversations with himself. He'd walk into the other room, and then he'd come racing back, saying, 'Who said that?' No one had said anything. His eyes were sunken. And the apartment was oddly lit. And then there was this empty bedroom, with just this large bed with nothing on it but a sheet."

Friede paced the room. "Did you hear that voice?" he said. Finally, he slumped against the bathroom door and began to cry. "I miss her so much," he said. "It's really strange when you're with a person, and then she's gone."

And now Bob Friede poured out the whole story of the overdose, and he asked his friends to help him get rid of the body.

They agreed. They went back to their apartment on East 2nd Street. Friede called Sunday, at midnight. He was going to come down soon, he said. He was going to bring some heroin with him, and they were going to get rid of the body.

But then the friends, waiting for Friede, dozed off, and they never heard from Friede, and they didn't know why, until Monday afternoon, when they bought a newspaper and read that two policemen had found Bob Friede, with narcotics and a body, sitting in a car on East 2nd Street.

Bob Friede was placed in the Manhattan House of Detention for Men —"the Tombs"—in a cell on the eighth floor, the "tight" floor, reserved for the potentially psychotic, the potentially suicidal, and the notorious. Among Friede's floormates were the men who murdered Malcolm X, a retired policeman who shot and killed a doll peddler in Times Square and Mark Fein, a wealthy young man convicted of killing his bookmaker.

When Arthur Field visited the Tombs on Wednesday morning, Friede, haggard and distraught, asked the lawyer if he knew when and where Celeste

would be buried. Field said he would try to find out. "I'm just beginning to realize I'll never see her again," Friede said. "I loved her. We were going to get married."

Celeste's funeral was held at noon Wednesday in Manhattan, and her body was buried the next day in Orange, Va., near the high school where her father once delivered the valedictory address.

In the Tombs, Friede gained weight, and he kept the prison library busy. "My husband says Bobby's never looked so well in his life," said Mrs. Jaffe, several weeks after her son went into the Tombs. "Bobby's gained about ten pounds. He's living an infinitely more normal life in prison than with that girl."

While Friede was in the Tombs, Field, a specialist in corporate and surrogate's law, removed himself from the case and brought in Harris B. Steinberg, one of the most distinguished and respected criminal lawyers in New York.

On February 23, the Grand Jury of the County of New York indicted Robert Friede, and almost four weeks later, before Supreme Court Justice Mitchell D. Schweitzer, the same judge who had placed him on probation one year earlier, Friede pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the second degree and to unlawful possession of narcotics.

The manslaughter charge read: "The defendant . . . on or about January 25, 1966, without a design to effect death, by his act, procurement and culpable negligence, killed Celeste Crenshaw by injecting her with a narcotic drug, to wit, heroin, said act not being justifiable or excusable."

At 12:01 P.M., April 15, the clerk called the case of Robert Friede for sentencing. A policeman led Friede into the courtroom. He was wearing black pants and a buff-colored shirt, open at the collar. His hair was combed, and he stood looking at the judge with his mouth slightly open.

Again, Justice Schweitzer presided. Occasionally, Friede shrugged his shoulders. He blinked a few times, and sometimes he folded his arms in front of him. His Adam's apple kept working.

"Your Honor, please," said Harris Steinberg, "I know you have a probation report and psychiatric report. . . . Your Honor knows very well that this young man has had a good education; that he was far above average in intelligence; that he stands before you as a second offender. . . .

"It is quite obvious that this young man didn't intend to accomplish what happened in this case. The young lady who is dead is someone he loved very much. . . . I am sure Your Honor is convinced that they were intending to get married, that they were intending to live a life free from narcotics. . . .

"At his age, there is hope that he will be able to rehabilitate himself. At his age . . . there is every reason to believe that he can be a useful citizen. . . . I sincerely commend him to Your Honor's mercy."

"May I be heard, Your Honor?" said Assistant District Attorney Irving Lang.

"This is the second time," said Lang, "that I have appeared before Your Honor on a question of sentence of this defendant. On the last occasion, the defendant had pleaded guilty . . . to a crime involving the felonious possession of a narcotic drug. . . . The defendant was placed on probation. . . .

"While this defendant was on probation he . . . did go to a psychiatrist and did go to a doctor. Between September 8, 1965, and November 17, 1965, he received 26 prescriptions involving 269 tablets of Dilaudid and 28 prescriptions involving 551 tablets of methadone. . . .

"In addition . . . this defendant left the State and was arrested in Illinois for a narcotics violation, and that fact wasn't brought to Your Honor's attention, and it should have been. . . . There were certain statements made by the defendant [in Illinois] which indicated clearly a violation of the probation at that time, and there was a report from the Illinois authorities that he had needle marks. . . . If Your Honor had been apprised of it, Your Honor might very well have issued a warrant for violation of probation and, again, perhaps this tragedy might have been averted.

"I must join with Mr. Steinberg: It is obvious that this was not an intentional killing. . . . What the People are primarily concerned with in this case [was] that a plea of guilty . . . would be to a form of homicide, to manslaughter . . . as a warning to every addict who walks around the street with a needle in his pocket. . . . If he utilizes that needle in injecting anybody else, he will be criminally culpable. . . . I believe, Your Honor, this is the first [such] case in this state. . . .

"I have no desire that the defendant be committed to jail on the manslaughter charge, Your Honor. I would urge that you not do it. However, I would urge that on the first conviction for which he stands in here on violation, you send him to State Prison for the maximum term of law. . . ."

Justice Schweitzer then pronounced sentence. For the manslaughter conviction, the judge sentenced Friede to seven and a half to eight years in prison—and suspended sentence. For the possession-of-narcotics conviction, the judge sentenced Friede to one year in prison—and suspended sentence. For violation of probation, the judge sentenced Friede to two and a half to five years in prison. He could be paroled in 20 months.

A guard escorted the prisoner to the door leading back to the Tombs. Friede paused in front of the door, waited for the guard to open it, then bolted through. He was on his way to Sing Sing.

"It was a great opportunity for the judge and the district attorney and the State of New York to do something," John Wyle, Celeste's grandfather,

said three days after the sentencing. "They had a perfect opportunity to write out a big sentence and set an example. And the only thing he got was violation of probation. It was the same old razzle-dazzle. The kids must be laughing like hell."

And one day in the spring, as she emptied out her granddaughter's desk, Margaret Wyle began to cry. "Look at all these papers," she said to her husband. She pointed to an application for Bennington College, to poems Celeste had written, to the first two teeth Celeste had ever lost.

"You're annihilating yourself," John Wyle said. He picked up the pile of papers and carried them out of the apartment overlooking the Hudson and carried them to the incinerator and dropped them in, and soon, they all went up in flames.

by William Price Fox, Jr.

Room 306 Doesn't Tip!

August 10th, 101 degrees and even the dogs are off the streets. It's Graduation Day and I'm ninety-fourth in line. Have nothing under my black robe except pants and a T-shirt, and the hot cotton feels like it's just been ironed. Wonder if the Coke machine is empty.

The senator wipes his face, takes a drink of water, and drones on about opportunities, challenges, new horizons and facing the future undaunted. Plan to go to Miami to work until I sail for Venezuela in October. Job lined up in iron mines, teaching. Two-year contract, $600 a month plus living expenses. Will save every penny, come back with $14,400 and 1,000 pages of the Great American Novel.

The speech ends. The honoraries and Ph.D's are first. My hand is wet when I shake the senator's. Dean sees I have no shirt on. Fullfledged Bachelor of Arts in philosophy and history; have $36.14 and a Greyhound ticket to Miami in pocket. Owe the dry cleaners $3.60.

Greyhound to Miami takes seventeen hours. Once past St. Augustine it's all like Daytona Beach: white sand, bright sun, gliding gulls and lunging pelicans. Miami, next stop. The Golden Strip—City of the Sun—America's Playground. Have a milk shake and a pack of Fig Newtons at the Greyhound station and check the classified ads.

Counterman, nite shift, $55 per week.
Short-order Cook $60, no drunks.
Service Station Man $60, must be willing to work.
Day Laborers $1.50 per hour, white or col., no drifters.
Car Washers, white or col., $1.25 per hour, plus tips, steady.
Bellhops, Miami Beach, Heavy tips, no salary.

At the Royal Garden Hotel, a three-story 300-roomer on North Beach.

Manager: "Did you ever bellhop?"

"Yessir."

"Where?"

"Dixie Belle Hotel in Charlotte."

"This is a little different."

"I understand."

"You in the service?"

"Yessir. Second Lieutenant Air Force."

"Then you know how to wear a uniform. Right?"

"Right."

"OK, you're on. Eight to eight, half hour for lunch. You can sign for your meals in the coffee shop. Report to Jerry on the door. He's the super. He gets your first 10 percent."

"Thank you, sir."

"The name's Sherman. Are you broke?"

"Yes."

"Here's ten dollars. Sign here. Pick up your uniform from the housekeeper. She's in the basement. And listen: something else."

"What's that?"

"No hustling women."

The superintendent: Jerry Rafferty, a short, red-haired, racetrack-tout type who could get a tip out of a stone. "There's no real money down here till December. I usually don't come down till November."

"But how much now?"

"A hundred and fifty, two hundred dollars tops."

"A month?"

"You crazy? A week. Hell, I pull down a grand from December on. Hit fifteen hundred dollars during the real action in February."

"God, how do you do it?"

"Different ways. Check-ins, check-outs, laundry, dry cleaning, car wash, repairs, rentals, reservations, tours. Anything that comes up. You name it, I got a piece of it. That includes you."

"Yeah, I know."

"Listen, don't try taking luggage out of the cars. Your territory ends at the door until I signal you down. Got it?"

"OK, but what if you're not here?"

"I'll be here."

"But what if you're not? Hell, you can be in the john, or something. I'll look like a damn fool standing inside while they're blowing."

"I'll let you know when I'm leaving. Then we split down the middle. If I catch you holding out, you're through."

A black Fleetwood Cadillac pulls into the circle. Jerry: "It's a rental. Probably good for two bucks. OK, get back inside." Out steps a short man in a chesterfield coat with a tall wife who isn't speaking to him. Jerry takes the car keys, unloads the trunk and stacks the luggage on the steps. He sells the man a car wash and an oil change while he makes out the car ticket. Two one-dollar bills flutter and Jerry tips his hat with his left hand, which is my signal to come out for the luggage.

Put three bags under left arm and two heavies under right. Push open glass door with hip. While they are at the desk I pile bags at elevator, get it down and lock it with inside trigger. They sign up for a $12 room facing Collins Avenue. Rooms facing ocean are $20 until December, then everything skyrockets. Ocean singles go to $46 a day, two-room suites to $110.

In elevator. Man is wearing a glare blue business suit under chesterfield. Woman has a small fur piece. It's ninety degrees outside.

"Did you have a nice trip down?" (Don't say flight; may have taken train, driven, or ridden Greyhound.)

They're from Chicago. He's in the meat business. Woman silent and furious. In room, pile luggage on racks. Hang fur piece and chesterfield on curved wooden hangers. Big motion in bathroom, checking towels, window, air conditioner. "Well, it looks like you're all set. Everything seems just right. My name's Bill and if there's anything I can do for you, just pick up the phone." He tips me a dollar bill rolled up around a fifty cent piece. My first tip. Not bad for three minutes' work. Strange pair, though. Could have been brother and sister instead of man and wife. Wonder how Jerry spotted them for two dollars.

Jerry: "Aw, you can tell how they drive and walk and everything. Read them; you've been to college. That monkey is used to a compact. He's got no business in a Caddy. He almost fell on his face climbing out of it. They get down here and store their cars in town and rent the hearses. Check his rear tires: all whacked up from the corners. He's been clipping them all day. That's why he went for that wash job. Lot of tricks in this field, buddy, but you got to keep your eyes open and stay sharp. OK?"

"OK."

First day made $16. First week cleared $92, after $10 to Sherman and $11 to Jerry. Beats "Day Laborers $1.50 per hour, no drifters," and I'm beginning to like it.

Jerry's price is cheap for what I learn. During check-out we work to-

gether on loading luggage. Touchy moment. Some sharpies will rush around pretending to be in a hurry and make each boy think the other has the tip. They don't have a chance with Jerry. He holds the driver's door and I hold the other door or the trunk lid. Pretend it's stuck if necessary. Doors or trunk not closed until one of us touches hat with left hand. If no tip, door stays open and Jerry, bold as brass, says: "Isn't there something you're forgetting?" I can't do this. He can and it doesn't faze him. Earns more than his 10 percent right here.

Jerry: "Never let them get too far behind. If they say they'll take care of you next time, let it ride once. But only once. Next time tell them they said that last time. That usually works. Keep your eyes on their foreheads. Don't try to outstare them. Lot of them are in sales and they know the ropes. That'll just make them mad and they'll tell you to go to hell. I got one in now. Benedetto, room three-o-six. I've already called him on it, but he gave me some cool British swill about tipping at the end of the fortnight. Wears a two hundred dollar pair of slacks and a hundred dollar shirt and he hasn't reached for the first dime."

Benedetto, room 306 (three pieces of matched black kangaroo-skin luggage from Mark Cross, with stickers from Rome, Athens, Oslo), is tall and tailored. His hair brushes, nail brushes, shaving gear, pipe rack, pipes and shoe trees are from Abercrombie & Fitch. He stands in lobby and prowls swimming pool. Never in bathing suit, always in chartreuse slacks with matching ascot carefully folded at neck under a wine-colored, long-sleeved silk shirt. He dresses and stands like a successful poet, or a captain on leave from the Coldstream Guards, but his slick hair and narrow eyes make him look like a tap dancer. After each service—getting him a gin and tonic, ice, tobacco, baby club sandwich or grilled cheese—he smiles and touches finger to forehead instead of tipping. This suggests he's keeping tab of what he owes us.

Jerry says: "File that move under fat chance. He'll probably sneak out carrying his own bags and take the bus at the corner."

"But he's loaded!"

"Doesn't matter. He's a no-tipper. I've got to think of some way to shake him up."

The pool is off limits for the bellhops except when they're serving food. All mats, chairs, towels, oils, lotions, foil reflectors, eye cups and nose guards belong to Phil, the cabaña boy. Phil is a six-foot-two golden giant who can swim the length of the pool twice underwater and knows how to smile. Calls everyone by their first name and passes himself off as a health faddist. Practices yoga, eats soybeans, organic foods and yoghurt. Stands on his head in the morning for ten minutes to clear it. Jerry says he could do that by spitting. Sits straight, walks straight. Verges on being muscle-bound but laughs at weight lifting. Probably lifts them secretly. Tells everyone he wants to be

an advertising executive in New York and is looking for the right contact. Cabaña boys have shorter careers than middle-weights. Guests like them young and supple. At twenty-seven he'll be over the hill. Has executive job hedged by being a masseur and a pimp. Will go far down here. Will never leave. Constant battles and jealousy between bellhops and cabaña boys on whose rights end where. He can get drinks from bar but can't serve food. We can't serve drinks except with meals. He checks every tray I take out to pool to see if I'm faking a grilled cheese in order to move in on the Martini crowd.

A speciality of the hotel is serving meals on floating tables to bathers in shallow end of big, double-kidney-shaped pool. Pot cheese, cream cheese, swiss cheese, pastrami, tongue, corned beef, sauerkraut and sour tomatoes. Cream cheese and bagels, cream cheese and lox, cream cheese and jelly. Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic, sour cream and borscht very big. Light eaters, average eaters and heavy eaters, all intrigued by floating tables, over-order. No appetite, from lying around like logs in the sun all day, but they try anyway. A duty.

Fifty to a hundred foil reflectors under the sun bathers' throats are blinding. Have to turn away when you walk by to serve. The sun crowd is lined up on a long, curved, duck-board rack with red and green pads under them. A timer goes off every five minutes and they turn over like knackwursts on a spit.

A stout lawyer with calamine lotion on his nose is on an inflated plastic dragon, holding a prune Danish up so it doesn't get wet. He drifts near the edge talking to a friend: "You think I'm relaxing? You're crazy. I never relax here. Here I do business. They break their humps in New York on the IRT and the BMT. I do it here. So who's the smartest? I get them when they're relaxed. But me relax? Come off it. Only time I relax is when I'm on my boat in my lake. I get out in the middle and cut the engine. I let her drift and I just lay back, smoke my cigar and say screw them all. Otherwise, it ain't worth it."

Rich foods, rich sun, rich hours. Mealtimes are anytime. Breakfast is served until four in the afternoon, lunch and dinner anytime. The pastry cook works a twelve-hour shift and barely keeps up. Peanuts, pretzels, cheese-flavored popcorn pour through the bar in ten-gallon tins, and the waste-baskets and ashtrays are loaded with Hershey, Butterfinger and Milky Way wrappers. At night, the cool breeze sharpens the appetites. Herman's Grille is packed until 5 A.M. The orchestra leader playing in a glass-walled restaurant broadcasts that when you drive down Collins Avenue for your midnight snack, just blink your lights and he will wave back. There's an early-morning traffic jam on Arthur Godfrey Road.

Jerry: "You can't figure them all. But you'll get the percentages if you

stay with it. Take the gambler. He's in from Las Vegas. First thing he does in the elevator is rattle his silver dollars. He wants you to know what he is and he doesn't want to talk."

"I see."

"OK, so right away you don't try to outguess him. He spends his life outguessing. He doesn't want to be hustled. But he doesn't want to be tabbed some shoe salesman either, get it? So you play it close. Very close. If you press, you lose. If you don't, you lose. You got to cut it right. Listen, this ain't no romance. The more you make, the more *I* make. That's why I'm bringing you along."

"I understand."

"People think this racket's a snap, that all a bellhop does is smile and hold out his claw. Boy, they know a lot. The super up at the Beverly pulls down sixty thousand bucks a year. Got a Chris-Craft and a Lincoln Continental. You don't live like that with your hand out. Anyhow, take the gambler. He's in the elevator riffling his silver dollars. Right away you know he's studying you. Your tip can run from one to twenty, but he's running up and down the stack trying to figure out what you're worth and where he'll cut it off. So what do you do? I'll tell you what you do. You watch him but you don't watch him. You wait for him to make a move and you key in on it. If he wants to keep quiet, keep it quiet. Joke, joke. Talk, talk. Just let him start it, and for chrissake don't fake him. No big motions in the bathroom or pretending that the blinds won't work. He knows everything is perfect. For sixty a night it's got to be. Don't let him know you're listening to the money. One stud man caught me. Said he'd give me seven to two I couldn't call it. Broke me up. Him too. Came across with a sawbuck and a fiver for every pitcher of ice. They're right guys, but they don't want nobody hustling them. You know something? If I had it to do all over again I'd start out in Las Vegas. If you can read that crowd you're home free.

"I'll tell you something else. Never hand a guest his change. Lay it down on the dresser. Make him pick it up. Takes a few seconds longer but it'll work. You want that little edge there going for you. If you hand a man a few bills he can put them away too fast. Then he gets too embarrassed to pull them out. But if you got him reaching, and there's a mirror so he can see you, he's got to be thinking about what he's doing. And watch the wives. They know the men are going to overtip. So stand with your back to her, or between them, to give him a chance. He's going to lie to her anyway.

"Women tippers, that's different. Men I can read. I keep drawing blanks on women. Most of them go the flat 20 percent Schrafft's tip on everything. But they'll cross you up. I've gotten as high as twenty bucks for buying a pack of cigarettes and twenty cents for moving up a steamer trunk. You never can tell about them. I had one up in the Catskills figured for at least a sawbuck and she gave me a God damned apple.

"You take a bellhop working one of those mom-and-pop South Beach flea bags. Right away he's in the john letting you know you've got hot water and a couple towels. Then he rushes out and pushes up the windows. Wants you to think he's responsible for everything. That's the way to starve up here. When a man puts down sixty bucks for a damn room, he's got to figure the sheets are clean and he's got toilet paper. Just go in the john and cut the lights on. Maybe show them where the switch is. If you want something to do with your hands, flash those curved hangers and hang up their coats. That's plenty. Women love them. I'll sell you a few extra ones. And when they check out, make sure you give them a couple. They look expensive and the extra tip will cover it. Don't carry a cigarette lighter. Always carry matches. The lighter's too fast and might not work. Light the match and let them see you fan the flame to get rid of the sulphur smell. They like that. And don't let them see you slouch or lean on anything or get tired."

The light and the buzzer went on. It was Benedetto in 306. "There's that bastard again. I gave him a pitcher of warm water last night with one ice cube in it and a dusty glass and he didn't bat an eye."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"I don't know. But let me handle him."

Jerry comes back from 306 waving Benedetto's $200 chartreuse slacks like a flag. Trying to decide what to do with them to scare him into tipping. Considers jamming the zipper, breaking the zipper handle, tearing off a belt loop, removing the front pockets. Decides to decide later.

To Jerry's advice I add my own notes: don't tell a piece-goods salesman that you're in philosophy or interested in teaching school. Tell him you're in insurance, accounting, advertising. Relate your ambitions to his career. Plenty of time to discuss schools and writers when the teaching crowd comes down in the spring. Be surprised when weather is cloudy. Act bewildered, even shocked, when it rains.

Miss Avril: "So where's the sun?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Avril. I just can't understand it. This is the first time it's been like this. It can't last much longer."

"What do you mean it can't? It is! It's raining cats and dogs and I'm stuck in a thirty-six-dollar-a-night room. I can't go back to work like this. I've got to get a tan. How'll they know I've been here? That creep Mildred Gaddings came down last month and stayed at the Harper House, lived off Metrecal, didn't spend a dime over the package and came back black. Look at me. I'm like an oyster."

"You can get a tan in the solarium."

"Hell, I can do that on Lexington Avenue at the YWCA for fifty cents. I fly two thousand miles and spend six hundred dollars just to sit out here with the potted palms and write postcards? Is the bar open?"

"I'm sure it is."

The heavy drinkers stay in the bar all day. The hostesses wear transparent Baghdad-Valentino pants and the place is so dark the bartenders need a light near the cash register so that they can make change at noon.

More notes: find out about people and introduce them around. Find out where they live, even the street, if possible. Keep notes. Two men from 168th Street in Manhattan will greet each other like long-lost brothers meeting in a foreign country. Some are looking for escape, but not many are looking very hard. Usually a pose. Neighbors will have a good time if thrown together. They sit in the lobby and pick apart the others. Wives throw off the Saks Fifth Avenue walk and accent, and discuss Macy's and A. & P. prices. Men discuss territories, their cars and how they get from Van Cortland to Canarsie. The car and mink renters look self-conscious. Walk stiffly, as if they're being followed, or they go overboard and try to casual it like Dean Martin. Beware of change rattlers, but don't let them scare you. The noise works both ways. They're scared you've heard and are insulted, and often will overcompensate by overtipping.

Sherman, the manager: "Here's the problem. Julian Vogel is coming out to look the place over. He's a big shirt manufacturer, one of the biggest. I want him to stay here. He's good for a solid month in an ocean suite and the salesmen follow him like fruit flies. Last year twenty followed him into the Blue Hacienda and they stayed all month. We've got to get him. So show him the place. Give him anything he wants. He's crazy and he doesn't trust me, so stay on top of him. I'm counting on you."

Julian Vogel arrives. Short, thin, neurotic. All nerve ends. His head seems to be two differently shaped lobes joined together by an operation. No hair. Rimless, steel-framed glasses as thick as Coca-Cola bottle bottoms. High-strung and wretched. Slightest noise makes him jump and quiver. Should be in rest home, not here. I show him the entire hotel. Room by room. Hotel has 300. Nightclub at bottom corner of one wing, kitchen at the other. Julian has moist, suffering eyes; can't stand noise or smells or vibrations. Show him all available rooms and suites.

Says no to all rooms on ocean side. Surf too noisy.

Says no to wing near nightclub. Too noisy. Claims he can hear the bass vibrations when the orchestra's playing.

Says no to wing on Collins Avenue. Noisy traffic and exhaust fumes.

Only wing left is on kitchen side. We walk down padded hallway sniffing the kitchen odors. Keeps walking, keeps sniffing. Vogel finally finds a suite near front which he claims is odor free. No noise, no smells, no vibrations. Ideal room; top floor, away from surf, traffic, kitchen and nightclub. It has taken two hours to find it, but he likes it. He likes the foam mattress, the windows. Toilet flushes quietly. Water pressure fine. Even likes the salmon and tan coloring and the bullfighter motif over the head-

board. All set, smiling delightedly, rubbing hands and crossing and recrossing room as if he's measuring it. Time for me to telephone manager.

Sherman comes up, beaming. He starts to seal deal with handshake when suddenly Julian pulls back. Something is wrong. He acts like he's been tricked.

"No! No! It won't do."

"But Mr. Vogel, it's perfect." Sherman runs through qualities of excellence. "It's perfect, perfect. I'm sure you'll be happy here."

Julian smiles: "Perfect, yes, but wrong nevertheless. I'm too far from the kitchen. I'll get my breakfast cold."

"But Bill can get it here in two minutes from the kitchen. Less than that."

"Not fast enough. If the elevator is busy he has to wait. If he climbs the stairs—even if he runs—it's too late. Everything gets cold. Sorry, I like the room but I can't live like that."

Sherman is dumbfounded.

I speak: "What do you have for breakfast, sir?"

"Oatmeal, prune juice, hot toast and coffee. It's no use—the toast and the oatmeal will get cold. I like my butter brushed on my toast. It'll get soggy."

"What if I set up a Sterno unit in the linen closet? It's only twenty feet away. I'll do the toast there and keep the oatmeal hot for you. I'm sure I can handle it."

"My boy, you can." Julian smiles, turns to Sherman. "This boy's a genius. I want him to wait on me personally. I'm staying."

In hall, Sherman has arm around my shoulder. "Great going. Great. Stay with him. You can make a couple hundred. And listen, I want you on the split shift. There's more action at night around here, and I want you to be making more money."

December. Summer weeks of $150 now peanuts. If I don't make $50 a night am upset. Venezuela ten thousand miles away and getting farther. Will do novel in Miami. Need a title for it.

"Hi buddy, got any girls around here?"

"No sir. Check the cab man at the corner."

"I gotcha."

Jerry: "Leave the broads alone. Trouble, nothing but trouble. Give me a car wash and grease job setup any day. They'll spoil everything. They get to hanging around and then it's too late to get rid of them. Nothing but trouble."

More notes: off duty, don't mingle with the guests. Cabaña boy can, but that's another horse. He locks himself to guests and builds sick, patronizing friendships. Introduces men to women, women to men. His tip builds

until it's no longer called a tip but a "going-away present." Where cabaña boy's tip builds, bellhop's does not. You must make it fast on each call. A bellhop who drinks with guests breaks down distance barrier. It's like tipping a friend. Familiarity breeds contempt.

Jerry calls me over to his desk. Guidebooks piled on desk a foot deep. Brochures on everything: Everglade cruises and fishing trips; rent a car, a boat, an Indian; buy fruit, candy, flowers. Benedetto's slacks have come back from cleaners. Jerry has spent hours figuring what he's going to do to them. Takes out pen, wiggles valve, and drops a single tear of ink on the middle of the fly.

Benedetto is in lobby. All-black ensemble, looking out through plate glass at the pool. Jerry takes him over to his desk, whispering.

Benedetto screams: "What in the hell happened? Those are my slacks!"

Jerry: "I'm really sorry, sir. Looks like marking ink. I raised holy hell at the cleaners. They'll make it good."

"But they're special made in Jamaica. Goddammit, they set me back two hundred dollars." All trace of the British accent is gone.

"They got to get the adjuster out. I put the value at two-fifty. That way if they cut it down we can slide back to two hundred. Listen, Mr. Benedetto, why don't you let me put a good tire on your front left for you? I can get it recapped cheap right up the street."

Benedetto: "Recapped?"

"Yessir, only fifteen dollars."

"I want a new one. A good one. I want the best."

"How about a nylon one? Then you don't have to ever worry."

"OK."

"And I'll get her washed and greased for you. All right, sir?"

"OK, OK . . . Dammit, I liked those slacks. You can't match that color in this country. I'm going to the bar."

Sherman: "I've been thinking how you handled Vogel. You're really shaping up. Maybe even superintendent material. Tell you what: You ride it out here till the season breaks, then I'll shoot you up to the Catskills. We own a big place there. Get this same crowd in the summer. That'll give you May off and you'll be ready to start in June."

"Sounds good."

"Sure, and you can spend your vacation there free. Lots of college girls helping out in the restaurant. That isn't bad duty."

January. Thoughts of Venezuela have long gone. Will now do first draft of novel in Catskills, finish it here next winter. Have quit looking at used-car lots. Decided to drive someone's Cadillac to New York, where I'll buy a new convertible. Have saved $2,040.

Miss Avril in bar: "Doesn't anyone ever go in the ocean?"

Bartender: "Not many."

"Oh, they're all so sick. It looks like a meat rack out there. How do they stand that sun? It's so close you can't breathe. And all that oil and foil and those awful nose guards. Oh, I shouldn't have come down."

"Haven't you met anyone you can talk to yet?"

"They're all drags. They're from the West Side and Queens and they're all millionaires. Who needs them?"

"That was gin, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, and a little easy on the vermouth this time, OK?"

The long and the short and the tall. Clothes to cleaners and laundry. Fifty-four stub short. Stylish stout. Size eighteen. Size twenty. Heavy girdles, boned bras and elasticized stockings. One pair of pants for a man with a stomach like a globe consisted of a yard-long zipper with two stubs for legs attached. Couldn't hang it on hanger. Folded it over my arm like a tablecloth. Extra charge at cleaners. They couldn't lay it on ironing board.

Dry cleaning and laundry comes through Jerry, marked up 40 percent on cleaning and 50 percent on laundry. Company does a good job and Jerry watches that nothing gets stolen or swapped. Jerry also keeps whisky in back of his car along with razor blades, shaving cream and contraceptives. Resells everything at double price. Seven-dollar quart of scotch goes for $18. Jerry: "Tell them you have to run across town in a cab to get it. Don't worry, the whole Beach does it."

Julian Vogel. Sterno cooking every morning. Hot toast and butter and oatmeal. Every morning smiling over the steaming Quaker Oats. "You're a good boy. I'm going to take care of you." No tips. Another Benedetto? Have made a mistake. Have gotten too close to him and there's no backing off. Should have called him earlier, but backed out thinking there was big tip coming eventually. Maybe a hundred. Sherman said two hundred.

Two weeks later and still only $5 for checking him in, and fatherly smiles over the steaming porridge. Nothing for the breakfast. Nothing for the ice, the lunches, the midnight snacks. He seems to be gathering them for one big present. Maybe he thinks of me in cabaña-boy terms.

On Friday, Vogel wants to see me. Long personal talk. What do I want to do with myself in future? Could work for him. Could be a good shirt salesman. Good Manhattan territory. Throw in part of Connecticut so I could drive and get a company car. Says he feels like a father to me. Has no son. Big tip coming, I can feel it. He's building up to something. It comes. His daughter is on school vacation and is coming down tomorrow for a week. He wants me to take her around town in his Cadillac. Grins. All expenses on him. Slaps me on back.

Gertrude Vogel arrives. Tall, sad, tube-like face. Julian gives me $200 and keys to Caddy. Wants receipts for tax purposes. Three red-hot, ice-cold

nights. Gertrude keeps talking about her economics examination. I'm glad, because I've got nothing I want to talk to her about.

Julian is complaining to manager that kitchen smells are seeping into his room. I spend hour trying to find where they are coming from but can't. Tell Julian must be from restaurant down Collins Avenue. But wind is from ocean. It doesn't make sense. Try again later. Smell is chicken noodle soup coming from room 202. Knock on door. Two good-looking blond college girls. They are sneaking in Metrecal and fruit, and cooking soup and corned-beef hash on a Sterno setup. We laugh about Vogel sniffing down hall trying to find where it's coming from. Wind up giving them three fruit baskets, more Sterno fuel and sneaking hot Danishes up in the morning. Romance doesn't get a chance to blossom because of pressure of $24-a-day room. They have to leave. I drive them out to airport in Vogel's Cadillac. No charge. Will look them up when I come through New York City.

February. The boat to Venezuela has been gone four months. The heavy action begins. Package plans drop off and the big spenders arrive. At the check-in, we give each couple five wooden hangers and a $2.50 basket of fruit. Camel's-hair coats, vicuña coats, vicuña with fur-trimmed collars. Women look taller, longer legged, smoother, better cared for and moneyed. Are used to having doors opened for them and gazing into middle distance while husband or boyfriend signs register. Wear chinchilla hats, full-length mink coats. Bigger, heavier luggage. Have to use dollies to carry the big steamer trunks in. Women want to know where the hairdresser is, not where the beach or the sun is. Nine, ten, eleven pieces of luggage. Suitcases for just cosmetics. Husbands cutting Corona Coronas with small, pearl-handled silver knives. Diamonds on fingers and in stick pins in $15 Sulka neckties. Soft, easy-fitting, tailor-made clothes. Cashmere blazers, expensive shoes, long socks. They tip $5 and $10 as if they were buying a newspaper.

A joy to work with them. Know what they want and when. They've been here before and don't flinch when you say $24 for a bottle of scotch (Jerry has raised the price from $18). They encourage no closeness, which is good, and means tips continue. Women seem to be taller than the men. Wives and husbands present at every business dinner. Can't tell the salesmen from the buyers, which means they are all owners or executives of the companies.

Tips soar: first week February, $442. Second week, $506.

Alky in room 109. Woman forty-six or so, six feet tall. Rough Texas face has seen many terrible things. Drinks gin and sucks lemons. Eats chocolate-covered cherries. Leaves money crumpled in balls on dresser top with paper cups from candy. Gin and lemons on night table in reach of bed. Lies around in bra and half-slip. Ice melts every hour. Constant service.

"Take five dollars, sonny." There must be $400 on the dresser. It

looks like a trash pile. "Just don't get sticky fingers. Hand me a couple of those cherries. Take one yourself. Funny, I used to eat these things when I was a kid and now every time I go on a bender I have to have them. That ought to be worth a session on the couch. Back home I'm a big society gal. Down here I'm a drunk. You understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"OK, no violins. No sad songs. Just keep the ice coming and keep them out of my hair. What did you take, five dollars?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"OK, take five more. If I don't eat one meal a day I get sick. So right around eight bring me up a steak rare and some fries and ketchup, a green salad and a glass of milk. Don't call me and ask if I want it. Just bring it up. And if I don't eat it, don't worry about it, OK? Bring it every day around eight. Dinner at eight. That's a Noel Coward play. You want a drink?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you have to call me ma'am? I'm not that old. Call me Bunny."

"OK, Bunny."

Julian Vogel is checking out. Eleven pieces of luggage. Daughter is tan and looks better, but still bad. Julian looks like he's still smelling the chicken noodle soup. The salesmen have gotten to him and he's had a bad time fighting them off. Needed the rest, but he enjoys the pursuit. Tips me $10. The Sterno and the oatmeal brought us too close together. Must learn to keep distance.

Third week in February, $568. Fourth week, $587.

March fifteenth, and as if on a signal the vicuñas and the chinchillas are leaving. The migration is over. They are due someplace else. The hotel is jammed with check-outs. Very few check-ins. Then a rush of check-ins.

The package plans are flooding the beach. The cloth coats are returning. Somehow I resent them. The men look out of place here after the rich have left. Seem louder, more vulgar; want to carry their own luggage. Tan and brown shoes; thirty-cent socks with clock pattern down the ankle. Black socks, some are even white. Pants are too long at break, too loose or tight in seat. High or low in crotch. Suits are from racks, and have ridges and bulges on shoulders. Women look better than men, but not like the tall, furred goddesses of February. Strange and unfamiliar labels on coats. No more brass-studded leather luggage. No steamer trunks. Now composition, pressed cardboard, old bags from the Army and oily hang-up suit bags. Too much talk. Too many questions. Everyone is too nice.

"What time do you serve lunch?"

"It's served all day."

"My name's George, and this is my wife Alice. We drove down from

Akron. Fifteen hours at a stretch. Made it in thirty hours. So you're Bill. Well, that's fine. If we need anything we'll call."

Wife says: "George!"

"What?"

She nods at me. "Oh, Sorry."

He pulls out a six-inch-long, three-inch-wide suede purse with a double snapper on top. Snap. Snap. Long fingers wiggle down the sleeve. He brings out a quarter and a nickle, another quarter and then a dime. He puts one quarter back and gives me the forty cents.

The season is over.

by Warren Hinckle

The Story of Oakland, California

As if the creation of some perverse master of idle pastimes, Oakland spreads out like a giant game board from the north shore mud flats of San Francisco Bay to the rolling hills of the coastal range. The game is "Metropoly," and, as it is played in Oakland, it must also be played by anyone living in any American city over 250,000 persons. The object is survival, and the obstacles are chronic unemployment, racial imbalance, cultural deprivation, economic strangulation, educational disparity, housing inadequacy, entrenched power, stultifying bureaucracy, and loss of identity.

Playing rules are simple. If you are among the sub-standard income families that make up 47 per cent of Oakland's population, you wait your turn, shake the dice, count your spaces and keep quiet. Go to jail when you are told, only pass Go when you receive permission. Pay your taxes. And above all, don't rock the board. The rules are more lax if you are one of the elite group which makes 99 per cent of the decisions in Oakland. After all, you know the banker. Since the other players constantly have to land on your property, the rents they pay make it difficult to buy any houses or hotels themselves. Whatever property they do have will be the cheapest on the board, and the odds are that you will end up owning it too.

The analogy is familiar, but it applies with dismaying exactitude to life in Oakland, California, where the game of "Metropoly" is being played on a scale slightly below the epic.

A GEOGRAPHY LESSON

Oakland makes a nice "Metropoly" game board since it is an "All American City." *Look* magazine said it was, in 1955, and a plaque from *Look* hangs in Oakland's marble-walled City Hall to prove it. A red, white and blue billboard reminds motorists of this honor as they speed along Oakland's perimeter on an elevated freeway that slices across depressed flatlands of marginal industry and decaying housing. The view from the freeway is a city planner's version of the seventh layer of hell: an ugly, squalid, depressing hodgepodge of commercial neighborhoods, smoke-deadened greenery and neglected residences of Victorian design and Edwardian vintage. The dominant color is gray. At the turn of the century the flatland area was a well-manicured community of bright gingerbread architecture that provided surburban housing, via ferryboat, for the more vital, if more sinful, city of San Francisco across the bay. But Oakland was doomed by its own geography. Its flatlands provide a natural base for industrial expansion of hilly San Francisco, an expansion that assumed forest-fire proportions as the twentieth century pressed on through the catalytic periods of World War I and then, World War II.

In the boom period after World War I, port facilities, heavy and light industry, stores and storage tanks crowded the flatlands, without comfort of zoning or planning, and the residents fled inland, toward the pretty hills that mark Oakland's boundary to the east and south. Middle-class workingmen's homes were built by the score between the waterfront and the hill slopes, but, within decades, only the sacrosanct hills were free from unchecked commercial blight. Pockets of minority settlements became etched into the flatland topography—chronologically, Irish, Germans, Portuguese, Chinese, Italians, Mexicans, Indians and Negroes. Illegally subdivided old homes afforded cheap housing, and as a tremendous influx of Negro workers came to Oakland to work in the shipyards during World War II ("imported," an Oakland official said, "by the Federal Government from the South"), the racial characteristics of the ghetto became well-defined.

Thus, race begins at sea level in Oakland. Some 90,000 Oakland Negroes, constituting almost one quarter of the city's total population, are jammed into restricted and blighted flatland areas on both the east and west sides of the city. As the height above sea level increases, the population becomes paler. The attractive, sylvan hill areas are reserved for expensive homes for whites. There is integration in Oakland, but it is basically the integration of necessity forced upon poor Negroes and whites alike by their economic status.

Oakland's unemployment is twice the national average, its Negro unemployment rate even higher; it is the fifth largest city in California, but its

welfare case load is the second largest. A city planner estimates that Oakland needs to spend $80 million annually to keep the ghetto from the boiling point, but the city is administering less than $1 million in an ineffectual poverty program, in which the poor are excluded from participation.

The men who run Oakland have disassociated themselves, even geographically, from the acute problems of the city. The mayor lives in the chic Claremont Hotel in Berkeley; the police chief in the racially-restricted Oakland hills. Business and civic leaders also live outside the congested, depressing cityscape—or above it, in the hills. Or in Piedmont, a Caucasian mountain-city of upper-class homes surrounded on all four sides by Oakland. Their contact with the ghetto consists primarily of driving through it on the way to work. Business-dominated official Oakland's answer to the growing civic crisis occasioned by a massive minority influx, chronic unemployment and the flight of the racially insecure, home-owning whites to the more distant suburbs is, basically, more industry—and more police. If only the people in the ghetto could somehow be wished away, Oakland would make a truly splendid industrial park.

"A SPECTRE HAUNTING OAKLAND"

Oakland's leaders see a twofold spectre haunting their grimy city: the fear of an explosion from the ghetto within, and an invasion of "outside agitators" from the sprawling, adjacent Berkeley campus of the University of California. Both fears were combined last fall when the Berkeley Vietnam Day Committee (VDC) scheduled an anti-war march from the campus through Berkeley and on through the Oakland ghetto. It provoked a confrontation that set in bas-relief, before an incredulous nation, the tinderbox condition of the great Oakland ghetto and the cantankerous, running-scared mentality of the city's leaders. Oakland's anguished reaction to the prospect of anti-Vietnam War demonstrators marching through its public streets underscores the fear and confusion with which Oakland leaders view the intellectual Berkeley community.

Oakland's ruling mentality is basically deep-Southern: conservative, Protestant, dreary, friendly to those who accept their perspectives, vindictive toward any who challenge them. The permissive, sexually open, blatantly intellectual Berkeley community constitutes an alien and dangerous world which the Oakland Establishment is incapable of understanding and must inevitably view with suspicion. The student activists are considered beatniks, savages, Communists—ne'er-do-wells, who must be kept from disturbing the normalcy of Oakland.

Oakland has had its native rebels, but for relatively short periods of residence. Gertrude Stein was a native, but apparently left home shortly after becoming ambulatory. "The trouble with Oakland is that there's no

there THERE," Miss Stein said. Jack London, also Oakland-born, ran, disastrously, for mayor on the Socialist tickets in 1901 and 1903. But Oakland has forgiven this indiscretion; it named a waterfront night-life square in London's honor. It is doubtful that the new breed of rebels plaguing the Oakland leaders will ever be treated with such nostalgia. They will not become expatriates, but will remain and insist on rubbing the world, and the ghetto, in Oakland's face. They want to remake society, and since Oakland is one of the worst examples of American society, they consider it a good place to begin.

Approximately 100 anti-Vietnam war protests marches were held in cities across the country on October 15 and 16. A Berkeley-Oakland march began in Berkeley, but it never made it into Oakland. Blue-uniformed Oakland police were massed, in a scene reminiscent of Selma—tear gas guns and billy clubs out—at the Oakland city limits sign, as some 15,000 marchers approached from Berkeley on the night of October 15. The demonstrators were turned away, and blocked again the next afternoon as another march attempted to tramp upon Oakland streets.

Oakland's singular interpretation of the constitutional right of freedom of assembly was based upon numerous rationales: the danger of marching at night, possible traffic congestion in a daytime march, the city's professed inability to protect the marchers from possible, but undefined, dangers. Essentally, it was based upon the incontrovertible fact that Oakland is afraid.

It is afraid of a Watts. Life in Oakland's slums is so oppressive that Oakland Negroes have been known to suggest, sarcastically, a move to Watts to better their lot. (The Los Angeles riots, through a masterful public relations stroke by Mayor Sam Yorty, are always called the "Watts riots"—as if Watts was anything but Los Angeles' prime area of Negro restriction; but if the Oakland ghetto explodes, the city cannot escape the appellation of the "Oakland riots.")

It is afraid of outsiders, of intellectuals, of "agitators." It is afraid of anything that might upset the delicate status quo. In short, Oakland officials are afraid of the city they govern.

The VDC originally planned to engage in massive civil disobedience by means of a sit-in at the Oakland Army Terminal. But as the march date came closer, enormous pressure was brought against civil disobedience plans. Pressure from the University of California faculty, from state and national officials, but mostly, pressure from within the VDC. A large proportion of VDC participants had been arrested in the Free Speech Movement sit-in at the University's Sproul Hall the year before, and the costly experiment of mass arrest made them fearful of the prospect of another long court battle that would divert energies from anti-war agitation to legal defense.

The VDC met and revised its civil disobedience ideas: it would provoke no mass arrests. It would merely march to the Oakland Army Terminal. This decision was announced a week before the parade, but Oakland authorities continued to react publicly as if they were going to be forced to arrest over 10,000 people. It made it easier to be adamant.

Oakland's hysteria was painfully obvious during a series of lengthy and fruitless meetings as VDC representatives sought permission to parade. Chief of Police Edward M. Toothman accused the negotiators of wanting to instigate a riot which would be "more bloody than Watts." Mayor John C. Houlihan, running hot and cold between moderation and obduration, charged the VDC with being "disrespectful" to Oakland and eventually decided that the attempt to march was a "challenge" to the sovereignty of Oakland.

Oakland is the heart of Alameda County and Alameda County District Attorney Frank J. Coakley played the super-patriot. He attacked what he termed the "seditious and treasonous interests" of the demonstrators. He tried, unsuccessfully, to get a federal court to deny the marchers their constitutional rights. He issued ominous press releases based on Section 2387 of the United States Criminal Code—sedition; he worked with the California Attorney General to threaten marchers with possible felony conspiracy charges; he made strange allusions to Berkeley officials "conspiring" with the VDC; he helped create a climate of crisis, whereupon California's easily-influenced Governor "Pat" Brown put the National Guard on alert, signed a paper in advance of the march declaring a state of emergency, assembled the preposterous number of 3,200 law officers at Berkeley, and had the State Highway Patrol commissioner sleep on a cot in his office, just in case. Kent Purcell, chairman of the Alameda County Board of Supervisors, watched the massive police preparations and shook his head. "They're crazy, those marchers, but they're not going to push us around," he said. "We'll arrest 10,000 if we have to and when the jails are full, we'll use the armory." This preparation was for the same sort of peaceful protest march that went unencumbered down Fifth Avenue in New York, and down streets of 100 other less paranoid cities that same weekend.

CHARGE OF THE HELL'S ANGELS

As the Oakland armed forces lined up on a Saturday afternoon in a Selma wall at the Adeline street boundary to their town, a bizarre event with the most preposterous consequences occurred. Although the police armada was sufficient to stop 8,000 marchers from entering Oakland, somehow eight Hell's Angels succeeded in getting around or through the police and into the ranks of the demonstrators. The Angels challenged the marchers to fight, ripped the loudspeaker from the rented truck that led the parade,

roughed up a few demonstrators and are accused of breaking the leg of a Berkeley police sergeant during the ensuing melee. The Oakland police had known the Hell's Angels, who have a reputation for bad manners, were there –but did nothing to disperse them despite their often professed fears of a riot. "Those guys got their constitutional rights too," a police officer told one of the marchers who complained about the invading motorcyclists.

The story for the Sunday newspapers couldn't have been better if they had invented it. Hell's Angels. Vietnam Protest. Beards. Beatniks. Violence. Great copy. The Angels, the papers said, "broke up the march." This was not exactly true since the 8,000 demonstrators could not have moved one inch further without getting smashed by the Oakland police, but it served the unlikely purpose of making the Hell's Angels, who used to be nothing but cancers, some sort of momentary, patriotic heroes.

Thus, in the diffuse perspective events can take in the unreal world of Oakland, the Hell's Angels came to represent respectable Americanism, while the marchers–professors, middle-class families with their children, students, veterans, ministers, all voicing their consciences–became the misfits of society.

A threat of the Angels to interfere with the second VDC march was extremely bad news, but Oakland authorities were curiously modest about the ability of their famous police force to stop the cyclists. This was an ambivalence displayed often during the great march crisis: they were fearful of another Watts in Oakland, but on the other hand gave the vague impression that they would almost welcome a riot. It would demonstrate the truth of what they had been saying about the "agitators," and, since the permit to march had previously been denied because of the danger of a riot, would prove their point. Southern police welcomed violence over racial demonstrations for the same reason: it supports their rationales for keeping the "outsiders" out.

A BUDDHIST AMONG WARRIORS

Allen Ginsberg was stuffing his Christmas turkey. He was in his apartment in San Francisco, but he was talking about Oakland. "Oakland needs soul cleansing," the poet-philosopher said. "It is paranoid, but its paranoia is just a reflex in a small part of the overall paranoia and insanity that is gripping the world today."

Ginsberg's analysis, Oakland officials will readily tell you, is something they can do without. They got quite enough of it last fall when Ginsberg self-cast himself as the man to bridge the human gap between Oakland, the Hell's Angels and the VDC.

Ginsberg played his Tibetan silver prayer bells and sang Buddhist chants for the protection of the demonstrators before the first march and was

justifiably worried about the second. Three days before the march he went on a peace mission to the Oakland residence of Sonny Barger, the Angels' Northern California President. Accompanying the poet were Ken Kesey, the novelist, who was against the war but also for the Angels, and Neil Cassidy, Kesey's side-kick and the hero of Jack Kerouac's novel *On The Road*. Ginsberg later issued a hand-printed press release which told the *whole* story:

"Ralph Barger, president of the Hell's Angels, entertained Ken Kesey, Neil Cassidy and Allen Ginsberg on Wednesday night in his home in Oakland. Also there were numerous Hell's Angels. The conversation ranged from the Vietnam Day Committee March to Buddhist philosophy. The night was relaxed and friendly and ended in singing and dancing. Kesey said he was on the side of the Angels and that he wished all blessed. Sonny Barger said that the Angels' previous declaration of peaceful intent on the Vietnam March had been underplayed by the press . . . Barger explained the Angels' position as one of pro-Americanism and patriotism. Barger felt that a Communist victory in Vietnam would lead to a police state in America. Everybody present agreed that America was already too much of a police state. Some guests were sympathetic to the Vietnam Day Committee and explained that the march was an anti-war march, not pro-Communist march. That the majority of the marchers were equally opposed to a further growth of the police state. They also pointed out that the war was creating police state conditions everywhere. A Buddhist prayer (the highest, perfect prayer which says that the universe is an illusion) was chanted, as well as other high, holy songs. The host, Mr. Barger, put Bob Dylan's 'Gates of Eden' on the phonograph and also 'It's All Over Now, Baby Blue.' He also said he enjoyed Joan Baez's music. The evening ended with a collective sign and the good wishes that other potential hotheads might find their way to conduct themselves with the same cool this weekend."

As a peacemaker, Ginsberg should commute between Washington and Hanoi. The Angels called a press conference to announce that, in the interest of tranquility, they would not attend the march on Saturday but would "go drink some suds" instead. Sonny Barger also announced that he had sent a telegram to President Johnson offering the services of the Angels, en masse, as "Gorilla" fighters in Vietnam.

There was a feeling prevalent among VDC members that the Angels represented the "new wave of fascism," and were put up to their interference with the march by the desperate Oakland authorities. But Ginsberg said this is nonsense, that the Angels actually believed the marchers were mostly Communists. The attitude of the Angels toward the marchers was not much different from the American public as a whole, he said. "The Angels are in the center of the American consensus," the poet said. "Didn't Vice-President Humphrey suggest the peace marchers were dominated

by Communists? Any misinformation the Angels get either about the war or about the march is from the mass media and is misinformation shared by the American public at large. After all, when the Angels very crudely announce that if we don't fight in Vietnam the Commies are going to start getting us in California, they only repeat a line which is expressed in more sophisticated fashion by spokesmen for the Johnson Administration." Ginsberg was critical of the VDC, also. He said they had no proper *upaya* (an Indian word, literally translated "method"). "In a situation surrounded with hostility, the VDC had no real means of transmitting wisdom," he said.

If to no one else, the VDC certainly had trouble transmitting their wisdom to Oakland officials. The city resisted plans for the second march down to the last final hours, although under orders from a federal judge to "reach an agreement" on the parade route with the VDC.

Ex-Senator Knowland refers to Berkeley as the "Polish Corridor" through which the invading VDC marchers pass on their way to the strategic target—Oakland. The void between the two worlds of Oakland and Berkeley loomed immense in those fitful days of discussion before the march in mid-November. An exasperated VDC leader surveyed the gap: "What we didn't understand was that our frame of reference was so different from that of Oakland. When we think of the results of denying us the right to march we think of students, the liberals, the press headlines, the difficulty of talking about Vietnam and the great ease with which discussion of Vietnam is related to the right to protest. But the problem was that the police and city manager are thinking about their responsibility to the merchants, the right-wing letter writers, and to people who give money to political campaigns, the Establishment interests. And to them, giving us a permit to march is appeasement and cowardly and they are not fulfilling their responsibilities."

Oakland, intransigent, went down to defeat before a Federal Court order. It is indicative of the city's mentality that, rather than deal realistically with a situation it disliked, it would make the Federal Government step in and force it to go along. This is the classic pattern of Southern resistance to civil rights progress. In Oakland, even if you can't shoot, you must stick to your guns.

THE MEN AT THE BARRICADES—I

Assemblyman Don Mulford

Absolutely the biggest day in Assemblyman Don Mulford's life was on the seventh day of the Watts riots when the telephone rang in his Oakland office. The call was long distance; Los Angeles Police Chief William Parker was on the line. Parker invited Mulford to fly down and ride with the police through the riot-torn area the next day, an invitation Mulford accepted with

alacrity. It is not every week that the police chief of one of the nation's biggest cities asks you, in person, to ride around with him and watch his town burn down. This was just Chief Parker's way of expressing his appreciation for Mulford's efforts in the California State Legislature on behalf of policemen. For instance, Mulford is the author of a new law which makes it a felony to assault a policeman in California. He has always been strong on law and order.

Don Mulford represents the white and rich part of Oakland, but mostly he represents the 18th century. A Republican from the monied, mountain community of Piedmont that overlooks the Oakland slums, his Assembly seat is secure as long as he remains in favor of motherhood and the American flag. He has been very busy with the American flag lately because his district includes that part of Berkeley which is the University of California—where recent events have given him heartburn. The Assemblyman is extremely concerned over the "agitation" at the University, his alma mater and also his wife's. He believes that the social protests on campus were "professionally organized" by people "oriented toward the Mao brand of communism." The Assemblyman tells of his briefing by "security people" who told him the University is a sort of training ground for agitators who then move on to bigger and better things. Mario Savio, he points out (as if to prove his intelligence report), is now at the University of London.

Mulford believes that the VDC's attempt to march against the wishes of the Oakland police was a "threat of anarchy." He says the VDC used the campus to plan illegal acts in Oakland, and sees as many conspiracies at the University as the late junior senator from Wisconsin saw in the State Department. "I have in front of me a list of 54 incidents of illegal activities taking place in the classrooms on the Berkeley campus of the University of California," the Assemblyman melodramatically told a startled junior chamber of commerce audience during the Vietnam protest hoopla. Alameda County District Attorney Coakley, a man who would like nothing better than to prosecute a good conspiracy on the University campus, had to tell Mulford that there was nothing to the "incidents," unless the legislator had more specifics. Mulford didn't.

THE MEN AT THE BARRICADES—II

District Attorney J. Frank Coakley

Gangbusters. That is Alameda County District Attorney J. Frank Coakley. He is gangbusters against the Red Menace; gangbusters against murderers, armed robbers and dope addicts. But he is not so gangbusters against civil rights violations. Or the crimes of corporations. Or police brutality. A hanging D.A. whenever he can be, Coakley believes in stiff punishment for ordinary criminals; he knows nothing of the sociology of crime.

A prototype of the tough D.A. so favored in American cities, he is an honest, tough man who is hipped, lately, on two things: anti-communism and the young radicals at the University of California.

Coakley's debut in the prosecution business came in 1944, when he was a legal officer in the Navy. A munitions ship, the *Port Chicago,* blew up in an East Bay shipyard and over 300 people were killed. Most of the dead were Negroes who had been brought from the South to work in the yards. Fifty Negroes who had lived through the explosion refused to go on loading ammunition. The Navy decided to prosecute them for mutiny and Coakley got the case. He prosecuted it with a vengeance. It was the biggest mutiny trial in Navy history.

Coakley tried to prove that an organized conspiracy existed, beginning a long career of conspiracy-conjuring. In summing up his case he said of the 50 Negro sailors, "Any man so depraved as to be afraid to load ammunition deserves no leniency." And Coakley had his way. The 50 Negroes got no leniency from the court. They received sentences ranging up to 15 years in prison. Thurgood Marshall, the present United States Solicitor General, was at the trial as an observer and wrote a report in which he described the trial as an example of the Navy's discrimination policy against Negroes. Whether it was a case of discrimination with Coakley or not it was clear that he had utter contempt for the sailors. Typical of the way he handled them on the witness stand was his interrogation of Seaman Frank E. Henry: "Don't you know you're guilty of insubordination for not having called me sir?" roared Coakley. Henry shook his head blankly.

Coakley's most dogged prosecution of a case as District Attorney was the trial of an 18-year-old Negro shoeshine boy, Jerry Newsom, for the murders of a white Oakland pharmacist and his Negro assistant. Coakley's office strained through three trials to get a murder conviction—one decision against Newsom was reversed by the California Supreme Court, and the other two ended in hung juries.

Coakley's hunger for a conviction in the Newsom case led him into some strange activities. One of Newsom's attorneys discovered a hidden microphone planted in the visitor's room in the county jail. The attorney raised a public outcry about it. Coakley was unabashed in taking full credit for having the mike planted. Of course, he explained that he had no intention of listening in on a privileged conversation with an attorney; it was just 18-year-old Newsom's conversation with his girl friend that he was interested in. Said Coakley, the sleuth:

"That mike was put there for the entirely legal purpose of helping to solve one of the worst murders in the history of the state."

Newsom's defense attorney was Robert Treuhaft, a left-wing Oakland lawyer who handled most of the police brutality cases during the 1950's, when other local attorneys preferred not to antagonize the police

department. The Newsom case apparently became an obsession with Coakley, who has since carried a grudge against both Treuhaft and his wife, Jessica Mitford, Oakland's leading intellectual-in-residence. Newsom was eventually sent to prison on an unrelated robbery charge, and Coakley marked his calendar every year to send a letter to the Adult Authority stating, in effect, that Newsom should be treated as a murderer, not a robber, and never paroled. Civil rights groups developed an interest in Newsom's case and began to agitate for his parole. This infuriated Coakley. In one of his running letters to the Adult Authority, he hinted that the "brazen tactics" of the "Civil Rights Congress, the *Peoples World* [the then Communist daily] and other subversives," had somehow influenced the State Supreme Court to reverse the trial. Actually, the ground for reversal was the fact that the prosecution suppressed evidence that would have hurt its case—a police report of fingerprints (not Newsom's) taken from the druggist's rifled cash box.

During a 1960 State Assembly hearing on criminal procedure, Coakley took the witness stand to defend his handling of the Newsom case. The District Attorney, a short, pudgy man with a winsome, red face, also took the occasion to announce the existence of another conspiracy. This time he linked Treuhaft and his authoress wife, who had been involved in civil rights activities, together with Treuhaft's law partner, in a plot connected with the "Communist cause" aimed at discrediting the District Attorney's office.

The Alameda County District Attorney's office is a large one, and Coakley infrequently takes an active role in trying cases. But when the Free Speech Movement developed at the University, Coakley saw a political hue of red. The District Attorney felt certain there was a Communist base to the FSM, and set out to prove it. Treuhaft was arrested in Sproul Hall during the big sit-in, and many people believe that Coakley wanted the arrest because he saw the political possibilities in getting Treuhaft (with left-wing ties in his background) linked with the students. Treuhaft was in Sproul Hall as an observer-attorney at the request of the FSM, and was in the press room talking to reporters when Coakley's deputy district attorney walked in. "Somebody is here who is not a member of the press," said the deputy. "Well, that makes two of us," said Treuhaft. The deputy D.A. looked at a sheriff who was in the room, and Treuhaft was arrested. The case is still pending.

Coakley's visions of conspiracy by no means ended with his discovery of the Treuhaft-Mitford axis. At one point in his running court battle against the VDC, Coakley suggested that the city of Berkeley itself was involved in some sort of cooperation with the VDC to "aid and abet" what he termed "seditious" activities. Gangbusters against Berkeley!

MEN AT THE BARRICADES—III

The Knowlands

The slogan on the editorial page of the Oakland *Tribune* says "Home Owned, Controlled, Edited," and that is about the truest statement ever printed in Oakland's leading and only daily newspaper. Oakland citizens call the paper "the old lady of Oakland" because it is so stodgy, but reportedly 50 per cent of the people in Oakland who can read, read it. Yearly profits are close to $1 million. It is not fair to say that the *Tribune* is the most reactionary newspaper in California. It did, after all, support Goldwater for president whereas the Santa Ana *Register*, in the heart of Southern California's Orange County, refused to support the Republican candidate because they considered him too liberal.

The *Tribune* is now in the hands of former United States Senator William F. Knowland. Knowland was a Senator from California until he decided to come home and get beaten for governor, but he was best known as the "Senator from Formosa," because of his heavy-handed support of Chiang Kai-shek. He assumed the management of the paper from his 81-year-old father, "Old Joe" Knowland, one of the wealthiest men in California and for decades the "biggest man" in Oakland.

With the Knowlands at the helm of the *Tribune*, there is little "disharmony" in Oakland, and if there is, the paper doesn't report it. The *Tribune* doesn't admit to any race problem in the city, and is extremely proud of its role in promoting a huge new sports arena and a new museum, and in talking the public and Federal Government into building an "Oakland International Airport"—a white elephant ever since it opened.

Knowland runs a tight ship. Pinkerton guards stand at the doorways of the *Tribune* Building to make sure employees don't take home a paper without paying for it (10 cents). No "outsiders" are allowed into the *Tribune's* library (known to late evening television movie audiences as the "morgue") without a court order, though the availability of clipping files to the general public is considered traditional public service by most newspapers. Restrictive editorial policies have prompted much unrest among *Tribune* employees. Al Reck, a dissident city editor, staged a sit-down strike several years ago, then quit in disgust before he could be fired.

Knowland becomes upset if someone suggests that the *Tribune* runs Oakland. His view of the paper is that it just covers the news and states its opinions on occasion. That's it. In one sense, he is right. The *Tribune* and the Knowland family have been so powerful for so long in Oakland that they have succeeded in molding the type of city they want and establishing a system of priorities to their liking. The system seems to be working very well, and Knowland really has no further need to push people around.

Needless to say, the Knowlands' list of priorities does not include any essential change in the city's social structure. Knowland is analogous, now, to an old baron preparing for retirement, his kingdom well-organized and running itself. He has disassociated himself from state and even city active politics, and spends his time tending to his newspaper and various civic boards, and his family—including "eight grandchildren and two 200-lb. St. Bernards." A friendly, congenial man with a gray crew-cut and ruddy face, he is fond of saying that Oakland has achieved that euphemism of politicians, "Progressive government."

Knowland's strong right-wing hand in running the paper is Paul Manolis, who was Knowland's administrative assistant in the Senate. Manolis is considered a very powerful man in Oakland because it is he who allows the ex-Senator's wishes to be known to the Oakland Establishment. The new upsurge of social unrest in Berkeley has given Knowland his first genuine cause since Chiang began to talk about invading the mainland. *Tribune* front page editorials have complained that radicals and beatniks are using the tax-supported University of California to stage assaults upon the city of Oakland, and have accused the VDC of working for a Communist victory in Vietnam. Knowland even takes a strong hand in counting bodies at the demonstrations. (While most other bay area newspapers estimated there were 15,000 marchers on October 15th, Knowland's paper reported the number as 4,000.) It could hardly be expected that the estimate of the ex-Senator's paper would be anything but conservative.

MEN AT THE BARRICADES—IV

Mayor John C. Houlihan

Shortly after the Los Angeles riots, a group of Oakland Negro leaders decided the community must take precautions to prevent a similar disaster in the tense Oakland ghetto. They asked Mayor John C. Houlihan for a meeting, a proposition to which Houlihan reluctantly assented. Before the scheduled meeting, Houlihan said at a public gathering: "Tomorrow I have to meet with the biggest bunch of kooks ever assembled in the city of Oakland." That is typical of the political style of Mayor Houlihan, called "Hooligan" by his detractors and "a fighting Irish mayor" by his supporters. Houlihan is touted as the "new face" of Oakland—a reform, energetic mayor, eager to deal with massive civic problems and, unlike the older and more conservative men who used to run the city, willing to work with the Federal monolith. He is representative of the breed of American mayors who came into office in the post-New Deal period.

Houlihan is also considered an intellectual, a tenuous status made official by his assignment as a consultant to the high-minded Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara. The mayor loves to sit at the

green felt-covered conference table in the Center's mansion atop a picturesque Santa Barbara hill and discuss the problems of the core city in America, and particularly what Oakland is doing in leading the way to solve them. Houlihan's trips to the Center are reminiscent of the last days of Russian nobility just before the Revolution. They would meet and academically discuss the serious problems of their country with no conception that the problems really were *serious*, and the country was about to explode. Houlihan and his former City Manager, Wayne Thompson, who has since fled to higher ground and better pay as manager of a large midwest department store chain, spent several sessions at the Center last year talking about their city. The mayor and the city manager had some original contributions to make on the role of private enterprise in municipal management. Thompson said Oakland was curbing the "socialistic trend" of cities—socialistic things like running an emergency ambulance service. The job is better done under contract by private industry, Thompson said. He said he would like to see the fire department taken over by an insurance company, and some enterprising businessman open branch libraries around the city. Houlihan got kind of excited about that idea: "I can see where we would have to require that certain reference books be carried in that library and that library be open so many hours and so on and so forth," the mayor said, "but we wouldn't try to tell them what kind of books to have on the shelf."

One of Oakland's most essential bits of municipal genius was to hire out the garbage business. The City Manager used garbage to make a point about his concept of how the modern city should be run. As the resident intellectuals of Santa Barbara listened in wonderment, Thompson said, "Look at some of the garbage department employees in other cities and you find a man who . . . you sometimes wonder, if he really has his heart in his work when he goes around picking up that garbage. He is a government employee and he doesn't appear to have much spirit. But come into our city, Oakland, and watch that garbage man. Boy, he just pounces down that street, his head is high and he is whistling and smiling and he really loves his job, for he is a part-owner of that company, and if you are ever out with him socially, he will invite you to go duck hunting at his duck club and that sort of thing. You won't find that in any other city besides Oakland."

Mayor Houlihan said that Oakland's unemployment rate runs between four and five per cent above the national average because "we are the reception center for Southern migrants. Also 8,000 American Indians, whose chances for employment are very slim, have been deposited in Oakland," he said. The depositor is the Federal Government which, in Houlihan's view, has done Oakland wrong in the past and is going to have to spend a lot of money to make good in the future. For instance, he is resentful of the fact that Federal shipyards attracted tens of thousands of Negroes to Oakland during World War II—Negroes still in Oakland. "The Federal Gov-

ernment sent recruiters through the South and everybody they saw standing on the street corner, doing nothing, they went up to them and said, 'how would you like to go to California? All expenses paid, and you will make a lot of money every day.' They said, 'Well, I can't do anything,' and the recruiter said, 'they'll teach you . . .'"

The underlying rationale of the city administration is that no program can be viable unless it is instigated and administered at the City Hall level. That is known in cruder language as "keeping the lid on." Listen to Mayor Houlihan at a City Council meeting. Under discussion is the request of some ghetto organizations to lessen the racial tension by establishing a police review board: "We have only heard from the minority in the community and not from the majority who vote the members of the City Council and who pay the bulk of the taxes. We have an obligation to consider the wishes of the rest of the community, not the most vocal part of the community."

Listen, also, to His Honor Houlihan on the question of who "controls" the poverty program: "We don't have machine politics in the West like they have in the big eastern and mid-western cities so we haven't had the problem of control over the poverty money for the purposes of political patronage. Nevertheless, we control all the money. We [City Hall] must approve all the policies made by the poverty program."

Oakland doesn't have a machine. It has a computer. New city councilmen are appointed, click, click, very efficiently, when an incumbent steps down.

There is rarely such a thing as an open seat in the City Council come election time. If a man is retiring, it is cricket for him to resign early so a kindred spirit may be appointed in his place and have the advantage of running as an "incumbent." Mayor Houlihan considers this "just damn good politics. If you have a good team doing a good job, it's easier to pick a man rather than go out and get an entire new person. I think it is a compliment that a man who is thinking of leaving will come and tell the Council and give them a chance to replace him." Houlihan does not take umbrage at the suggestion that a club is running City Hall. "What's evil in a club? Both major parties have done it this way for years. I don't think it's evil. If we pick a bad man he will be defeated."

Houlihan calls Oakland a "well-integrated city." He is especially proud that the city recently retired a Negro fire captain and that there is a Negro captain in the police department. The pride in these two individuals is the key to Houlihan's attitude toward minority problems. He deals with "respectable" and "responsible" Negroes, the older, more conservative, middle-class, civil servant-type Negro, and he honestly feels that he is communicating with the Negro masses. Other, more militant and less respectful Negro leaders are *per se* irresponsible. They don't represent anybody. If

there is trouble, it is explainable in the George Wallace syndrome: there is nothing wrong here. Our Negro people are good people. Trouble is the work of outside agitators—radicals from Berkeley, the dissident elements in the community.

In the city's approach to other problems of the modern metropolis, there is the same air of total reasonableness—and a sense of grasping at straws. The city cannot cope with its problems, it looks to the Federal Government, to private industry. The leaders surround themselves with organizational superstructures and with activity: new agencies, a new sports palace, new buildings going up so the people in the hills can look down and feel that things are happening, that everything is all right.

MEN AT THE BARRICADES—V

Police Chief, Edward M. Toothman

Oakland Police Headquarters is in a sterile new, ten-story, downtown bastille next to a freeway. The big picture window in operations headquarters on the eighth floor affords an excellent view of the ghetto, and legend has it that police officials gather there at dusk on Friday afternoons and pray for fog. If the fog comes in, as it often does from the San Francisco Bay, there is a deep relief among the constabulary. The fog cools things off; no Watts that weekend.

That is a quasi-apochryphal story but it represents the tension between the ghetto and the cops, just as the modern new building reflects the computerized mentality of Oakland's current Police Chief, Edward M. Toothman. Toothman prides himself on running a well-paying police force which recruits rookie candidates throughout the land from universities with police sciences courses. The Oakland Police Department is considered something of a model force and *Look* magazine, which thinks a lot of Oakland, wrote it up as such in 1962. This was nice for a change because the Oakland force used to be one of the most corrupt in the nation. In the late '40's Oakland was worse than a small southern town. The cops beat Negroes whenever they were picked up, and rolled drunks openly in the streets. The brutality became so blatant and the corruption so extensive that the California State Legislature launched an investigation into the Oakland force. The police chief resigned under pressure and one officer was sent to San Quentin. A reform police chief named Wyman Vernon came in and pulled all the roots out of the department. He professionalized it. He was incorruptible; he laid down the law to his men. And, surprise for a police chief, he was genuinely concerned with civil liberties and civil rights. Like all good things in Oakland, Vernon didn't last. Toothman assumed office in 1959 and has had a difficult time filling his predecessor's footprints. A traffic specialist with academic credentials from the Northwestern University Traffic In-

stitute, but with no deep understanding of social problems, the Chief is honest and hardworking, though a rigid and insecure man who has difficulty accepting new ideas. He had, for instance, a good deal of trouble accepting a Federal Court judge's decision allowing Vietnam demonstrators to march on his streets. He called the decision "undemocratic," and complained that the judge wouldn't let the demonstrators go on federal property (the Army Terminal) but allowed them on Oakland property (his streets). Besides, Toothman said, there were tremendous traffic problems connected with the march.

The Oakland Police Chief, who once banned an issue of *Playboy* from Oakland stands, said frankly that he believed Communists were behind the agitation at the University of California. He said his intelligence squad men know "every move the local Communists make," and assigned his chief of intelligence to infiltrate the Berkeley-based VDC months before the march. A large, heavyset man, balding, with heavy eyebrows and basset hound bags under his eyes, the Chief is annoyed by complaints of Negro organizations about police brutality and inefficiency. He denied a rumor that Oakland police don't answer calls in Negro areas. Every complaint is logged on an IBM card, he said, and "sometimes the police were accused of having too many men in the Negro areas." He said any claim of police brutality is thoroughly checked out by his Internal Affairs Department (but Oakland civil rights attorneys often advise their clients not to give information about alleged police brutality to the Internal Affairs Department because the depositions mysteriously turn up being used by the prosecution as incriminating evidence).

There are only 19 Negroes out of over 600 men on the Oakland Police Department. Toothman says he has difficulty getting "qualified Negro applicants." This is not difficult to understand. Being a Negro is bad enough in Oakland, but the cops are hated so much there that to be a Negro *and* a cop is almost masochistic. One Negro on the Oakland force who gets around a lot is Odom Sylvester. Sylvester is a captain, and Toothman is in the habit of bringing Sylvester along whenever he has to meet with Negroes.

The Chief brought Sylvester with him, for instance, when he met with the people who were picketing his home last fall. Toothman became very angry when some 300 people showed up outside his residence high in the Oakland hills to bring home to the Chief their demands for a police review board. He was so angry that he called his office and told 45 cops to come out and bring their gas masks. Then he rushed outside and told Negro leader Eugene Stovall: "I won't be intimidated by you people." The Chief was absolutely flabbergasted that the ghetto people would come up to the hills and picket his house. *His house!* He told Stovall of all the things he had done for "you people." He said he always consulted with "your leaders." And now, he waved his hand at the line of pickets; look what

they'd gone and done. Stovall said that demonstrations acted as a pressure valve on the ghetto tensions and limited the prospect of a full-scale riot. "If the Negro community wants to riot, it's up to them," the exasperated Chief said. Then he went back inside, leaving the 45 cops and 300 pickets in his front yard. It was clear that Toothman was visibly shaken by the encounter. In his own *front yard*. Pickets. Negroes. Unheard of. Upsetting. Out of line. Radicals. Negroes. And in his *own front yard!*

THE POWER APPARATUS

You had to ring five times, then the freight elevator came rumbling down, very slowly, and an elderly, thin-faced man with a gray crew-cut opened the steel cage he operates in an Oakland office building from nine to five. His name is Ronald Cooley and he has had his ups and downs in Oakland politics for many years, both in labor activities and in the municipal machine. He semi-retired to the elevator business in 1950, but he knows how power operates in Oakland: "No one runs for election in Alameda County, people are appointed . . . The Knowlands were always the big name in Oakland politics . . . but another big man was Earl Warren" (former Governor of California, now United States Supreme Court Chief Justice). The back-scratching syndrome that keeps the Oakland political wheels grinding smoothly is like a connect-the-dots game. When you draw in enough lines you get the whole picture. From his long political memory Cooley sketched a few dots, taking Warren's local career as an example. The key position in local patronage is District Attorney. The D.A. makes the deals. Warren, with the backing of the Knowlands, began his Oakland career as an Assistant District Attorney, an appointee of D.A. Ezra Dacoto. Dacoto later kindly stepped down to make room for Warren's elevation to District Attorney. Not one to forget a favor, when Warren became governor he appointed Dacoto to the first vacancy on the Alameda County Superior Court bench. Then there was that little matter of Warren, as governor, appointing Bill Knowland to fill an unexpired term in the U.S. Senate.

The same merry-go-round pattern prevails in Oakland municipal politics. This sort of stagnation can go on because the Oakland voters are generally apathetic. The city itself is so depressing that it is difficult to get charged up over the idea of going to the polls to do something about it. Part of the reason for this stagnant politics in Oakland is the labor movement, Cooley said. Labor has big muscles on bread and butter issues, but never challenges the power structure. Labor leaders are conservative and generally satisfied with the status quo in terms of working conditions and wages. They are also secretly concerned about minority agitation for more union jobs for nonwhites.

It is difficult, and, if your Epicurean sensitivities are beyond the Doggy Diner, impossible to get a civilized meal in the downtown section of Oakland. There are no good restaurants. The area is so miserable that no one would venture there in the evening, and at lunch time all of the important people downtown—the big businessmen, city officials, judges—eat at private clubs. This dining pattern is representative of the exclusiveness of Oakland's decision-making process. If you do not belong to the Elks Club or The Athenian Nile Club, or to one of the Masonic Clubs, you are on the outs. You eat at a lousy sandwich shop and the guy having the chicken soup next to you is on the outs, too. Thus, decisions bearing on the future of the city are made by a small group of self-elected men—leaders in industry, some politicians, labor leaders, a few civil servants, members of social and civic boards. The mass of Oakland citizenry is supine, apathetic and impotent.

There is a descriptive phrase for this singularity of collective decision-making: "power structure." A power structure is necessarily amorphous because power, like electricity, is invisible. All you can see is what it does. In Oakland, it maintains order. It keeps the boat from rocking, or even swaying. It is heavily business-oriented. When "Old Joe" Knowland's political machine began to decay a decade ago, the younger men who moved into the gap were business bosses. Unlike the old-style political bosses, they did not desire power for its own sake, but to keep the community safe for the efficient functioning of business and industry.

It is not unusual to have a coalition of industrial and political leaders making the big decisions in American cities, but the situation in Oakland is entirely out of hand. Dr. Floyd Hunter, a respected sociologist who has extensively studied community decision making, said that what stands for business and what stands for politics in Oakland have melded, fused, interlocked and become undistinguishable. Oakland's City Hall is an "enlightened part of the civic machine of business bossism," he said. The City Government has become a "co-ordinating effort for the business community." Big businessmen sit on the committees concerned with city policies. A city manager form of government was installed to put municipal government on a "business-like basis." The people who run City Hall were responsible for getting the mammoth Kaiser Industries to headquarter in a skyline-dominating edifice overlooking the city's Lake Merritt. A necessary corollary of this is that Kaiser plays a very important role in city politics. (Kaiser, an industrialist who was made largely by the largesse of federal spending, has eased the way for acceptance of federal aid for things like redevelopment. The Knowlands, junior and senior, still consider the proper functions of the federal administration to be limited to minting the coins of the realm and maintaining the armed forces.)

Dr. Hunter sees in the Oakland power structure the penultimate merger

of the two vast systems of patronage in the United States: business and government. This pooling of psyches has produced the ideology central to all of Oakland decision making: the panacea for all civic problems is to bring in more industry which will generate economic growth which will somehow, one day, filter down to the people in the ghetto. In the meantime, the poor must be kept, at a minimum of local expense, in a large, supine relief pool and prevented from creating any social unrest that might affect the climate for attracting new industry.

The power structure in Oakland has no formal apparatus, nor does it need one. A "lively communications circuit" or informal clearances and "cues" on policy decisions is largely handled by professionals in the business-oriented municipal government "who do not necessarily need to be told what to do or not to do, but through long experience in handling policy matters can anticipate, or are thoroughly convinced that they can anticipate, the reactions of the higher echelons of decision," Hunter said.

Despite an unwrinkled power apparatus, Oakland is a city in panic. The men at the top are fearful—and their fear drifts down through the labyrinthian channels of authority. It is a faint, uncertain fear, like the blip-blip-blip of a distant earth-circling satellite, that somehow, something is drastically wrong with their city. Oakland's industrial plant is aging, a large portion of its commercial areas are already decayed. Industry has moved out because other cities can give them a better deal and, in any event, Oakland is a depressing place. (Ironically, neighboring San Leandro, which discourages Negro residents, is successfully wooing Oakland industrial firms by offering tax advantages Oakland cannot match because of its large Negro welfare expenditures.) The tax base is evaporating as white families, afraid also, flee toward the suburbs. And, though the men lunching at the Athenian Club seldom talk about it, the shadows cast by the thousands of able men standing idly on street corners get longer, and grimmer, each day. The Oakland leaders simply do not recognize the enormity of their problems. They do not even realize that the problems are bigger than they are.

THE POVERTY SUPERSTRUCTURE

Or, How You Can Drive a Jaguar While Helping the Poor to Riches

Even in the hopeless world of the Oakland ghetto, there was a brief, shining moment of optimism when the great Johnsonian War Against Poverty was promulgated. This was the program designed to begin closing the gap between the "Two Americas"—the America of the Oakland hills and the Oakland flatlands. That no economist or social critic of any stature ever took seriously the prospect of the program eliminating poverty in the nation —there simply wasn't enough money appropriated—is understandable when

you look at the funds that trickled down to Oakland. Dr. Floyd Hunter estimated it would take $80 million to *begin* to do something substantive about eliminating poverty in Oakland. The sundry social and welfare service agencies in the city estimated they needed $8 million *yearly* just to perform their jobs adequately. But the poverty program is allotting only $800,000 per year—and most of this money goes to the bureaucrats rather than the poor.

Despite such obvious limitations, the War on Poverty managed to spark the enthusiasm of those bounding optimists, the liberals. Their hopes were centered on the political possibilities of the program, a hope *The New Republic*, which should have known better, summed up:

> *The hope for the poverty program was not that it would wipe out poverty overnight but that it would begin to revive the instruments of representative governments which lie in wreck and ruin in the fast-growing Negro slums that now are the core of the American City.*

The sentence in the poverty program enabling legislation which caused such excitement said there would be "maximum feasible participation of the poor" in formulating and carrying out the poverty programs. The concept of involving the poor in the making of policy made the poverty program, as originally announced, the most far-reaching piece of social legislation since the New Deal. But what seemed a bold and radical plan for regenerating some life in the dormant slums of America is becoming, in the reality of big city politics, just the opposite—the politicians and bureaucrats, instead of liberating the poor, are using the poverty program to strengthen their own entrenched positions. In Oakland, it happened faster than you can say John C. Houlihan.

From his prime list of "reasonable men"—the "responsible" leaders of business, labor, the social agencies—Mayor Houlihan appointed the members of a group called the Oakland Economic Development Council. The poor were not represented. The Council adopted the city-run Department of Human Resources as its staff, whipped out a 180-page request for poverty funds, and sent it off to Washington. Only after the program was approved and the $800,000 was in the bank did the council set up the ghetto area "Advisory Councils"—the instrumentalities that were supposed to involve the poor in the program. But there was nothing for the Councils to do; the program was in operation, the professionals had already decided what the poor needed.

Houlihan considers the poverty program one of the proudest accomplishments of his administration. On paper it is an exemplary program—the poverty superstructure is in place, the bureaucrats are spending their $800,000. But there is no intention of fulfilling the central idea of the

poverty program: allowing the people to develop their own leaders and express their own needs. In fact, the constitution of the Oakland poverty program specifically prohibits the neighborhood Councils from making any policy decisions. In this anal-retentive form of municipal management, everything must be kept within the safe City Hall structure. The officials are actually *afraid* of involving the poor. The important thing is to keep the machinery functioning smoothly; the poor might get out of hand and foul up the program being run for their own good.

Houlihan has two "reasonable" Negroes in key jobs in the Oakland poverty program. One is Judge Lionel Wilson, a highly respected and intelligent jurist who is chairman of the Oakland Economic Development Council. He took the job only after he was assured by the mayor that he would be independent of City Hall. But there is no need for City Hall pressure, because the poverty program has done nothing to challenge the power structure, and Judge Wilson is not the person to take it in that direction. Wilson is a good and humane leader, but like most liberals in positions of responsibility, he tends to be skeptical about the possibilities of the poor organizing themselves. He views the rebels in the ghetto who are trying to goad the poverty program into becoming what it was supposed to be—an instrument for social change—as either naive, or just plain troublemakers.

Dr. Norvell Smith, the city's Director of Human Resources, is the very stereotype of the middle-class "Negro leader" painted by militant ghetto leaders. A light-skinned Negro with horn-rimmed glasses, wearing a tweed suit and a vest, Smith is 41 but looks in his 20's. He said he was proposed for his position as the effective head of the poverty program by what he called "a majority of the established Negro leadership." Smith shares with Judge Wilson both a feeling of independence from City Hall and a limited view of the possibilities of the poverty program. He feels he has limited funds but does a good job with them. His biggest problems, the educationist said, are created by people who see the poverty program "as a means of obtaining power." Some of these people are the "bona fide poor" who want a voice in what happens to them (but can't have it). Now that is legitimate, Smith said. But then there are the people "trying to use the program for their own purposes"—the radical and left-wing students who look upon Oakland as their laboratory, the wide spectrum of ministers and middle-class liberals working in the slums. It does not matter to Smith that their "purposes" are to make the ghetto in some measure livable; their "purposes" do not coincide with the limited aims of the bureaucracy he directs and are therefore not desirable.

Smith is very sensitive to the feeling in the ghetto that he is a bureaucrat who has no real feeling for the poor. He vigorously defends his neutral, administrative status: "I wear a Brooks Brothers suit and I drive a Jaguar but

I have been working all my life. I am not a leader of the poor." Smith brands as "white interlopers" the white radicals who are working in the ghetto to organize the poor against the conservative dictates of the middle-class Negro leadership. He calls them the "white colonialist leadership."

Smith, who worked his way up the bureaucratic ladder in administrative posts in the Alameda County school system before getting the plum poverty assignment, believes the radicals are perpetrating a myth about the "so-called dignity of the lower classes." He thinks this is just so much nonsense. The only way to go, he said, is the good old middle-class way—just the way he did it. "My commitment is to make these people (the poor) middle-class. I want to make them acquisitive and aggressive and I want them to compete for the jobs that the people in the suburbs are now getting." The concept of a community of the poor or a political movement of the poor is distasteful to him—the label "good but honest poor" is something to be shed like dirty clothes, and, eventually, the people in the ghetto, with poverty aid and the Protestant ethic as spurs, may all be driving Jaguars like him. Or at least buying their underwear at Brooks Brothers.

A majority of the federal poverty funds for Oakland will go to the Inter-Agency project, the city's original and well-publicized vehicle to control the problems of the poor. What the project actually does is to coordinate the efforts of the many agencies whose programs don't get through to the poor anyway, and as far as the ghetto residents are concerned, the prime effect of Houlihan's pet project is to make more efficient the instrumentalities of their miseries. Before "coordination" a family might have been dealing with only one agency, but now they are harassed by two or three. While the essential need in the ghetto is for jobs, one-half of the funds requested are for education—and in Oakland, that means the federal funds will be spent for blatantly segregated education.

The Alameda County Welfare Department performs two-thirds of its functions within the City Limit signs of Oakland. The Department is basically anti-welfare. Its case workers mechanically carry out their functions under the spell of a combination of the racist and the 19th Century Gilded Age ethic—"the poor are lazy and immoral and undeserving." The attitude of most of the welfare workers is paternalistic, callous and even brutal—characteristics usually increasing in degree with the number of years a worker has put in the department. The County is infamous for its cavalier treatment of the poor—peaked in Mack Sennett fashion by a series of sensational early morning "bed raids" several years ago. Welfare workers, in the best tradition of Alameda County, would bang, at 5 a.m., on the door of a mother receiving "aid to needy children" because her husband had left her, force their way in and look around the bedroom to see if the woman was sleeping with anyone other than her children. Recently the State inves-

tigated 49 cases of aid discontinued by the department, and found exactly 49 of them to be illegally and wrongfully cut off.

The director of the Welfare Department is Harold B. Kehoe, a chain-smoking, aging civil servant who is going to retire early this year and is very glad of it. Kehoe, who has devoted his life to not rocking the boat, has a kind of fey, naturalist ideology that involves the inability to understand why a man is not working, while at the same time recognizing that unemployment is the result of the improper functioning of the economic system. There are unemployed because there are not enough jobs; yet, one who is unemployed must have *something* wrong with him.

He complains that welfare grants, especially for housing, are tragically insufficient for many families. But, he shrugs, "The state fixes the figures." What Kehoe doesn't say is that the County has the power to grant supplements to state welfare checks in case of need if it so desires. It doesn't.

Members of his staff, Kehoe said, are "embarrassed" to say they are social workers, such is the degree of the Oakland white community's distaste for the black poor. "When they went to a party or a bar they used to say they were social workers, but now they just do not mention where they work." Welfare workers who have tried to do something more than keep the lid on the dole and cut people off the welfare roles at the slightest excuse have either quit in disgust or been fired. But, Kehoe says, "I haven't seen any anti-Negro feeling on my staff. In fact, we just conducted a probe and we did not find *any*."

Such are the mentalities involved in administrating the "dynamic" poverty program in Oakland. The attitude of the people who are supposed to be receiving the benefit of this enlightened munificence is represented by an elderly Negro sitting on the sagging porch of a weather-scarred apartment house in the East Oakland slum. "You are not going to get nothing done in Oakland until it burns to the ground," he said, with finality.

THE GUERRILLA WAR—I

"Elly" Harawitz Strikes Back

Elly Harawitz got into the poverty business, underground division, two years ago. That was when she encountered a Negro mother of seven children whose welfare checks had been cut off because she was living in "unfit housing." The house was unfit because it had just about burned down and no longer had a roof on it, and the woman needed her next welfare check to move out and make a deposit on a home with a roof. An Alameda County welfare worker, with unfailing logic, told the woman that people who live in unfit housing don't get welfare checks. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Harper, but the longer you wait to move, the harder it will be on you." And it did get harder. It is easy for things to get harder when your seven kids' clothes

have all been burned up and your bed sheets have burned up and you don't have any money to buy food or even to move into a flop house with a roof on it. And then it became harder still, because it started to rain.

When Elly Harawitz, a petite, attractive, vital brunette of 25 chanced to meet Mrs. Harper, she found her hysterical—and talking even of suicide. Elly got the woman and her children some food, went with her to the modern, eleemosynary offices of the Alameda County Welfare Department, and asked them what the hell they were trying to do, anyway. "The social workers were uncooperative and cold. They had no legal basis to hold the check. And when I asked the social worker why it was being held, she replied 'to provide this woman with incentive,' " Elly Harawitz said.

When the welfare worker mouthed the word "incentive," Elly recalled, a small twitch began to flutter in Mrs. Harper's left eye. "It is difficult to appreciate how deeply a person is affected by an Establishment that is at best condescending and at worst, punitive toward those who depend on it for their survival," Elly said, in the bedraggled stone front office she runs in West Oakland, two blocks away from the well-scrubbed Welfare Department headquarters.

Elly calls her group the Welfare Rights Organization. It grew out of her experience with Mrs. Harper and her realization that the people of the Oakland ghetto will only be able to get civilized treatment from the authorities when they band together and demand their rights on a united front. Her organization provides legal aid and counseling to individuals either cut off or ignored by the Welfare Department, and seeks to provide food and housing during the time when the person's case is being fought out with the bureaucrats in charge of the dole. "We found that when rights are fought for, and fought for by two rather than by one, then it is possible to win something."

To win your rights in Oakland, if you are poor and Negro, you should be Kirk Douglas or John Wayne or else it is going to be very difficult. As Elly Harawitz puts it, "Oakland is an absolutely stinking city; it is just incredible. You can never find out who is responsible. When you go to complain to the Welfare Department, to the School Board or at the City Council meetings, no one wants to see you. They don't want to acknowledge your existence. Just try to find out who is responsible for something. It is a process of political education. You go to a social worker—she is not responsible. You go to Supervisor number one, and she is not responsible; then Supervisor number two and she is not responsible; finally you end up at the Board of Supervisors and they try to pawn it off on somebody else, and then you see how this whole mess is tied together."

The essential contradiction in Oakland's vision of a welfare state is that the human needs and the welfare eligibility requirements are in direct conflict. For instance, the average Alameda County monthly allowance for

welfare housing ranges from $38.00 for a family of one to three persons to $54.00 per month for families of ten or more. "The only way we can get anything from them is through a political organization. They must be pressured and shown that we can get a lot of people out to demand their rights. Then we can win something for the people," Mrs. Harawitz said.

The need for a political organization to gouge even sub-standard living conditions out of the Oakland authorities is far more than a physical need. It gives a new scope, and hope, to life in the ghetto. What kind of a life is it? Listen to Elly Harawitz: "A woman and her four kids were denied welfare aid because they did not meet Alameda County residence requirements. She refused to return to Arkansas, so the Welfare Department refused even to give her a food order. She had been living on the contributions of her neighbors for several months when we met her. By that time all the kids had puffed bellies. The oldest, a boy of six, had rickets. His legs were bowed, he limped, dragging one leg behind him, one arm was almost totally useless, his hands were always in his mouth, he drooled all over himself, and it seemed his brain was beginning to be affected by the disease. I remember sitting with this boy on a couch while his mother and a neighbor went to the church to try to get some food. We were looking through an old *Life* magazine, playing a game—I would point to a picture and he would tell me what it was. Around us the wall swarmed with roaches and we looked at ads for carpets and Cadillacs. This child had not eaten for days and we looked at a picture of kids licking their lips around a steaming bowl of Campbell's soup. So is this boy supposed to identify with those kids? Was *Life* magazine about his life? Could it ever be? How to measure his 'alienation' when he grows to adulthood?"

The Oakland Establishment has no conception of this sort of alienation from their white, insulated world. But it is just this sense of alienation, in growing proportions and under outrageous human conditions, that is leading to the almost certain explosion that will come if the Oakland ghetto remains as it is. Elly Harawitz's organization is working toward overcoming this sense of alienation by advocating an "adjustment" to society—but not the type of "adjustment" the educationists and other wellmeaning, but naive, social theorists speak of. This "adjustment" is essentially different because it does not require acceptance of the very things that alienate the people. "Our group adjusts to the society by first reasserting its rights as members of the society and then trying to change the conditions which alienate them," she said.

Elly Harawitz's organization is trying to do the things that the poverty program should be involved in—informing poor people of their rights, bringing pressure on public officials to change their astigmatic notions of how social services should be dispensed. For a few suspenseful days, the Welfare Rights Organization did provoke some excitement in Washington circles. Edgar

Cahn, an aide to Poverty Program Chief Sargent Shriver, wrote Mrs. Harawitz and expressed great interest in her organization. He spoke of incorporating some of her ideas into the poverty program, he suggested the possibility of flying a Welfare Rights Organization representative to a Washington poverty conference to report on its activities. He even implied the possibility of a grant to the Welfare Rights Organization so that it could expand its work. But Cahn's enthusiasm quickly cooled. The offer of a trip to the Washington conference was diplomatically withdrawn and further enquiries about the possibility of financial support were met with polite suggestions of going through channels. Somehow the word had gotten back that Elly Harawitz, or her organization, might be a little too radical, or just too eager and amateurish.

There is a final, ironic footnote to our story which bespeaks the failure of the official War on Poverty. Edgar Cahn, the man who had passed the word down to the Welfare Rights people, had in July 1964 written, together with his wife, Jean, an exceptionally perceptive article in which they warned of the danger that the poverty program could become a vast exercise in military style bureaucracy, too cautious to fulfill its goals. In that article they called for a "civilian perspective" that would keep the program open for spontaneous, indigenous programs by grass-roots people—precisely the kind of program that the Welfare Rights Organization is engaged in. Their article was prophetic—the dangers they warned of have come to haunt the Oakland ghetto. What Cahn could not have anticipated, perhaps, was that he would be presiding over that process. But that is the way the liberal ball bounces in America.

THE GUERRILLA WAR—II

A Parish for The Poor

The Rev. Barry M. Bloom, an Episcopalian priest, had a penchant for startling audiences with this description of his environment: "I come from Oakland, the shitbox of the West." Rev. Bloom was one of the thoroughly unconventional clergymen who ran one of the most radical—and effective—grass-roots organizations in the Oakland ghetto. It is called The East Oakland Parish, an inter-faith movement for social and political action founded by clergymen who felt their churches had lost any relevance to the real problems of the poor. The clerics, who wear uniforms of black pants, turned up collars and black windbreaker jackets marked by the yellow insignia of the parish, are making life quite difficult for the Oakland Establishment. They believe they are following the example of the historical radical, revolutionary and heretic named Jesus Christ. They call Christ their "corporate executive director" and think it will take them a long time to raise the qualitative type of hell he did.

The East Oakland Parish is one of the independent, underground poverty

programs attempting to accomplish the virgin goals of the official War on Poverty. With the other guerrilla poverty organizations, the Parish people share a deep distrust and hostility to "downtown"—the official agencies and the bureaucrats and politicians who run them. The Parish makes its headquarters in an old bank building at 14th and Fruitvale Avenues, deep in the 80 per cent Negro East Oakland flatlands. In addition to the eight clergymen (seven Protestants and one Catholic priest) who make up the Parish's Board of Directors and work at least one day a week in the ghetto, the Parish has two full-time community organizers and 23 students working part-time under a work-study grant from the University of California. They administer first aid to the entire gamut of the sores of the poor—debilitated housing and diets, lack of medical, dental and legal services, no jobs and no job training, inferior schools and inferior schooling, broken homes, adult and juvenile delinquency in equal measures, and, worst of all, a lack of any power or organization to do anything to change their conditions.

But the Parish workers do more than parallel the paper projects of the official Poverty Program. They picket with the poor. They shoot pool with them. They actually *live* with them. Organizers for the East Oakland Parish make $200 a month—and live on it, and live in the ghetto. Organizers for the official program get $9,000 to $10,000 a year for the same type of job—and commute to work.

Although it is a phrase that is overused and underdone, it is "Christian witness" which the pastors in the East Oakland parish are giving. The cornerstone of failure in conventional social service, they feel, is the "destructive condescension built into the staff-recipient or professional-client relationship." The converse proposition to this institutionalized welfare syndrome is the poor organizing and running their own war against their own poverty—and this is the proposition to which the Parish is dedicated. "In our generation the best way to accomplish this job seems to be through community organization—a technique for change, indeed, for revolution—whereby paternalism is throttled and the Lord is in fact free to help those who help themselves," said the Rev. Barry Bloom, now serving a Peace Corps stint.

It is unusual to find Catholic priests actively participating in radical social movements, but Fr. Savio Dindia is an exception. The young Franciscan priest, assigned to a Catholic high school in the ghetto, became one of the organizers of the Parish. "Because the welfare department is anti-welfare and the political power structure refuses to admit that this is a disaster area, the only solution is to organize the neighborhoods and create the power base necessary to get things done: control votes, get new people in to change the direction of Oakland," he said. Toward that goal, Parish volunteers registered over 5,000 new voters, most of them Negroes, last year. Besides fighting the Establishment, the Parish has instigated programs designed to "shame the city into doing things": It started a drop-out school, is planning a series of

"Business Development Centers" to create jobs by helping small businesses to expand.

But, in the Christ-oriented approach of the Parish, it is the spiritual blight of the ghetto that must be combatted. This is a goal recognized by all the parish workers. Said Cheryl Arnold, a blond, heavy-set, WASP-looking 24-year-old volunteer, "You have a smooth-running machine downtown, but here in the ghetto there is so much apathy, and no feeling of life having any meaning. There is no connection with other people in the community. I think that's where the frustration and the anger come from." She was saying that Watts, aside from its physical deprivation, is also a state of mind. And it is the same state that Oakland is in.

THE GUERRILLA WAR—III

Where The ACTION Is

Central realty on Oakland's seedy Telegraph Avenue is a home away from home for those citizens who would like to abolish Mayor Houlihan. Among them are Jody Edmonson and Arlene Slaughter, who are principals in a wide-ranging ghetto organization called ACTION. This stands for the Alinsky Committee to Integrate Oakland Now. ACTION emerged last year from a seminar attended by Oakland ghetto leaders and run by Saul Alinsky, the professional radical. There is much excitement in the ghetto about the prospect of Alinsky moving into Oakland and taking over the war with the Establishment, and the people in ACTION are peppering city leaders with Alinsky's direct action tactics to kind of pave the way.

Jody Edmonson is a tall, thin, and forcefully articulate Negro who is a co-chairman of ACTION; Arlene Slaughter, middle-aged, graying, tough, with a bit of the Jewish mother about her, runs the Central Realty office out of which ACTION moves. She wears a button with "We Try Harder" printed in Hebrew on it. The pair said that ACTION began after a series of City Council meetings on the tensions in the ghetto. Or at least, what were supposed to be a series of meetings. Mayor Houlihan threw everybody out of one meeting, then kept cutting off speakers from the ghetto by arguing with them at a second gathering. At a third meeting, some 300 people came to debate on a proposal for a police review board. They should have stayed home, because the discussion lasted only three minutes and then the Council voted overwhelmingly against any such board. At that, the 300-member audience got up and marched outside singing "We Shall Overcome," and have been marching ever since.

ACTION is an umbrella, activist organization that encompasses some 20 ghetto groups and stands ready to picket at the drop of a sign. It serves as the organizational channel for the increasing militancy in the ghetto, and for this reason it is shunned by the NAACP. That doesn't bother Arlene

Slaughter much, who thinks the NAACP is composed of middle-class types who don't want to cause any trouble and have no influence in the ghetto. Strangely enough, that impression is shared by the President of Oakland's NAACP, attorney Clinton White. He warned the City Council members not to use their NAACP contacts to assure themselves that they had control over the Negro masses. White came right out and said that this was an illusion—that the NAACP had no importance in the ghetto.

ACTION is just getting going, and at the moment neither it, nor any other organization, has the following of large numbers of ghetto residents, Jody Edmonson said. There is no such animal as a "Negro leader," just now, in Oakland. "You can be a Negro leader for $5," he said. "I decided I would be one by going to the meeting of the Alameda County Negro Leadership Conference. It cost me $5 to register. Unfortunately, only two other people showed up."

THE "KICK-OUTS"

All you need to understand racial segregation in Oakland's public schools is a pencil. Draw a square. Then draw a horizontal line across the top, about one-third down. Then divide the remaining space into three equal vertical sections. You have a diagram of how the Oakland school districts were gerrymandered for racial considerations. The horizontal portion at top represents the school district of the white hill area—the three vertical sections are the school districts running up to the hills through the largely nonwhite flatlands. This gerrymandering was done by the school board in 1961 and resulted in the establishing of the virtually all-white Skyline High School. The Board also adopted an "open enrollment" plan which allowed parents to send their children to any school in the city—a practical criterion being if the parents had the money to transport their children every day to non-neighborhood schools. So the result of the open enrollment plan has been to allow middle-class white parents throughout the city to send their children to the Caucasian classes at Skyline High.

Oakland's style of segregated schooling, known to Latin scholars as *de facto*, has one other debilitating side-effect: that of economic as well as racial singularity. Many of the schools, particularly grammar and junior high schools, are of "one class, one race" constitution. The Negro bourgeoisie lives as far into the white hills as it can get outside of West Oakland—the symbolic home of the Negro poor. Thus there is little chance of a Negro slum child mixing with any of his economic betters, even those of his own race. "In a legally segregated Southern school you at least had more diversity," said Oakland Negro civil rights attorney John George. "Since all the Negroes in the area had to go to the Negro school, you had the sons of middle-class Negroes mixing with poor Negroes—but in Oakland the poor black know only the poor black."

The same incestuous pattern that marks Oakland's municipal officeholding is true of Oakland's School Board—in spades. In the last three decades, 21 school board members have been appointed and only three first came into office by standing for election. The overwhelming majority of the appointees were conservative Republicans. Their choice for Superintendent of Schools was Stuart Philips.

Philips has a concept of the melting pot which is barely post-Victorian. He scores any sort of "social engineering" which would lead to a "racial mixture" in the schools as "repugnant to me." Unrepugnant, of course, is the arbitrary zoning of Skyline High School: "I respect the freedom of choice which in an unregimented social area must result in a particular school being composed largely of one race or another." Speaking is the school superintendent of the city with one of the largest, most concentrated Negro populations in the nation.

Oakland school officials have their own unique version of "jug"—the traditional after-hours punishment period for errant students. Their version is to put the students, if they are Negroes, in the real jug—jail. Every Negro school in Oakland has a regular city police patrol, and Negro children who get in any way out of line are taken to the police station to await their parents. This practice fits in with an old Oakland school tradition known as the "kick-out." It is just like the drop-out, except that the student doesn't do it voluntarily. Negro students, especially in their junior and senior years of high school, are discouraged or kicked out of school for being "stubborn" or "uncontrollable" or "uneducable." Suspensions are also legion for Negroes. Five days for smoking. Thirty days for playing with a firecracker. Ten days for coming to gym without a gym suit.

This crack-the-whip atmosphere in Negro-dominated high schools was documented in a 1963 study of Oakland schools by the California Fair Employment Practices Commission. "In a predominantly Negro high school the principal was almost completely discipline orientated," the report said. Principals boast about things like their school having fewer broken windows than other schools with as many Negroes. One Oakland high school principal told a state investigator that he felt it necessary to limit the number of activities which would require a large attendance by the student body, such as theatrical productions, because when Negroes got together they got what he termed "fever." He told the investigator that, when excited, Negro students could vent their feelings in "fearful ways."

When Negro parents try to become involved in school affairs they are treated no less cavalierly. A group of Negro mothers in the East Oakland ghetto picketed the Havens Court School to protest its disciplinary policies toward their children. They were so harassed and intimidated by school officials and the police that many of the mothers became frightened and dropped out of the organization. One of those who stayed, Mrs. Robinson,

was awakened one morning at 2 A.M. by a burly Oakland police officer with a warrant for her arrest on a charge of assault and battery on a schoolteacher. Mrs. Robinson maintained that she never laid a hand on the teacher whom she had complained to about her child's treatment.

Dr. Robert L. Nolan, an Oakland physician and former school board member who led a fruitless fight to get his fellow board members to even discuss anything as foreign as *de facto* segregation, considers the future outlook "very bleak" for Oakland schools. "Berkeley at least is making an effort to solve its problems of segregation," he said, "but Oakland, if anything, is trying to prevent a meaningful solution to this problem."

THE SUPPRESSED REPORT

Official Oakland has sometimes done very naïve things, but in 1962 it outdid itself. The city hired Dr. Floyd Hunter to do a study on housing discrimination. A majority of the members of the Mayor's Committee on Full Opportunity, which did the hiring, didn't believe there really was any discrimination in Oakland and considered Hunter's Berkeley-based consultant firm a sort of super public relations outfit which would reinforce the committee's preconceptions. "They didn't know who we were or what I had written," Hunter said.

This was a major oversight because Dr. Hunter was just about the last person a city with an ostrich mentality like Oakland's should want around. A native American radical in the populist tradition, Dr. Hunter years ago wrote an extremely controversial sociological book on the community power structure of Atlanta, which had the denizens of Atlanta running record blood-pressure counts. It can be reliably surmised that much the same reaction occurred in Oakland when Dr. Hunter dropped a 118-page bomb. Housing discrimination, he said in his report, existed in fully one-third of the city where both brokers and property owners were either acting in a discriminatory pattern or openly admitting they would if given the chance; his survey found that 60 per cent of the whites in Oakland had prejudicial feelings, mostly against Negroes.

But Dr. Hunter went even further. He came right out and said what was wrong with Oakland, and what had to be done to save it. The Oakland "civic machine," the sociologist said, needed its "social sights raised radically."

The city leaders were possessed of a "hypnotic inability" to think of racial problems in other than negative terms, and spoke "a local language full of clichés about achievement where little or none exists," he said. The more-more-industry panacea of official Oakland was a manifestation of "national economic anarchy and nonsense"; the city needed to jettison "cruel political clichés" about welfare and to institute "massive social solutions" to

problems the magnitude of which Oakland failed to recognize. For starters, Dr. Hunter said it would be necessary to spend $80 million annually in order to advance the incomes of almost 50 per cent of the city's population to "general community norms of adequacy." He said that Oakland was in such a physical mess it didn't need renewal—it had to be rebuilt, beginning with an expenditure of $125 million to replace just plain rotten housing. And he charged that minorities be allowed to play active roles in "all circumferences of government," most immediately and specifically the closed club of the City Council.

Well! Dr. Hunter's phone began ringing as soon as the first draft of the report reached City Hall. The City Manager called to say there was no such thing as a power structure in Oakland. Members of the Committee called to say that Hunter had gone a little too far, and offered the use of their garden hoses just in case he wanted to water it down. But Hunter stuck to his findings. The committee was fearful of showing such a radical document to the Mayor, but Houlihan, with a Gnosticism that allows him to recognize social problems on an intellectual level but to be oblivious to them in the real world, accepted the report with equanimity.

Cooler heads, however, prevailed, and with its usual smoothness in handling such things, the City printed only 125 copies of the report, then destroyed the stencil. The 125 copies were as hard to find in Oakland as first editions of *Fanny Hill*. As word got around about the Hunter Report findings, the demand for copies reached a sort of howl. But this was the time of the campaign for California's controversial Proposition 14, which would make discrimination legal, and it was obvious the Committee didn't want in circulation a report about the extreme discrimination in Oakland housing. After the election, and the defeat of the state's fair housing law, the stencil was retyped and put back on the mimeograph machine.

THE SHIBBOLETH MARCHES ON

The foregoing chronicle is not to leave the reader with the impression that Oakland is not making concrete plans for future contingencies. It is. Just last fall, a high-ranking group of Oakland police officials met with a Los Angeles deputy police chief and discussed the problems Los Angeles cops encountered in handling Watts, and how Oakland could do a better job when their own Watts inevitably came. For one thing, the Oakland police were advised to get portable jails to facilitate hauling the rioters away quickly and thereby to leave the policemen on the scene to arrest more people. They also discussed extra-hard rifle butts, special colored helmets to identify ranking policemen easily during the melee and the number of National Guardsmen that Oakland should call in.

Thus, Oakland prepares to meet its future. To survey this city of over 380,000 citizens, the second largest industrial city in the nation's most populated state, is like watching old March of Time film clips:

¶ Prohibition is enacted—it will never last—it doesn't.

¶ Hitler is a tough-minded democrat who is shaping up a sagging German economy—Germany invades Poland.

¶ Harlem is an explosive Negro ghetto; Harlem is bound to explode—Harlem riots.

¶ Negroes in California are better off than Negroes in the South; Watts has a high unemployment rate, but at least the Negro families live in pleasant suburban-type dwellings—Watts turns to fire.

These are the shibboleths we once lived by, and we now recognize them as shibboleths. At the very least we recognize the inevitable results. But in Oakland, in 1966, the shibboleth marches on. The ghetto is ignored. The leadership is blind. The worst may come—but all they can do is prepare for it. They can do nothing to stop it.

The tragedy of Oakland is not regional. It is a national tragedy. It is the tragedy of the American city bowing under the arthritic pains of the twentieth century. Yet Oakland, unbowed, refuses to admit it is sick. Its leaders mouth dry phrases about new coliseums and airports, a "professional" police force, "progressive" city government, "comprehensive" social service programs. But the malady is clear to even the casual visitor, an infirmity of such long duration that even Oakland's bedsores are visible. Ben Segal, an official of the Federal Equal Employment Opportunities Commission, came to Oakland recently, and went away aghast. "Oakland is a powder keg," he said.

Oakland cannot cure itself. Its problems are regional, and national, but it will take more than the Federal government, in all its largesse, to provide the answers. Washington spends billions on aid to underdeveloped countries—but this is money, often literally, over the dam, if the administrative bureaucracies in those countries are unwilling to effect basic changes in the social and economic order. Like Monopoly, the analogy applies to Oakland.

As all American cities in trouble, Oakland needs more than new Federal programs and new industries. It desperately, essentially requires a revitalization, a redefinition of itself as a heterogeneous community. And this rebirth can only come, like the Phoenix, from the ashes of the ghetto. Only such a revolutionary awakening, stirring in the slums and accepted in the hills, can save Oakland from the deepening and eventually disastrous war between its two worlds.

Despite the singular obtuseness of its public officials, Oakland is not unique. It is America—it is the American core city. Oakland may be a funny place, but the joke is on all of us.

by Marshall Sahlins

The Destruction of Conscience in Viet Nam

I. TEA IN AMBUSH

Villages in the Delta are laid out mainly along the canals and rivers. "Village" may be the wrong term. The houses stand side by side, strung out for hundreds of yards along a road or path paralleling the watercourse. Besides, one community virtually runs into the next; so that the line of settlement extends sometimes for miles, punctuated periodically by a short stretch of forest, a pagoda, or a focal marketplace town.

It is often said of South Viet Nam that the day belongs to the Government, the night to the "Viet Cong." Perhaps it is better said of An Phu district that the day belongs to the Neolithic, the night to the Cold War of the mid-twentieth century. Driving that day to the South Vietnamese Popular Force outpost at Khánh An, I was in Samoa or New Guinea again: the thatch-roof houses on stilts in endless procession along the road; the shaded front verandahs overlooking decorative tropical shrubs; the big clay pots in the yard and mats spread out for sunning; the solid fishing boats drawn up on the shore; here and there a woman placidly tending kids or a man mending nets—hardly anything to suggest a civil war, an invasion, and least of all a social revolution other than the neolithic one that brought man from the mobile hunting condition, and allowed him to settle down and accumulate a modicum of simple wherewithal. These people, I thought, are historically out of it. Probably they have had little conception of it for centuries, and that mainly in the form of a more or less alien landlord or tax collector, a monk, and the few goods from elsewhere they got at market. They have been more subjects than participants in the cultural evolution of the archaic civilizations of Southeast Asia, of the state but not in it, a petty agricultural existence which civilization has rested upon but not incorporated. The Neolithic is here joined as a tributary to the Bronze and Colonial Age, yet preserves

its character; so the state is a historic medley of incongruent and opposed nations: the one urban, wealthy, sophisticated, and latterly comprador, the other seeking to perpetuate against exaction "the idiocy of rural life."

But at night, in this war, the two historic epochs join in a ballet which, when it is not a dance of death, is a moment of high comedy. Our Popular Force, platoon strength in black peasant clothes, took stealthily to the road for an ambush position at a river crossing several kilometers from camp. There was something of a moon: one could make out the man several yards ahead and perhaps the man ahead of him, and then one or two others in the parallel line on the opposite side of the road. Somewhere in the middle were two American advisers. Somewhere ahead was a scout with a walkie-talkie; toward the rear was another. We went quietly, watchfully, a little afraid, hunched forward with carbines at the ready. A few hundred cautious steps, then you stop at a signal from the man ahead, crouch down, look for something, go down on one knee. Then off again on the all clear. Thus we moved, armed black phantoms. Toward what? Last night the platoon had been ambushed just near here. You could never tell.

Certainly not from the incongruent setting. We were carrying guns in the midst of life, where the people live: house by house, family by family, casually going on with it, all along the road we took so seriously. Our antics seemed to make a difference only to the dogs, and then the racket they raised made even our silence ridiculous. (I understood then that whoever controls "the hearts and minds" of the dogs will win the war.) Still their howls brought no response from the houses. The people stayed just so, arranged around their hurricane lamps in peasant set piece: a sequence of lighted dioramas in a darkened museum, before which passed beings of such papier-mâché purpose and expression as to raise the question of who was the imitation of humanity. Sometimes an old woman would peer out and say something to us. She was kibitzing the war. For the most part, the family went about its domestic business: an old man working over some tools, a grandmother fussing with crying grandchildren, younger men and boys talking and laughing softly, a woman singing; in one house a transistor radio blaring Vietnamese music at a spellbound family—and all their neighbors hundreds of yards around. Life went on, and why not? The Neolithic (transistorized) was the human occupation; while the black gang with carbines and recoilless rifles and walkie-talkies and Americans seemed as meaningful to this existence as the court ceremony of the Inca emperor.

Around here—in this "loyal" area—it's not a civil war, I thought; nor a revolution, nor an invasion from the North. It's the latest thing in warfare—a medieval war. The feudal barons with their kept knights ravage through the countryside to engage in mortal combat for forty days. The peasants go back and forth between the lines, unconcerned except to see that they don't get ravaged, or to sell a few things to either or both sides. The peace will certainly affect them, but is it their war—as war?

Last night the platoon had gone through a similar performance. They settled carefully into an ambush position at the river. Waiting tensely, one of the American advisers was startled by an arm softly placed over his shoulder. Fortunately, before he could react the thin voice of an old village-woman penetrated his senses. It was Mother Courage. "You boys want some tea?" she asked, with plaintive ingratiation. "Go 'way," he said, "we're waiting for someone."

I had got to this district, An Phu, by courtesy of the U.S. Information Service (now part of the Joint U.S. Public Affairs Office). It was rather a model-village tour: an area of Hoa Hao, a Buddhist reform group now solidly (for the time being) with the South Vietnamese Government. But An Phu may have been a perfect model, complete with all the flaws of its political virtues. The Hoa Hao allegiance is probably more practical than principled, and based fundamentally on "to thine own self be true." Subject for years to opposition and oppression, the Hoa Hao have fought everybody; the Viet Minh, the Diem regime, the Viet Cong. Today they accept the *Realpolitik*—and the weapons and good payoff—of the American presence, decisive in this province where there are no Arvin (Army of Viet Nam) regulars. It seemed to me quite clear from conversations with the Hoa Hao commander that it was the Americans with whom they were now allied, not the Government to whom they were loyal.

The late intensification of this war between Good and Evil seems to bring no decision between them so much as it throws into relief a submerged third term of incommensurate value: life. Recalcitrant under pressure, life insists on manifesting itself in all manner of ways—refugees in the cities, revolts in the mountains, desertions in the army, or perhaps just as studied indifference at An Phu. The involvement of the peasant must always have been uncertain and incomplete, *particularly on the Government side.* It is difficult to see how the peasant can be "on" the side—"for" the cause—of a world from which he has been structurally excluded. Historically, peasants have their *own* side: their family, their fields, their village. Saigon surely offers little alternative to this allegiance. It is allegiance to oneself as a human being, to what one knows as the right human condition. Outsiders must appear as only more or less damaging—or beneficial—to this condition. Foreign warriors in the land may open a new, complicated calculus of alternatives. Even so, what appears to us as a choice of sides may present itself to the peasant as a tactical choice of masters—with a meaning culturally incomparable to the American who is "for" America, or even the Republican party.

II. PIASTRES DE RESISTANCE

At the Saigon airport I handed over the immigration form to the Vietnamese officer. In the space next to "Purpose of your visit" I had written

"tourist." On August 5, 1965, it was an irrelevant purpose. But was it any more irrelevant than the things other Americans were doing in Viet Nam?

Actually, I am an anthropologist and an academic critic of the war. Neither is a qualification, in the view of Administration supporters, to speak on Viet Nam: one ought to have been there. I always thought it a weak retort, if only because the critics were as a rule better informed than the tropisimatic adherents of official policy; for another thing because the record compiled by Americans who had been in Viet Nam making and implementing mistakes suggested they had no understanding of Viet Nam or of their own existence there. To have been in Viet Nam does not make one an expert but perhaps something of a fool, or a victim.

Nevertheless, as an anthropologist if not as a critic, I had to accept the argument: one should go into the field. I spent six days in Viet Nam: mostly in Saigon, one day in Chau Doc Province (An Phu District) and half a day at III Corps Headquarters, Bien Hoa. Much of the time I passed with U.S. Information Service people, to whom I had offered the proposition that they try to convince me they were right. They accepted—"only in America!" —and put me in touch with others, civilian and military (though not with the gung-ho types I asked to see), and with the war (such as it was) in An Phu. These six days did not make me an expert—and I hope not a fool or a victim.

It is difficult to become an expert anyhow on things that aren't what they seem. Every day I saw something or learned something that made the country appear irrelevant to what was happening to it. After all, we are fighting Chinese there. There are no Chinese there. So *Vietnamese* die by way of demonstration. War is the continuation of Madison Avenue by new means; death becomes an advertisement—and "we mean what we say." The single most important and general condition of the American war in Viet Nam is its irrelevance. But to kill irrelevantly is a contradiction in terms. All the compromises and the self-deceptions of Americans, and all the brutalization, originate in this contradiction.

But the most obvious incongruity is that we are defending the "freedom" of South Viet Nam. The absurdity of the statement is not fully manifest by the existing Government [?]. To speak of the Government disguises the issue of the class of "brave and determined people" we are involved with, of who are our natural allies, who our enemies. It confronts you as you drive into Saigon. The rich men's big houses are protected by great iron gates and barbed wire deployed along the tops of thick walls. At the American Embassy and other U.S. establishments the same architectural motif is repeated—with variations as minor in social meaning as the differences between the Mercedes and the Mercuries that jostle aside pedicabs in the crowded streets. Together with a large number of Saigon friends who are doing well while we are thus doing good, we are under siege.

The defense of freedom in a lately colonial country takes on elements of a class war. I met a few of our lesser collaborators; also a former enemy:

> The district chief at An Phu was established, with servants, in a well-guarded headquarters; the exterior decor was barbed wire again, and a guard detachment of Regional Forces. A mandarin, proclaimed by the long nail of his little finger; a captain in the army, graduate of a French secondary school. His father was a businessman and a landowner who left an estate of some 60 hectares in Long Xuyen Province. He apparently is joint heir with his brothers, and maintains a home in the provincial seat. The estate, he said, is occupied by 60 tenant farmers. Officials at this level and above are appointed from Saigon.
>
> Mr. B. works for the Voice of America as a researcher and occasional broadcaster. Born in Saigon, his father was a clerk in a French company. Mr. B. was educated in a French college and then embarked on a life-long career of collaboration with foreigners. He worked before the war and through 1944 as a clerk for a French lawyer. In 1945 he was employed by Mitsui (Japanese). During the French Indochina War he worked for local newspapers and a French periodical. Now, for the Americans.
>
> Mr. L., a radio broadcaster for VOA for the past eight years, was born in Haiphong and came south after the peace of 1954 because he, "could not live with the Communists." During the French-Indochina War he had deserted from the Viet Minh and gone over to the French Army, where he served as an interpreter. Mr. L. interviews VC defectors and refugees from VC areas for broadcast materials. He related some interesting cases: a VC regular who defected because he saw a comrade killed for reading a Government leaflet; a farmer who fled from Long An Province because he saw his relative, a rich farmer, killed by the VC for refusing to pay taxes; a VC captain, "an intellectual," who defected because, as he told Mr. L., "the Communists only served one class!'"
>
> "What class was that?" I asked.
>
> "The poor," said Mr. L.—the captain was angry because "intellectuals" were not treated well.
>
> I later discussed this conversation with an American employee of USIS. He warned me that there are Viet Cong everywhere in Saigon!
>
> I, myself, interviewed only one VC defector, an instructor of anti-Communist revolutionary cadres at Khánh An (Chau Doc Province). He was from a Central Vietnamese middle peasant family. As a Viet Minh he had lied to the authorities about his background, saying he was of poor peasant origin. He was terrified by the North Vietnamese land reform of 1955–56, when middle peasants were axed. He said he decided then to get out as soon as he could. Infiltrated South in 1963, he immediately defected.
>
> I asked all these people at the end of the interview if they would like to question me. They put it in different ways, but everyone expressed concern that the Americans might lose patience and withdraw.

Critics of the war point to the contradiction between our announced defense of "freedom" and the character of the South Vietnamese Government. The criticism does not go deep enough. It is not a question of what

Government, but what ruling class, what *power* we are supporting—and creating—against "Communist aggression." It becomes in general a question of what type of society we offer as an alternative. A massive amount of American money is poured into Viet Nam. Part of this money corrupts, breeding prostitutes and vendors of "feelthy pictures"; the larger share is simply corrupted, and a Vietnamese elite becomes the latest beneficiary of American affluence. The colonial comprador outlives colonialism. He enters into symbiosis with the Cold War. Marshal Ky says the land speculators who drive up prices around the American development at Cam Ranh Bay will be punished. The black marketeers and other profiteers will be punished. But under what constraints does the Government of Viet Nam operate? Large Chinese merchants have a major influence on the Government, a senior USOM (U.S. Operations Mission, the AID program) officer told me, an influence that increases in direct proportion to their wealth. He said too that the contracting business was the going swindle. The still uncontrolled black market is testimony to a large flow of U.S. dollars out of the country, for safe deposit in foreign banks and the import of prohibited luxury goods.

Meanwhile, back at the village—

> The scene that day at An Phu was reminiscent of the colonial payday described by Aubrey Menen in *The Prevalence of Witches*, with overtones as degrading and cynical. Through the good offices of the local U.S. Special Forces Detachment, ten selected families of a hamlet several kilometers from the base were ceremoniously to receive food doles, and the children of the hamlet school to get new school kits (though there weren't enough of these to go around). The goods had come down through USOM. Everyone was waiting around when I arrived—it turned out they were waiting for me; it made the most propaganda of a limited supply. The American commanding officer and some noncoms were there, and the commanding officer of the Vietnamese Regional Forces with his bodyguards. A little hollow near the school made do as a ceremonial ground. We stood back on a rise above: it was not an American function; "we're only advisers here." The masters of ceremony were a VIS (Vietnamese Information Service) officer, a Vietnamese nutritionist, and the hamlet chief. They were down in the hollow with a portable loudspeaker system shouting to the assembled 40 people who were standing several feet from them. Ten heaps of food lay in two rows on the ground. The VIS officer spoke first. He made it clear to the people what the food meant: as one of the recipients told me later, now they would turn in any Viet Cong they saw. The nutritionist spoke briefly—too briefly, I thought, considering the exotic character of the foods. Then the hamlet chief proceeded to dole out the food heaps, calling each family by name and insisting the family representative—many were widows—come over and stand next to his or her food pile. Everyone was so conscious of us on the hill, especially the shy women being given food.
>
> These families had been selected by the hamlet chief and a local committee. I don't doubt they were deserving—the man I talked to was

> a landless peasant, unrelated (he said) to the hamlet chief—it's just that they deserved better. The 10 families had been selected from a community of 2,000 people. According to the sergeant in charge of it, this food program had begun about nine months ago. A settlement of 2,000 people could expect to be visited with food packages about every two to three months, although this hamlet had been given food only once before, if that. And what was the benefit of years of American expenditure in Viet Nam? Each family received 100 pounds of cornmeal, 5 pounds of bulgar wheat, 5 pounds of maple syrup, 6 to 7 pounds of powdered milk, and 1 gallon of cooking oil. The Vietnamese eat rice and prefer it—with corn only on occasion.

The motivation and dedication of American AID people is beyond question and not at issue. Many, I understand, work tirelessly under dangerous conditions to bring a modicum of betterment to the countryside. Likewise the small Special Forces Detachment I saw at An Phu was committed to a program of medical and economic aid for the people—the Peace Corps of the War Corps. But these slim measures of good intention have to be put in the balance against the huge, unplanned subsidization of decadence in the cities to determine a final reading on the American presence. It is not simply that much more goes to bad causes than to good. Hijacked American dollars in the cities capitalize a whole social system, and one in which just this unequal distribution of wealth is proper, a constituted condition. The compradors of Saigon express nothing of the Delta and the Mountains and feel nothing of them; economically and ideologically they are counterposed to the people and the resources of the country. The fate of the people, therefore, is not mitigated by small aid in the countryside; it is sealed by big robbery in the city.

Saigon, one cynical American said to me, is full of Kennedy idealists who have discovered the facts of life. I thought it a good *mot* as far as it went, but incomplete. He might have added that crossing Kennedy idealism with the facts of life produces a curious political hybrid: a hardheaded surrealist. I spoke with several of the tribe, middle to senior officers mainly, in their air-conditioned sanctuaries at the Embassy, USOM, USIS. I wanted to know how they related, morally at least, to the Saigon cats growing fat on American aid whose interests rather contrast with the dying people. I was reproached for my naïveté: "every Eastern country is full of graft and corruption; it's just like that and always has been" [and therefore always will be?]. One or two said that conditions were improving because the present Government included dynamic young leaders who took the people's well-being to heart. The most general sentiment was that if the Government could somehow be stabilized, the problem of "corruption" would somehow be solved. I had come up against standard American innocence of society: "who is the matter"—as if it were just personalities and not a political structure of economic interest; that the accumulation of wealth is a mere question of

"graft" and "corruption" rather than an economic formation of society, a matter of excess rather than a constituted relation to the national economy and the underlying population; that, despite the circumstances, a government could be established on some basis other than the prevailing distribution of wealth and power, apart from its constraints, and become more the executive committee of the people than of the comprador.

The last is anyhow ruled out by the "advisory" role of American personnel (civilian as well as military) in Viet Nam. In the decisive sense it is an American War: it is Viet Nam's tragedy to have been chosen the battleground for America's stand against the forces of evil. Technically, however, we are just "advisers." I had always thought this was put out for international and home consumption, to make the American intervention palatable for whoever might be inclined to swallow it. But I misunderstood. The "advisory" capacity is taken very seriously by Americans within the country, especially by civilian officials, and it has internal functions much more meaningful than the international propaganda effect. At one level, it is a concession to Vietnamese national feeling; and Americans have a complementary need to believe and practice it. As a denial of any colonial status or intentions, it provides for Americans an acceptable meaning of their existence in the country. Beyond that, it serves as a convenient institutional means of personal dissociation from the sufferings of Viet Nam, sufferings largely inflicted by the American presence—which is one's own presence. To be an adviser is to be involved yet free of the place, to indulge a sense of duty yet disdain responsibility; so it becomes a prefabricated barrier erected wherever and whenever the ugliness intrudes into consciousness, a denial that one is implicated by what may be going on. It is a moral anesthetic. (And I venture to say that the necessity for moral anesthesia is one reason there are so many versions of truth, why it is so difficult to determine just what is going on in Viet Nam.)

At the institutional level, which is perhaps the critical level, the function of the "advisory" role must be judged from its effects. The effect at every order of organization from hamlet to nation is to interpose obstacles to American direction of Vietnamese affairs, and so give free play to indigenous forces and interests—especially self-interests. Thus even as America generates powerful economic and political force in Viet Nam, it turns around to deny itself the leverage. The free floating resources are appropriated instead by local collaborators for construction of their own version of Vietnamese society. We give them the advice to do good and the power to do as they please. We say we are "helping the Vietnamese to help themselves," and that's exactly what they're doing—helping themselves.

The "advisory" capacity is a new chapter in the relations between the West and the underdeveloped world. It is a Cold War epilogue of nineteenth-century colonialism. For all our anticolonial protestations we perpetuate a colonial condition in the country.

A serious argument against American withdrawal is the bloodbath that would ensue in South Viet Nam when the NLF gains control. But against this one might consider the bloodbath without foreseeable end going on now, and the ruling class of South Viet Nam to whose tender mercies we would confine the peasant. The escalation of war may be narrowing the alternatives for the people to an end with misery or a misery without end.

Refugees are streaming *en masse* into Government camps—where they live, newspapers say, in unspeakable conditions. Many Americans I met in Viet Nam are convinced the Viet Cong have been lately violating their own principles, stepping up economic pressure and terror in the countryside, for their very success has bred control and logistic problems. Washington officials have said that VC terror is the simple explanation. I asked one of the Vietnamese who interviews refugees for Voice of America—principally, however, on agricultural matters—why, in his opinion, the peasants come over to the Government. His prompt answer was the "bombing"; the people, he said, want security for their lives and peace for their work. An American VOA employee present at the interview insisted I get the meaning of "bombing" straight. On my request for elucidation the Vietnamese said "bombing and fighting," the fire from both sides. Then he went on to relate that provincial officials who have accompanied him in talks with peasants have several times "asked" him to erase complaints about "bombing" from the tapes. The refugees are supposed to say they have fled from VC terror to a happy life under the Government, he said. The provincial officials indicated that the "bombing" need not be broadcast. (Charles Mohr writes in *The New York Times* of September 5: "Already more than 5 percent of the population has fled into refugee camps. Although it is popular among Washington officials to say that the refugees are fleeing from Viet Cong terrorism, some officials on the scene are quite willing to concede or even to volunteer that the majority are fleeing from the insecurity of the countryside and that air stikes are the largest single cause of that insecurity.")

I had a number of experiences of this kind, times when I heard a Vietnamese or an American in the presence of another American of official position report something compromising to American ideals, policy, or the Washington line on Viet Nam. The incident must be repeated often, as a circumstance of the American presence in Viet Nam. On the occasions I could observe it, I was interested in the reaction of the American who was thus suddenly confronted with damning information on which he would have to make some reckoning—like the American VOA employee confronted with censorship. If not exactly a moment of truth, the American's response gives subtle intelligence of the critical battle of this war: of how much of America, of what America has meant to us, can be consumed in Viet Nam. The Americans I have seen in this predicament were good men and intelligent. But they blanked out, every one of them. Intellectually they refused to come to terms with it. Morally, they passed. Some said nothing. Some

spoke of Viet Cong crimes, as if to justify our own or our South Vietnamese agents. Some glossed over the reported incident as exceptional, as not happening most of the time. And some shrugged, referred to the feudal-oriental character of the country, then asked what one could do since "we're only advisers here." It is, I repeat, an important point. If we are whored by our commitment, if we must lose ourselves in Viet Nam, we lose the war—whatever the military outcome.

The contradictions of Viet Nam may thus reflect themselves in the everyday behavior of Americans. Among military personnel, of course, such translations of big structural events into terms of ordinary existence will take other forms. Still the American military adviser who turns his back on the torture of Viet Cong prisoners by South Vietnamese soldiers is the khaki counterpart of the VOA civilian who closes his mind to compromising information. But these seem advanced stages of moral decay, people now dangerously close to a final plunge into brutalization. Unless one is so disposed in advance, it may take a certain initial disillusionment with Viet Nam to reach this point, a disillusionment that undermines local meanings of the war, leaving one either with the Cold War conviction that it is necessary to stop this Chinese-inspired aggression, Viet Nam notwithstanding, or else without any conviction at all. I had a glimpse of this earlier phase among American combat troops at Bien Hoa, most of whom were comparatively new arrivals and had seen comparatively limited action. It was enough exposure: Viet Nam was incubating in them. Yet, one or two resisted the infection.

> They were eight Army enlisted men—at least some were draftees—with whom their commanding officer (knowing I was "a professor against the war") had generously given me ninety minutes' privacy. And there was also a ninth: an officer of junior rank who came up to the jeep around which we stood, listened to what we said, and asked then if he could have a word with me because there were a few things I ought to "get straight."
>
> Seven of the men did not at all question their purpose in Viet Nam. We had to "stop the Communists from taking over here," or else "they'd go on to Hawaii." At the same time, several had experienced the recalcitrance of Viet Nam, its disengagment from what was supposed to be its own life-and-death struggle, and they were disturbed by it. A Negro private brought it up—by his own compulsion, for the discussion was open just then—and others seemed to agree. He didn't see "the people here" getting with the war. They hold bicycle races in the village while he is on a field problem. He wondered angrily why they did nothing while we fought "their war," fought to make them "free from Communism." As for the South Vietnamese soldiers (and this is I think a very common complaint), they aren't worth a damn: poorly trained and undisciplined, their talk and smoke on patrol, and cannot work as a unit.

Every war and every army has its complaints. But Viet Nam could foster a new type of American military dissenter, an anti-ideologist, a man whose life has been interrupted when it did not seem threatened, and yet, come upon the distant scene of emergency, sees there a people not so much involved in a fight for their lives against Communist expansion as a flight from their deaths—perhaps at American hands. I asked these men what they thought of the statement of Lt.—, who had refused assignment to a Special Forces outpost and expressed the sentiment that the war "wasn't worth a single American life." All disagreed —except one. To that moment silent, he spoke now unabashedly: "All the people and all the ground in Viet Nam are not worth a single American life." He believed this, he explained, because he has a high regard for human life, American and Vietnamese; and many people are being needlessly killed because of the ideological views of a few Americans, the President and those around him. They say we are here to defend South Viet Nam against Communist aggression, which is a threat to ourselves, but for himself he does not believe it. The commitment to Viet Nam is all out of proportion to the importance of Viet Nam. He waxed Lippmannesque: "If we start here, we'll soon be all over the world doing the same thing. It's not worth it to America." He was a soldier in a Light Brigade: "The people here have been fighting guerrilla war for twenty years; I don't know anything about that kind of warfare." I asked him which he would choose if it came to a question of American involvement or NLF control. He would pull out—"because I'm selfish —I don't think the Communist control of Viet Nam will concern me in my lifetime."

The men left and I remained with the young officer who wanted me to get matters straight. He was not new to the war but almost through with it, twenty-nine days to go, and now there were several things he had to say about it. He spoke from notes he had just made, and I repeat his points here. I am obliged to insist that I do not present his views as facts of war, as necessarily true in specific content. But they are unequivocal truth of another kind—they are an American experience of Viet Nam:

1. The officer had it from "an informed source in a position to know" that Arvin desertion rates jump from 25 to 40 percent whenever American troops came into an area. He was seriously concerned. It meant to him that Arvin had no inclination to fight; that, neither brave nor determined, they "would rather have us do the work for them."

2. He has heard on good authority—"though it is not confirmed and must be"—that on occasion Arvin units fire upon U.S. units in battle, in order to make the situation look worse and encourage a greater U.S. involvement. "I want to know," he said, "if this is reported to the American people, and if it is reported to the President, and if not, why not? And if it is, what are we going to do about it? Or does it just stay in the MAC-V [Military Assistance Command, Viet Nam]?" In his opinion such actions as these would have the effect, desired by Vietnamese, of relieving their military participation and increasing direct aid to the local economy through military and other assistance—aid that would find its way to local vested interests.

3. When we were preparing to build up a landing base in [a certain coastal] area, why did we have to negotiate with private landowners for space at so many piastres per acre? This is war; we are defending them. He is sure we didn't pay rent to the French in World War II for the privilege of fighting for French freedom. Nor was this compensation for hardships caused to civilians. Leasing land, he said, is distinguishable from compensations. [Note that the officer did mention a particular area, but I am unable to pinpoint his transliteration of the Vietnamese. *The New York Times* reported what seems to be an analogous incident on September 15, 1965: the U.S. "acquired" 30 square miles near Ankhe from the Vietnamese Government for the newly arrived First Cavalry Division].

4. I had talked with the others about civilian casualties. In that connection, he said, "a lot of officers if given the opportunity would bomb the shit out of all the villages around here. A great many have the urge and the mentality." He had "so many times heard it said, 'let's drop the load on that village.' " He has not seen it yet, however, and thinks it probably never will happen because the brigade commander wouldn't have it. But it is a definite streak in an interesting number of officers—"and," he added, "just what the VC would want."

5. He seemed to know my own position, and since I had talked with the other men about the criticism of the war in the States, he wanted to insist that, "The criticism of the war is extremely healthy. It concerns me that many military men are critical of the critics and want to deny them the constitutional right to dissent." He is "upset" by the career officers who speak only of "beatniks," and whose response is "those guys ought to be brought out here and sent on patrol to get shot!" The career officers fear criticism because they are put in jeopardy by it. "If we were less militant, they would lose their jobs and have to return to civilian life, where they are not fit for anything." He wondered, in this regard, to what extent the situation in Viet Nam is accurately reported insofar as the facts are purveyed through the military.

As we walked slowly together toward the commanding officer's tent, he said I could draw my own conclusions from all this. I responded with the obvious: "You mean to say that the war is being escalated because of the South Vietnamese desire to be relieved and make a fast buck, complemented by the mentality of the American military?" He made no objection. In parting he remarked that if Viet Nam wants peace, and if peace means VC control, he for one is willing to accept it. If the VC are elected in a free election, he said in response to my question, he must go along with it—"for God's sake, it's the only honorable thing to do." And he added then: "If they want peace at any price, not be shot at, the freedom to raise a few crops, let them have it. These are common wants of everyone, aren't they?"

III. LOSING THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF AMERICANS IN VIET NAM

"China" is indispensable to the existence of Americans in Viet Nam. The fixation has its own internal, Vietnamese dialectic. But it begins from external conditions, from the Washington Cold War policy and its con-

frontations with world events. An outsider can attempt only a superficial and partial analysis of the Washington line and very little on its fundamental causes. Clearly it proceeds from an injunction of sacred ancestral ideology, the Dulles demonology, which defined the struggle against the forces of evil. The evil is the "International Communist Conspiracy," known also in its emanation of "Aggressive Communism" and appearing in Viet Nam as "Chinese Expansionism." America, medicine man to the world, is impelled to Viet Nam to exorcise the evil spirits. But it was not a simple process of divination that led to this move. The policy for Viet Nam seems to have developed from the intersection of the demonology with at least two important events, the Cuban missile crisis and the *détente* with Russia, which have impressed themselves firmly and in certain ways on political consciousness. The missile crisis is understood to have spiked Russia's guns for the foreseeable future. The *détente* is taken in evidence that when a Communist revolution generates an economic stake in the world, and when the revolutionary generation with its heady ideas of world uprising dies off, a Communist power ceases to be aggressive and instead evolves an interest in the status quo. Transferred to China, these understandings dictate a policy of buying time for the revolution—that economic development and generational replacement might exhaust its fervor—and, in the meantime, during all that period in which it is dangerous, cordoning the revolution by a strong military stand and preventing its export. Viet Nam is the Asian analogue of the missile crisis; therefore, a critical tactic. The "domino theory," moreover, becomes unsuppressible. Its function is to explain the American action, and as the only reasonable explanation of *that fact* it becomes immune to contradiction by any other fact of life in Southeast Asia.

Such seems to be the hardheaded surrealism. In Viet Nam, however, the strategy does not present even so rational an appearance. It has to be discussed in more primitive terms. For one thing, the key decision-makers are not there; one sees only partial intimations of the grand design among the few who can seriously reflect on it, and among Americans in general only a vulgar *idée fixe* about the Red Menace. Besides, the strategy here is refracted through the ugly circumstances of Viet Nam, which reshape it into something of an obsession: stopping the Chinese threat is the kind of end that will sanction adoption of any means—even, as I shall tell, Chinese means. We are losing the hearts and minds of Americans in Viet Nam. Joining battle with the evil spirits by ritual techniques of bloodletting, we get covered all over with blood ourselves and become ourselves dark forces in the land. It is a classic mythical denouement. Between the medicine man and the spirit of disease there is a close relation to begin with: a set of shared assumptions about the nature of illness, its infliction and its cure. And as they struggle for supremacy over the inert body, only shaman and spirit can seem real to each other. The body becomes immaterial, something merely that each attempts

to possess and manipulate to defeat the other. The horrifying quality is that the evil spirit is a construction of the medicine man, and though his operations prove a brilliant success, the patient may die from it. In the end the medicine man is indistinguishable from an evil spirit.

Americans in Viet Nam hold it as a basic expression of purpose that there we oppose Chinese Communist expansion. I encountered it among men of fighting ranks and among their officers, among staff members of U.S. civilian agencies and among their senior officials. It is the expert opinion of those we employ as political experts. (Vietnamese collaborators, I found, are apt to put it most directly, almost as if the NLF was Chinese.) The confrontation with China has the character of an unquestionable premise of our involvement. Politically aware Americans find it possible to believe it the higher wisdom, even though they are unable to trace the chain of NLF command beyond Hanoi. Everyone knows that Communist China is expansionist. Everyone knows too that we are faced in Viet Nam with Communist subversion, which if not contained here will have to be faced again, closer to home. That we are fighting China follows with the force of a categorical syllogism.

Perhaps it is the higher wisdom; still, it gives Viet Nam a certain air of insanity. Paranoids are after us. The death of Vietnamese is unrelated to their lives. Do we mean to indicate by these deaths that the Chinese must stop threatening us? Then we are involved in killing people to show other people that they should stop threatening us. Or do we mean to show the Chinese they must stop threatening the Vietnamese? Then we are killing people to show other people that they should stop threatening the people we are killing. The "Chinese Threat" obscures in advance the nature of the enemy. We cannot know who he is, or what he wants. So we destroy in advance the possibility of deciding if he is really our enemy. The counterpart on the political level is the total failure of American policy to support, or even to recognize, nationalism and its human aspirations. Not recognizing it, we succeed in destroying it. Opposing it, we drive it into self-defeating dependence upon major Communist powers—and thus in the end obtain the confrontation we sought from the beginning. In my experience, nationalism is simply not discussed by Americans in Saigon. Vietnamese nationalism is a dead issue, buried and covered over by Communist aggression.

But there is a reason for the madness. Without it one could go insane. Even if "the threat of Chinese expansion" did not exist in Washington it would be necessary to invent it in Viet Nam. The objective conditions make it impossible to sustain any other image of the American presence. The lack of freedom mocks our "defense of freedom." The military dictatorship mocks our "defense of democracy." The indifference of the people mocks their "brave struggle against subversion." The thought that these people have been suffering war for 25 years must be repressed. And shall we admit our responsibility for the misery of Viet Nam? How shall we face the inno-

cent victims of our weapons? Conscience must be destroyed: it has to end at the barrel of the gun; it cannot extend to the bullet. So all peripheral rationales fade into the background. It becomes a war of transcendent purpose, and in such a war all efforts on the side of Good are virtuous, and all deaths unfortunate necessity. The end justifies the means.

> I stood one morning outside the Psychological Warfare office at III Corps Headquarters, Bien Hoa. Clearly I was an alien: a civilian and an academic dissenter. The bare courtesy of the reception I had just had inside did not trouble to conceal it. Now a young officer came out of the building. With a curious politeness he handed me a newspaper, saying that "a compatriot" of his (but not of mine?) wanted to present it to me, and I should especially consider the inside spread of pictures on pages 4 and 5. The paper was the *Observer*, a weekly published for U.S. forces in Viet Nam. The officer was a little surprised when I asked if he could spare any other issues. He did not understand my motives, that I wanted to know what the *Observer* seeks to teach those who read it. But that general point is not important. The important point is a specific one, dictated by the man who anonymously gave me a present: the inside two pages of the July 3 edition. It meant something critical to him, and he wanted me to be convinced by it.
>
> The two-page banner read: "'A New Glorious Exploit,' Broadcasts Communist Radio." Underneath were seven bloodsoaked pictures of the My Canh restaurant bombing in Saigon of June 25. Most of the photographs, such as the one captioned "Evacuating Innocent Child," showed Americans coming to the aid of shocked and bleeding victims, many of them Vietnamese.
>
> Should we share our "compatriot's" understanding of the moral? He might indulge himself in the hate of evil killers at the expense of indifference to human pain and death. But no judgment of these pictures should be made in the absence of memory. The American soldiers who see the *Observer* have already seen certain other pictures. They have looked upon the slaughter of villages, contemplated the civilian victims of American bombs and shells—perhaps not just in photographs. If they are then outraged at the My Canh, it is a cynical lie. They distinguish between "good" and "bad" innocent victims. Human agony has no meaning; the meaning is external, a judgment of those who inflict not those who suffer. The outrage at suffering is indifference to suffering. The soldier outraged at this depiction of Vietnamese misery has been prepared to commit it.

Advanced anti-Communism trades places with the enemy. It becomes opposite-Communism, and "opposites" are things alike in every respect save one. The final stages of American dissolution in Viet Nam will be marked by imitation of the enemy's techniques. I have heard it foreshadowed in the talk of Saigon officialdom: *discipline*, a senior American civilian officer told me, is what the South Vietnamese Government needs; *power*, he said, is the only thing the Chinese can understand; *history*, he said, will prove us right. In a remote provincial outpost I found two Americans who had ap-

propriated as their own draconic Chinese methods of interrogation and indoctrination ("motivation" is the American newspeak). The forced destruction of people's beliefs is no longer properly described as something "they" do. Torturously exacted confession and conversion are no longer things we fight against. These are now part of our own arsenal, weapons of our own struggle.

The two Americans were leaders of a "motivation" team working among Vietnamese Popular Forces. The team included four Vietnamese instructor-cadres, two of these ex-Viet Cong. The dominant of the two Americans was a field representative of a civilian agency; he was assisted by a Special Forces officer. Both were highly qualified, competent in Vietnamese langauge and custom, and dedicated to Viet Nam and their vision of its future. Their program was anti-Communist revolution; they were training Popular Forces as revolutionary cadres. The texts were classic Communist handbooks on revolutionary warfare, books these Americans studied and clearly admired; it does not go too far to say they were disciples, or at least revisionist disciples, of Mao Tse-tung, Ho Chi-minh, and Che Guevara. The revolutionary "techniques" were copied in fine detail. (I was given a pledge card that the Americans issued to Vietnamese trainees; it listed "The Four Principles and Eight Rules" of cadre behavior, apparently an amendation of "The Three Rules and the Eight Remarks" that Mao developed for partisan warfare against the Japanese.) The Americans insisted, however, on one departure from Communist attitudes: alongside self-criticism they encourage the troops to question their instructors and formulate their own views. The indoctrination team moves from outpost to outpost, living in with the troops while "motivating" them.

I lived in with them for a night and a good part of a day. They briefed me and allowed me to see the work for myself. But it is not of this guerrilla program that I write. It is of a discussion I had with the Americans about torture and the transformation of VC prisoners to anti-Communism. The two Americans allowed they had some experience with it, and some ideas of how it is properly done. I recorded most of that discussion and will excerpt parts of it verbatim. But first allow me to develop the context.

The interrogation methods the Americans described are copied from those used most effectively by the Chinese, as they themselves explained. (Of course, there are precedents—for example, the Inquisition.) The treatment seems a compressed and abbreviated version of the procedures used on American P.O.W.'s during the Korean War. The interrogator has at most four or five days before he must send the prisoner on. Physical torture is precluded. A special type of "mental torture" (their term) is instead inflicted. But it aims not merely at eliciting military information. The prisoner's disclosures are at the same time a betrayal of his cause and a confession of his errors, a renunciation of belief. The betrayal is the first phase of a "cure" of Com-

munism—the American civilian kept likening the process to the rehabilitation of alcoholics. If the technique really is effective, and the Americans claim it is, I think it must be because of some rather special qualities of revolutionary warfare and warriors. It has to be understood that a VC prisoner comes in with certain comprehensions and expectations that are deeply entwined with his revolutionary ("Communist") commitment. A guerrilla movement depends decisively on secrecy. Its members are visible daily to the enemy but must be unknown to him; they maintain a hinterland conspiracy of silence; a single traitor wrecks the organization of a whole village, perhaps a district. The guerrilla thus understands that secrecy is a first principle of the revolution. But by the same token, intelligence becomes a first principle of the counterrevolution. The prisoner, therefore, expects to be tortured for information and ultimately killed if he remains steadfast. He meets his interrogators prepared to resist the worse: it is a test of his revolutionary soul.

But by a carefully calculated approach, the interrogator can from the beginning disappoint the prisoner's expectations, disarm and confuse him. Instead of torture the guerrilla finds himself in the company of an "enemy" who nevertheless treats him with respect, even befriends him, feeds him, makes him comfortable—which is to say, profoundly uncomfortable. The relation the interrogator seeks to effect is one between them as against the world. For even as he binds the prisoner's wounds, he systematically invokes the threat of "the others"—that there are these others (Arvin regulars) around who want at the prisoner and have "more basic ideas" of how to interrogate him. (The Chinese in Korea invoked the North Koreans in the same way when dealing with American P.O.W.'s.) The interrogator is protecting the prisoner, shielding him against the "big, ugly outside world." Thus the bond between prisoner and interrogator is forged, the captive caught in a deepening dependence upon his captor. At some point the latter feels he might press for reciprocity. The guerrilla yields some minor information. Yet emotionally it is not slight: it is a fundamental betrayal of himself, his comrades, and his cause. Still, he is told the information is nothing, not enough, that he will have to do better or the others will move in on him. The trap has been closed. The interrogator is now the only one in the world with whom the prisoner has anything in common. Behind are the people he has sold out, ahead those who would kill him—and only the interrogator can help him. The revolutionary is likely to break completely. It is a moment of extreme anguish—"the lowest point in his life in terms of human meaning and existence" (the American civilian said). Yet again, in a disorganized and probably unintentional parody of Chinese techniques, the prisoner learns his confession is still not good enough: he cannot unite with his captors; he must have further "processing" at a rehabilitation center. So I understand the procedure.

Something must be said as well of those who described it to me. First —and it is a thing seriously to consider—these two Americans are not strangers, not people who have been metamorphosed by some satanic forces to a point beyond our understanding or recognition. Met on a college campus or in a business office, they would not attract unusual attention. Their attitudes toward Viet Nam are indeed more scholarly then demonic. They want to involve themselves in the country. They profess with sincerity their respect for the people—so much that they actively wish them a better fate. For the first several hours of my visit, we had only sparred in a rather formal way. It was not until they saw me sit cross-legged on the floor of a Vietnamese house, and with them eat Vietnamese food with Vietnamese people, that they, these two Americans, accepted *me*. They did not give the impression of evil. On the contrary, they presented the appearance of good.

And now consider this interview, what they said and what they revealed of themselves.

The main protagonist—identified here as "Mr. X"—describes himself as an "agnostic atheist," but clearly he believes in the devil if not in God. In fact, his is a holy work: to exorcise the Communist devils possessing Viet Cong. He undertakes the prisoner's "conversion" for the prisoner's own good: he is "helping" the man, saving him. I asked, "How do you offset the damage to yourself?" "Your belief," he answers.

Why do these Americans so intensely need to crack down the prisoner, to convince him he is wrong, they right? Is it because they need to convince themselves? The officer ("Captain Y") says that if you don't try to break the prisoner, you're admitting he's right. And "Mr. X" makes a curious slip: he speaks of an "emotional *inter*dependence" between the prisoner and the interrogator, where he means to discuss the dependence of the prisoner upon the interrogator. I sense these men are identified with the prisoner, that they have themselves under the knife, that the prisoner's conversion will validate their own integrity. And so inevitably they fall into a hopeless contradiction. For if their own righteousness is at test in the prisoner's response, then they need too to fail. The prisoner's successful resistance is the interrogators' greatest satisfaction: his strength proves their strength, his will, their will, his conviction their conviction. There is no question of Mr. X's admiration of the prisoner who will not be broken. "Tremendous," he says, "just tremendous." Then he lies when I ask if he admires this man. And at the end he lies the ultimate lie of Americans in Viet Nam. Notwithstanding he had just described a specific prisoner who would not yield, he denies he was ever involved in such an interrogation: "because we're advisers—in every sense."

Here are excerpts from the tape. (A heavy "dot" in the transcript indicates that a portion of the interview is skipped over; three dots, that a portion of an answer is elided; and a word in parenthesis followed by a ques-

tion mark indicates an imperfect rendering on the tape and my guess of the word involved.)

MR. X: At this time [the prisoner] kind of feels an emotional dependence upon you because for two days you've been protecting him from the big outside ugly world that he doesn't understand: feeding him good chow, talking with him, calling him a (*can-bo?*) of the NLF, not the derogatory term of Viet Cong . . . Then you indicate that this nice treatment that he's had so far [has] not been disinterested good treatment, that we expect his cooperation. We're cooperating with him in a sense; we expect cooperation from him. This again reintroduces the whole issue of the big ugly outside world. What's going to happen to him now? Well, he might tell you a couple of things, beginning with rather innocuous things. Well, you can imply that you knew that already, what you're really after are better things and this might rather (uncalm?) him. Then you might say, "Jeez, that scrape you got on your shoulder . . . it obviously needs attention; we'll have to give you some penicillin." And while you're giving him the penicillin, you're telling him that, "You know, there are these other types of people who just . . ."

•

MR. X: Actually again, this is the technique that Captain [Y] . . . and myself have been trying to promote in an advisory relationship. Again, it's a technique that's been used most effectively by the Chinese, in which you've pulled the man out of his familiar environment: he's dependent . . . upon you for his continual well-being. And even though the prisoner may (resist?), it's kind of an emotional interdependence that's created, and what you try and do is (use?) this emotional interdependence in such a way that he comes to the point where he *must* tell you what he knows.

SAHLINS: It's in effect brainwashing—is that the point of this?

MR. X: No, what it is, is breaking him down. But . . . once you've broken him down, it comes to the point where he wakes up in a sweat one morning and tells you, "All right." Then he tells you the names of the two people in his cell; or, he gives you the location of the camp that he just recently came from. Then you're through with him, in practical terms. You've got what you needed to continue operating. But at this point, if you really believe in anything yourself, what you've got to do is give him something to hope for before you send him back for further processing. Because you have just brought this individual to the *lowest point in his life* in terms of human meaning and existence. So at that point, that's when you've got to stress that, "Well now we're releasing you for further processing. But for you, what you've just told us is the beginning of a positive affirmation. We just can't process you right into our unit now; because you don't know what we stand for and what we're fighting for, but we hope that some day you will be joining us." See, we don't have time to get any brainwashing. The Chinese can do that because they have P.O.W.'s for months and months and months. If we get a guy, we've got him for two to five days, and then he's out of our hands. In that two to five days, we've

got to get the information we need. But we will not get the information we need by physical torture. We've got to get it by an emotional and mental torture. And you can do that because that's what they're least adequately prepared for. It's what Americans are least adequately prepared for when they find themselves in the other side's hands.

•

SAHLINS: What kind of control do you have over Arvin types of interrogation [i.e., physical torture]?

MR. X: Well again, that's an advisory function. And what you're trying to do is—this is just a traditional feudal Asian society; Mainland style—and what you're trying to do is change the course of warfare in Asia. To some extent this has been done: the Chinese People's Liberation Army; it's happened probably in the Japanese Army, the Japanese Self-Defense and Home Defense Armies. But until the end of World War II, we always thought of the Japanese Army as a real cruel, vindictive bunch of cutthroats. Well it turned out in post-World War II analysis that the Bataan Death March was something that they handled to the best of their ability, given the available transport and the way that they would have handled their own prisoners. They just move them, and they moved them as fast as they could. People who couldn't keep up the pace in some cases were helped and in some other cases—just according to the individual guard—were bashed and thrown aside. Vietnamese to our eyes seem rather cruel sometimes to prisoners, but they're not doing this with any ideological vengeance. They're doing that because that's just been the bent of warfare in Mainland Asia for a thousand years, and what we have got to try to do is sophisticate it, and tell them, "Look, that's just not the way." It's a slow process; we're attempting a reformation of a whole society.

SAHLINS: What practical is being done to discourage this kind of thing?

MR. X: Well, guidance on the spot—

CAPTAIN D. (SAHLINS'S ESCORT): It's up to the individual advisors—

MR. X: The individual advisor giving guidance on the spot.

CAPTAIN D: Sometimes it's successful, sometimes not—

CAPTAIN Y: In most cases, it's not.

SAHLINS: From what you say about mental torture, you wouldn't make any distinction in the morality of either kind [i.e., physical vs. mental torture]?

MR. X: Hell, no! I don't make any distinction in morality at all: torture is torture, and when you fuck around with a guy's mind and his whole basic *raison d'être*, you're *really* hurting him—especially when he's prepared mentally, spiritually, for the physical torture.

SAHLINS: Then the attempt to discourage Vietnamese water torture . . . is just because the other type [mental torture] doesn't offend American sensibilities as much?

MR. X: No, it's not because of that. Because we don't concern ourselves here with American sensibilities. We concern ourselves with what will work.

CAPTAIN Y: It's relatively ineffective.

MR. X: It's ineffective. It may sound hard-boiled to say that we

don't concern ourselves with American sensibilities—but we don't. We're concerning ourselves with Vietnamese sensibilities.

SAHLINS: What about the sensibilities of the Americans who are involved . . . the person who's torturing?

MR. X: To most of the Americans, to most of the simpleminded Americans who get involved in Viet Nam—that's all the *boobus Americanus* that H. L. Mencken spoke about—undoubtedly they think that the mental and emotional torture we're talking about is the least objectionable, because they've never really paused to seriously reflect about it themselves; or perhaps they did not go through the experience of being a P.O.W. in the Korean conflict themselves. And they can probably tell you, "Oh, Jesus, I'd try and stop that physical torture, because I know it's just wrong,"—you know. But we think that we're looking into it a little more deeply, and we see that the mental and spiritual torture that we bring a man through to the point where he voluntarily gives you the information is pretty rough stuff to get involved in too. But it works.

SAHLINS: How do you offset the damage to yourself?

MR. X: Your belief. Your belief: you have to sincerely believe that in the long run you're helping this man. It's like an AA cure. If you're just breaking the guy down for the sake of getting a poor helpless alcoholic who's hipped on NLF propaganda to admit that he was wrong and give you the information, then you're going to send him out in the street a crushed derelict, then there's something wrong with you. But you have to really believe, as we do—although we get discouraged sometimes by our [Vietnamese] counterparts—you have to really believe that you're *helping* this guy to something better.

SAHLINS: Conversion from Communism is involved in the torture.

MR. X: Conversion from anything to anything involves a certain degree of self-torture. We just accelerated the process because we need that fucking information.

SAHLINS: This is better for him?

MR. X: He's alive, and you can still help him . . .

•

MR. X: Most Americans, unfortunately, don't bother to think deeply about the stuff they get involved in and they make superficial judgments: "Well, it's wrong to torture this guy physically because we're all part of the same (background?)"—

CAPTAIN Y: If you ask you'll get probably 80 percent of the people [U.S. military] will say, "Well, I didn't get involved in it. When they capture them, when they capture the Vietnamese Communists, I just turn my back and go and have a cigarette."

MR. X: They take a drink from their canteen and light up a cigarette. And that's discouraging . . . I'd rather get—not get involved in it, not in the actual physical torture myself—but I'd rather be right there and see it done, and then laugh like a horse when it doesn't work and they don't get the information. And then in the long run you're affecting the situation when you just laugh at this guy and say: "Look, you think he's gonna break? So you cut up his stomach a little bit and his insides fell out . . . He got the last laugh on you, because he didn't talk a bit." And maybe it'll make the guy think, you know, and ten

times later, after ten more people have faded out because he physically tortured them, maybe he'll say: "Okay, wise American adviser, what would you do?" . . . We have a moral responsibility, it seems to me, once we've stepped into this country to involve ourselves in the complete fabric of the country, and to understand it, and then try and help the Vietnamese to look at some different alternatives . . . We should be acting as a catalyst, as a thinking catalyst in Viet Nam. But you cannot be a catalyst unless you know the entire fabric of the thing. And lighting up a cigarette when they bring a prisoner in for questioning is, well, that's an immoral—

CAPTAIN Y: It's just like saying, "It doesn't happen."

MR. X: That's just about the height of immorality, I think. To think that you can just absolve yourself. That's saying that every man *is* an island; or at least when it is comfortable, when it's comfortable for me to be an island unto myself, then I am; and the bell's tolling for that poor fucker under the knife, not me. That's real bad. And again, it's a simpleminded approach.

•

[Mr. X had mentioned that one of the rules imparted to the cadres in training was "be kind to prisoners." I asked if that wasn't a rule he disobeyed.]

MR. X: Well, if the final result of it is—it's a cruel process—but the result of bringing him closer to you, of conversion—it's a tortuous process of conversion—but the result is a kind one . . . If you believe in your program, this is what you do . . .

SAHLINS: Do you believe in breaking people down so they agree with your program? And breaking them down justifies the end?

MR. X: No . . . That's why we would not take a guy who's been broken directly into our unit at this time . . .

SAHLINS: Either you will rehabilitate him by converting him to your belief or you're going to leave him a mental wreck . . . Can your ends be so God-given as to give you this right among humanity to do this?

MR. X: I don't know. I don't really believe anybody's hands are God-given. I'm an agnostic atheist.

SAHLINS: No, your ends. I'm not asking you for religious beliefs. What I'm asking is, do you believe you have the right to impose by this method—

MR. X: I think I've got the right to try. Nobody's got the right to succeed—guaranteed. But everybody's got the right to promote and proselytize what they believe.

•

CAPTAIN Y: If we do not break this guy, if we do not attempt to change his ideas then in essence what have we done? We've said that basically he's right!

SAHLINS: No, that isn't so. One agrees to disagree as a matter of principle in a democratic system.

MR. X: Oh wait, this is [where] we begin . . . I've had some tremendous conversations with these guys, and we begin by agreeing to disagree. But you can soon get this guy so flustered and so shaken up

that before he knows it, he's agreeing with you—because his assumptions to begin with were rather vulnerable.

SAHLINS: But that isn't the issue here. The issue here is whether you will impose your will by this technique, which is—

MR. X: We don't know what our will is yet.

SAHLINS: You will impose your ideas by this technique—

MR. X: What ideas?

•

SAHLINS: . . . I asked the question, how do you justify the effect upon yourself of acting in this way? And you said you're doing the guy a service. Now, I'm asking you, do you believe you have the right to impose your will on somebody; impose what you believe—

MR. X: We are not imposing our will. We are not imposing will. Even after you've broken him and gotten the information, he's still a free agent.

•

MR. X: Not impose will—if he fails to accept . . . an alternative. And not *our* alternative; there are a number of alternatives. Because in essence that's what we're trying to show him.

•

SAHLINS: You don't accept that [i.e., that there is only one way of doing things and nobody can dispute it], but you accept the other premise that there are many ways . . . So as a matter of fact by this process you either transform him from that belief into one of a range of acceptable beliefs, or you will leave him a mental wreck—

MR. X: But we don't leave him this way. We have brought him to a point where he realizes that the faith he placed in his previous system was essentially not powerful. He has volunteered the information. At this point he's got to find a new way. He's got to have a way out of his dilemma, and the people at the training centers should be skillful enough to point out to him a number of alternatives.

SAHLINS: We come back to the question: whether you have the right —by these techniques, which are external to him—to deny him [the] belief that he came in with in his hand and only accept a set of alternatives which you propose?

•

MR. X: Listen, I've met guys . . . We had a guy in Phu Yen Province in the summer of '63 who was the Propaganda Director for the NLF in that province; and boy, we just worked ourselves literally ragged in four days trying to bring that guy to the point where he'd tell us a few things, and he was tremendous—just tremendous. Didn't tell us a thing.

SAHLINS: You admire this guy?

MR. X: Tremendous—tremendous.

SAHLINS: So you admire more a person who will not acquiesce to the thing that you say is right than one who does?

MR. X: No, not true. I didn't say that at all. I admire a guy who will tortuously admit—if he really believes—that, "Oh Jesus, I never thought about that before. Those guys [NLF] they told me something else; and you're really doing something else." A guy like that who will examine

his previously arrived conclusions and change his mind, I admire that—

SAHLINS: That's very admirable, but it doesn't describe the process you went through, which was to leave him in a situation where either he takes this set of alternatives which you give him, or he is a mental wreck.

MR. X: Remember, this was an act of *affirmation* on his part, where he yields the information voluntarily. But it's only a beginning; it's only a beginning; and it's not fair to leave him at the point where he's just made the beginning.

•

MR. X: It's just like an alcoholic. An alcoholic can attend the meetings and he can see everybody else get embarrassed; and if he doesn't want to join them he can just back out again. But once a guy begins to join this little society of alcoholics—

CAPTAIN Y: These cadres we have [as instructors]—these ex-VC, ex-NLF, ex-Viet Minh—they all in some way or another gave up something in their own mind when they turned, came to the Government.

•

MR. X: . . . what we're trying to show these guys when we're interrogating them, through this tortuous process, is that you're not better [off] under the NLF. "Your whole series of assumptions has got to be reexamined here, and we're here to help you reexamine them. And, Jesus, there's some guys here have got some more basic ideas of how they'd like to examine you, but we're just holding these guys off . . . and we'll take good care of you." That's the kind of a dirty trick—[but] when you've only got four days . . .

SAHLINS: Have you done this with Viet Cong?

MR. X: We don't do anything because we're advisers—in every sense.

by Lucy Eisenberg

Genetics and the Survival of the Unfit

AT THE END of a conference on human genetics last year, a biologist rose to summarize the proceedings. "I have visions," he said, "of a future genetic clinic in which a person will have not one, but hundreds, of his proteins analyzed completely in short order. The results will be run through a computer, and a license to reproduce will then be issued on the basis of a passing grade with respect to his (or her) genes." The prospective spouse would

also have to be tested, he added, "but as my vision begins to assume the proportions of a nightmare I shall abstain from further speculation along these lines."

Eugenic proposals like this are commonplace at scientific meetings nowadays. After twenty years of ill repute, eugenics is again the subject of respectable scientific investigation. But while most eugenicists agree that eventually we will have to put together some kind of eugenic plan, they do not agree on two basic questions. First, will our descendants be feebler and less fit if we do not practice eugenic planning? Second, is eugenics really possible? Do techniques exist *at the present time* for improving the human race by means of selective breeding?

While opinion varies widely, there is a large group of scientists today who answer the first question affirmatively. Among its most eminent members are Linus Pauling, the eternal controversialist, and P. B. Medawar, Fellow of the Royal Society. Pauling has written several short articles about genetic deterioration, and Medawar, who like Pauling is a Nobel Prize winner, made it the subject of his lecture at the Mayo Centennial Symposium last year. The spokesman for the group is the geneticist and popular author Hermann Muller, another Nobel laureate. Muller has been predicting genetic disaster since 1935 and today, at seventy-five, he is still a persuasive and articulate prophet of doom.

The disaster which Muller fears is a result of gene mutations. These are small structural changes in the genes (he calls them "submicroscopic accidents") which are usually harmful to the organism. Because Muller believes that mutations are accumulating, he concludes that the human race is beginning to decline. In the end, the whole world will become a hospital, "and even the best of us will only be ambulatory patients in it."

This prospect has worried Muller for many years. But few scientists worried with him so long as the only gene mutations that occurred were spontaneous ones which could not be avoided. Then in 1945 the United States exploded three atomic bombs. Thereafter—because radiation is known to cause a large increase in the gene mutation rate—a number of scientists were converted to Muller's point of view. Seized of apocalyptic visions, geneticists by the hundreds rushed into their labs to study radiation effects. Others set off for Japan to find out if radiation really had increased the mutation rate and what its effects would be on children born after the bomb. Throughout the 1950's, the customary calm of scientific conventions was shattered by technical arguments about experimental results, by emotional discussions of nuclear testing and what we should adopt as an "acceptable level" of radiation fallout.

Tension has been further heightened by the more recent discovery that certain chemicals such as formaldehyde and boric acid can cause gene mutations, and that these chemicals are being incorporated into all sorts of manufactured products, from lipstick to cold-cereal packaging. Furthermore,

doctors are learning how to arrest or cure a mounting number of hereditary diseases that are caused by mutant genes. In saving the victims of these maladies they are not, of course, increasing the mutation rate as does radiation or a chemical mutagen. They are, however—by scientific cunning—foiling nature's plan for eliminating mutants. As a result, defective genes that were once eliminated by the death of their carriers are now being maintained and passed on to future generations.

The newly "conquered" hereditary diseases are still rare, and even their names are unfamiliar to most people. From a genetic standpoint, however, the problem posed is the same as that involved in diabetes (which is also a hereditary disease although the exact method of inheritance is somewhat obscure. Doctors have been treating diabetes successfully since 1921, and the result of this treatment, like those now being developed for other hereditary diseases, is to increase the frequency of defective genes.

Before the discovery of insulin in 1921, all young diabetics died before they could grow up and reproduce. Their genes were thus removed from the pool. (Geneticists often refer to an imaginary pool which contains the genes of every living person.) Since 1921, however, many child diabetics have survived, married, and produced children (although the incidence of stillbirth and miscarriage is high among them). The result has been an increase in the frequency of diabetic genes and a consequent increase in the incidence of diabetes. The precise effect is hard to measure since diabetes has also become more prevalent simply because people live longer. There is no doubt, however, that the survival of diabetic genes is contributing to the effect.

Another group of hereditary diseases for which doctors have lately developed tests and therapies are all fatal if untreated. One of these is Wilson's disease. In its victims a defective gene causes faulty copper metabolism, which leads in turn to insanity and death. However, if the disease is spotted early enough and correctly treated, the symptoms never develop. (The therapy consists of a simple prescription taken by mouth, and removal from the diet of foods with a high copper content such as oysters, chocolate, and nuts.) I talked with one expert, Dr. Herbert Scheinberg at Bronx Municipal Hospital in New York. He sees no reason why the youngsters who are now growing up under treatment for Wilson's disease should not be able to have children of their own one day. Thus his patients will in due course pass on their defective genes.

To be sure, many—perhaps most—of the babies now born with Wilson's disease are not surviving. But this is only because not all doctors as yet know how to test for the malady while it is still mild enough to be treated. However, legislation has been proposed in New York State to ensure that this test will be done on all children. Similar legislation is in committee to ensure testing for galactosemia, another hereditary disease whose victims cannot digest sugar, especially milk sugar. A test is already required by law

for phenylketonuria—a blood disease that causes idiocy (40 percent of those untreated have IQ's under 10). The law guarantees that babies who inherit phenylketonuria (PKU) will be spotted early, treated, given a chance to grow up and bear children of their own.

The prospect of gene mutations being increased by radiation and chemicals, while at the same time science makes the victims of hereditary disease more fertile, has caused the Mullerian faction of geneticists to close ranks and sound the cry of doom. Another group of scientists, however, have questioned their conclusions. The latter, including Theodosius Dobzhansky at the Rockfeller Institute in New York, are much less apprehensive about an increase in mutation rate; nor do they believe that even if all mutant, "abnormal" genes could be eliminated, the race would become healthier and more fit. They are far more optimistic about our future than Muller's group because they have placed their faith in a concept called "heterosis" which holds that "defective" genes are not nearly as defective as they seem.

Because "heterosis" is a rallying cry in this controversy, I made a deliberate effort to understand what it means. (Many scientists are convinced that it is much too complex for the layman. A British biologist has even proposed to start a course in genetics for members of the Cabinet and other interested politicians.)

Actually, the pertinent facts are not complex at all. One need know only that chromosomes are threadlike structures in the nucleus which determine the genetic characteristics of the cell. The chromosomes themselves are differentiated into more or less discrete regions called genes, which have genetically distinct properties. Each chromosome has hundreds, perhaps thousands, of genes, each of which has its own special position, or "locus," on the chromosome. (The chromosomes themselves come in pairs; 46 chromosomes, 23 pairs.)

If we remember that for every trait we inherit *two* genes, heterosis turns out to be a simple idea. It means that if both genes are exactly the same, the organism will be normal (a fitness of 1). If, however, a mutation takes place, and one gene is slightly different from the other, the organism will be supernormal (with a fitness of 1.1 or even 1.5). Hence, the fortunate creature who carries two slightly different (i.e., "polymorphic") genes enjoys what geneticists call "heterotic vigor."

The paradox of heterosis appears when we consider that a pair of mutant genes can cause serious diseases such as diabetes, cystic fibrosis, and the others I have mentioned earlier. (Almost all mutant genes are "recessive," which means that the disease does not appear unless we inherit *two* defective genes.) Nevertheless, if the theory of heterosis is true, the person who carries one defective gene and one normal gene is more fit than the person who struggles along with two normal genes.

At first glance, the theory seems highly unlikely. But studies of a disease called sickle-cell anemia have proved it can be true. Babies who inherit two sickle-cell genes have a severe case of anemia and usually die soon after birth. Doctors have found, however, that a single dose of the sickle-cell gene confers a specific kind of heterotic vigor on its carriers, namely, resistance to malarial infection. Thus wherever malaria is endemic, people who carry a single sickle-cell gene are fortunate. They live longer and have more children. This means, of course, that the gene is "selected for" in the course of evolution and that it spreads. The result of this evolutionary process can be clearly seen in Central Africa, where malaria is extremely common, and where the sickle-cell gene is carried by at least 20 percent of the population.

Sickle-cell anemia is a marvelous topic for cocktail-party conversation (if one is drinking with geneticists) not only because it is the classic example of heterosis, but also because it illustrates the close relationship between proteins and genes.

Scientists had long suspected that genes are responsible for manufacturing proteins, but they could not be certain until Linus Pauling, who was studying sickle-cell anemia, demonstrated that a structurally deficient (i.e., mutant) gene produces a structurally deficient molecule of protein. Pauling discovered that in sickle-cell anemia the hemoglobin protein is malformed, and that all the symptoms of the disease (including the peculiar, sickle-shaped red blood cells which give it its name) can be traced to this one "molecular" defect.

There is no doubt that heterosis explains the prevalence of the sickle-cell gene. It is also conceivable that "diabetic" genes have spread for a similar reason. Very possibly one "diabetic" gene (coupled with one normal gene) confers resistance against chronic malnutrition by altering the mechanism for digesting sugar. "Diabetic" genes would, according to this theory, have been particularly useful to cavemen who in the best of times ate in excess, and the rest of the time ate nearly nothing. According to one geneticist, a doctor practicing eight thousand years ago might have examined his patient and said, "You're doing just fine; just enough diabetes to keep you in the pink of condition."

Though the correlation between diabetes and resistance to malnutrition has not been proven, a large number of geneticists believe that the theory of heterosis applies to a great many, if not a majority, of genes. They believe that for any given locus on a chromosome there are two, or perhaps more, genes which vary slightly owing to some past mutation. These "polymorphic" genes, as they are called, are maintained in the population because of the "vigor" they bring.

Adherents to this theory are forced to a rather startling conclusion: if "defective" genes are taken out of the pool, then future generations will be less rather than more fit, since getting rid of all the defective genes would also eliminate the extra vigor that results from a single dose of a faulty gene.

Hence, even if one could control marriage and reproduction, it will never be possible to breed a superrace, free from hereditary disease.

One wants to know, of course, why such theories cannot be tested and one or another proved true. Either we are as a race declining, or we are not. Either defective genes are an advantage when present in a single dose, or they are not. Unfortunately, however, in the field of human genetics, facts are hard to find. It is difficult to measure the rate of spontaneous mutation, much less find out whether the rate is increasing because of radiation. It is hard to put together enough case histories for a given disease because many of them are so rare. And it is usually impossible to detect the people who carry a single defective gene in order to find out whether they really are more vigorous or not. *Two* recessive genes can be spotted because all the protein they produce is defective (like the defective hemoglobin in sickle-cell anemia) or because the protein they are supposed to produce is missing altogether (lack of a protein called phenylalanine hydroxylase produces PKU). But when only one gene is defective, its effects are often hidden by the activity of the other, normal gene.

Human beings are peculiar; when they are not sure that what they are saying is true, they say it louder and with greater conviction. This is a weakness which most scientists try to avoid. The genetic controversy, however, has moved some of its participants to an unusual lack of discretion. "It is clear," Sir Julian Huxley said recently, "that the general quality of the world's population is not very high, is beginning to deteriorate, and should and could be improved." In fact, it has not been proved that we are deteriorating and it is not at all clear that the means to improve us exist.

Predictably, the scientists most concerned about genetic deterioration are the same ones who believe improvement is possible if society will only adopt a eugenic plan. Hermann Muller, who has worried longest and loudest about deterioration, is also the acknowledged spokesman for eugenic planning. Similarly, Muller's opponents in the deterioration controversy also argue that far too little is yet known to justify deliberate action. "It's not that improvement isn't possible," said one British physiologist of this school, "but I do not think we know much more about how to bring it about than Galileo or Newton knew about how to fly."

One essentially negative goal of the eugenicists is to prevent the spread of hereditary disease. To accomplish this they would forbid people who carry a dangerous dominant gene to have children. Those with two faulty but recessive genes, on the other hand, would be allowed to reproduce, as would healthy people carrying a single dose of the undesirable gene. However a man and woman who carry the *same* dangerous recessive gene would be barred from marrying each other. Thus a man with Wilson's disease could marry whomever he wants as long as she too does not carry the gene for Wilson's disease. Their children will carry the Wilson's gene but none of them

would actually have the disease. In this fashion, hereditary diseases would be wiped out in a single generation—if this program were adopted.

However, eugenicists are notoriously vague on the question of implementation. At the Mayo Clinic Centennial proceedings last year, one of them —Peter Brian Medawar—was asked how he would put such a plan into effect. "Of course," he replied, "I do not propose to do it myself, rushing around and forbidding the banns." But, he added, there is no reason why "sensible" people could not be dissuaded from marrying if they know that one out of four of their children is likely to inherit a disease.

Actually, a positive eugenic program would require much more radical steps. Muller's program, for example, involves a total departure from our present ideas and conventions about marriage and children. Like all believers in positive eugenics, his great hope is that society will improve its genetic stock by adopting the techniques of animal husbandry and breeding only from the best sires and dams.

To this end, he has evolved a plan called AID, Artificial Insemination from Donors. He proposes that banks be established where the sperm of various extraordinary men will be stored. When a woman decides to have children, she will then choose sperm from the donor whose qualities she most admires. "How many women," Muller cried when he launched his plan in 1935, "would be eager and proud to bear and rear a child of Lenin or Darwin! Is it not obvious that restraint, rather than compulsion, would be called for?"

Because of this chance remark, Muller has been taunted for years, even by his friends. For the fact is that choosing a sire from among many more or less celebrated men is fraught with complications. As one scientist put it to me, "The trouble with Muller's bank is that he's always having to take people out of it. If it's not politics, it's something else." The latest reject, he mentioned, is Abraham Lincoln, who is now suspected of having had something called Marfan's syndrome (a hereditary condition characterized by excessively long fingers and a cardiac defect). Muller's own solution is to store the sperm for twenty years. In two decades, he thinks, "a better appraisal of the donors will be possible and personal biases and entanglements will fade away."

But Muller still finds little support for his plan. The real obstacle is that as yet we know desperately little about man's genetic endowment and about the interaction between genes and environment which shapes the final human product. Although man carries an estimated 20,000 pairs of genes, scientists know the function of only a very small fraction, 500 at most. They have still to discover how genes interact, and whether some combinations of genes are possible and others are not. There also is a great deal more to be learned about gene linkage and function before the results of a "breeding program" can be predicted with success.

J. B. S. Haldane tells a cautionary tale about positive genetics and di-

rected breeding. It concerns a recessive gene which lowers resistance to tubercular infection. According to Haldane, both John Keats and Emily Brontë inherited a pair of these genes, and as a result they both died prematurely. But he also believes that the poetic and literary talent of both these geniuses was inherited and that it was carried by the same rare and "defective" genes which made them susceptible to TB. The moral—that defective genes are not always what they seem—should surely give pause to those who would tamper with genes without being sure of their function.

It is not easy to discover the function of any particular gene. They are too small to be seen with most microscopes, and even under the electron microscope they all look exactly alike. Nor is there any chemical test which can distinguish between different ones. One way to study a gene is to investigate inherited traits (as Mendel studied the size and shape of generations of peas in the nineteenth century). A better way is to study the protein that a gene is responsible for making. If a geneticist finds that a protein (like sickle-cell hemoglobin) is inherited according to Mendelian law, he infers that a gene is responsible for the manufacture of hemoglobin, and that a mutant form of the gene produces a defective molecule of hemoglobin.

Until recently geneticists have concentrated their efforts on small animals like fruit flies and mice. They also know a great deal about the genes of a red mold called *Neurospora crassa.* But human beings take so long to breed and are so hard to control that geneticists have only recently begun to investigate and catalogue man's genes.

This is now being done systematically and on a large scale by a group of doctors at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, under the code name "Genetic Alert." With funds from the National Foundation for Neuromuscular Disease they have set up laboratory facilities at the Bronx Municipal Hospital in New York, Children's Hospital in Boston, St. Christopher's Hospital for Children in Philadelphia, and Stanford University Hospital in California. At these hospitals a sample of blood is taken from well babies brought into the clinic and examined for a possible abnormality in each of three proteins. The results of these tests are read into a computer and then punched onto cards which are automatically filed.

If the tests show that a child does have an abnormal protein, then the doctors can start treatment early enough to prevent the onset of a hereditary disease (or at least to prevent its most serious symptoms). This is, however, only one of the goals of "Genetic Alert." The other objective is to accumulate information about human genes systematically, so that it can be used for future research. When this is done, a doctor who wants to investigate a certain hereditary condition will only have to push a button to collect the subjects for his study. The computer will type out the names of all the people previously tested by the hospital who inherited the gene that interests him. The information will also be used to make reliable estimates of gene frequen-

cies and for complicated genetic studies called chromosome "mapping."

The purposes of "Genetic Alert" are both clinical—that is, to cure disease—and to advance genetic research. But the directors of the project have no interest in its eugenic implications. Still, these cannot be altogether ignored. If, for example, the project were expanded to cover every child born in the country, it could provide all the information needed to eliminate hereditary disease—which is the goal of negative eugenics.

Scientists do not agree that we should apply eugenic techniques to eliminate hereditary disease or attempt, on the positive side, to improve the human race. And few if any responsible political leaders are prepared even to discuss a question fraught with hideous memories of the "eugenics" of Hitler's Third Reich. Nonetheless, it seems inevitable that—as with the splitting of the atom—scientific progress in genetics will in the foreseeable future, raise issues of public policy which scientists alone cannot resolve.

by Orletta Ryan

"I Get One More 'U,' My Mother Goin' to Beat Me Till It Rains"

—Child in a Harlem Classroom

JOEY, A CANDY EATER, doesn't want to eat lunch, he makes a pass or two at his ice cream, takes a sip of milk, and he's through. Scuds up the floor to the garbage; carefully—an aide watching—throws the whole tray in. Twirls around on one toe—he weighs 60 pounds—swoops back. "Come on, you don't wanta eat that! Let's get cuttin'." Plops down, leans on two kids, half-hugging them, tries snatching a tray from another. He's a leader, famous through the fourth grade, but his friends are halfway hungry so they're torn.

Outside the building it is pouring rain. He can't go to the auditorium—he'll be a prisoner. He jumps up again, does a toe dance on his steel cleats. He throws a wolf whistle between his teeth at an ugly little fifth-grade girl in a muffler, passing with her tray—this gets him his first laugh, and soon he's growing high on the laughs he gets. He dives under the table, crawls the whole length to come up as a monster at the other end, "I'm comin' up, comin' up!" An aide grabs him, shoves all the boys out.

In the auditorium hundreds of children, many nonreaders, who've been

told to sit quietly with a book and "read," are yelling at the top of their lungs. By bell time the room is rocking. A few white and Negro teachers try to calm them. A supervisor holds a megaphone aside, telling four boys, "We can't have this; we've got to be serious."

At 1 P.M. in the classroom my children—sweet, many very bright, little fifth-graders this year—are watching rain beat on the windows. Arthur went home at noon—"That wind? Blew and *blew!* It got right up in my sleeves. I thought it was goin' to blow my coat right off from my back!" The children have spied what he brought back—"That's a Pilgrim pumpkin he's got!" It fascinates them that only the pumpkins, corn, and clams which the Indians had taught them to dig saved the Pilgrims the first winter of 1620. Another fact that especially charms the children is that the Indians, after 3 days at the Thanksgiving feast, didn't want to go home.

We continue the social studies period. The children read letters they wrote for last night's homework, letters Pilgrim children might have written back to England: "Dear Oceanus" from "Respectfully yours, McConnell." Some children have burnt their pages around the edges to make them look old. Ralph has whacked little cracks in his with a kitchen knife: "That makes it look *really* old-fashion'. It's a letter you find in a castle, or museum or somethin'." Tera Mae has written to "Dear Humility. . . . We lived in holes in the ground with roofs we made from bark. . . . Most of us died the first winter. We was too ill to beary the dead people. All but four ladies died." Cornelius reads: "Three months passed, we didn't meet no Indians. Then Squanto walked up to Governor Bradford in the forest and said, 'Welcome, white man, to my land.' "

The children listen alertly. They love getting the facts straight. When we watched a filmstrip that had Indians peeking from behind trees as dories drew into shore from the *Mayflower* with women in them, children were calling out, "That's wrong!"

Lucius is a pint-sized audience-breaker, with dimples that nip out from odd places in his face. He comes on very big and strong with his paper but soon is meeting new words on his page, words he's never seen before, which surprise and please, then astonish him. "The Spe— Speed?—" Lucius mumbles, gets in a new position, tilting the page toward window for more light. "Sp . . . D . . . Dell " ("The *Speedwell* set sail for Delfthaven on the 14th of June" is what has been written on his paper.)

"Who wrote this letter, Lucius?" I ask. His friends call out from different parts of the room: "His brother wrote it"; "His brother, huh! His brother couldn'. I know his brother." At length Lucius admits his text was lifted from the children's encyclopedia—"But I did the handwriting m'self" —and squirms back to his seat next to my desk. (From here he crawls over me all day to get things from Claudia, piles other things on my desk. "You can't have everything on the teacher's, Lucius," Claudia says jealously. "Don't butt

in, Claudia," Lucius tells her.) At his desk he's still reading his Pilgrim letter, still fascinated. " . . . wind-struck . . . sh . . . shores of Massa—what's that —Massachus—" he reads to himself.

Lucius is often absent and brings little explanations: "I was home with the asthma"; "My mother said I was catchin' a headache." Other times he is late. At 10 A.M. on Tuesday we were reading about beavers and otters when he slipped into his seat, began thumbing furiously through the reader. "Would you mind taking your hat off?" I asked him. "I just don' want to waste any more time," he said.

He can also bend his body into many shapes. I was grading report cards. He, pretending to be doing his phonics workbook, really was reading the cards upside down. His eyes and ears registered horror as a U (unsatisfactory) appeared on a card, amazement or joy at an E (excellent), and so on. "What are you doing?" I asked him another time. He had wound himself into a contortion of head, neck, chest. "I'm trying to see if my heart and pulse are consecting." "Oh, are you going to be a scientist when you grow up?" He said, "Probably."

The children are all energy and enthusiasm once terms are familiar. Not before. I write the unit up on the board—"Now we're going to begin the many *different* voyages of exploration"—turn back to see a wall of silent, indifferent little faces. Many children can't separate the different centuries, even the explorers. Magellan died in the Philippines. His men ate their shoe leather. No matter what explorer we're on later, children call out, "They ate their shoe leather." A time line must be drawn—the Vikings, 1000, Magellan, 1519—and returned to every day.

The children snatch up new ideas, destroy or cut them down to their own small scraps of experience. I begin to read from the weekly children's newspaper, about the toadfish whose poison is in experimental use as a cure for diabetes. "No, I hope they uses that poison on rats, I hope they poison the whole group." "No, that look like somethin' that comes up to me at camp, I'm standin' there and this thing just *comes* out of the bushes, and come at my leg, and wooh! and wooh! and no one knows, and my counselor says, 'Take him to the infirmary,' and—"

They can't comprehend the rendezvous of two capsules in space. We review many news pictures of the Gemini Project. No response. Then a picture turns up of the astronauts reunited with families. "Hey, see his wife! My aunt she fixes her hair just like that!" "Hey, that English racer with that kid ridin' it, I got the same kind of bike."

We look at some nature pictures: "Boys and girls, this is an iris, a beetle climbing up it." "Huh, what?" "I can't see it, I don't know what she's talkin' about." "A beetle, huh, well I seen that."

Darvin tells the class: "My brother, he don't want to go to this war."

"What war is he going to?" "I don't know. He didn't say. He told my mother, he just as soon stay home."

Cornelius is bright and logical, reads close to grade level, yet has never accepted an extra assignment: "No, I'm readin' no more books on Miles Standish. I know everything about Miles Standish there is in the world."

"Then how about this book? You don't know too much about Ponce de Leon."

"But you told me I was very intelligent."

"Yes, but that doesn't mean you can eliminate all the books on the list."

More argument. He stalks off. What he'd really wanted was to hear about himself—and to get me away from twenty-eight others.

The new math works because the children can succeed in it; so do social studies, once they're not scared, and science, especially animals. Any new animal book is welcome. Mary has pictures of red foxes. "Let me see, let me see." The children crowd around and, at a picture of a mother fox lowering a chubby baby fox into a den: "Hope he don't get that fluffy tail caught."

Cornelius brings in a book with marvelous pictures of the North Pole —an Eskimo with 200 blue-fox tails around his neck, seals and walrus, a slain whale stretched on the ice. "Look at that fat. You could walk through that fat."

Gordon slips around the desk to thrust before me pictures of elephant seals, babies under their flippers. "What is this . . . this . . . this?" he asks. "What's this?" Gordon is excited. He's retarded in reading yet reads his own books avidly, always something other than what we're on. He's an artist, who created a mural of 30-inch figures at the back of the room last month: an Indian with legs bent to spring, tomahawk raised to kill; a Puritan father with large dull hand clasping a "Holy Bible"; a Puritan woman with lined, suffering face, bent shoulders. From the Puritan village a path led through fields of radishes, pumpkins, carrots, and corn into the forest. A tree had fallen across the path; on it Gordon had written: "If you understand the Indians you may go through here."

The figures were not the work of a child; they were large, brooding. The children watched him work. If a child put up a competing drawing, another would take it down—"*That's* no good." Finally Gordon's figures stood alone.

He talks little in class. "I may be gone tomorrow, I'm goin' on a job interview," he said once. Vaguely he talks of "men" he has met. "I seen this guy, then this other guy started comin' toward me—"; "There was this older guy, and he says—"

Report cards are the only real bridge, and too much is at stake with them. "I get one more U, my mother goin' to beat me till it rains." "My

mother wouldn' sign my card." "Has she seen it? . . . Well, what did she say?" "She didn't say nothing." A friend: "She put a whippin' on you, though."

Mary is a bright, calm little girl who says, "My father went to Washington College; my mother took up three years there; they want me and my sister to go to City College," and is always expressing her concern to me for classmates. "Most of the kids in this room are going to high school, wouldn't you say? Don't you think most children here will get good jobs, except maybe Row 6?" Allegra, her friend: "I love the way she talks." Mary': "Oh, I've always talked that way." Yet even Mary is uncool as card week approaches. "I've always been in a 5-3 class, you know—" (very sweetly, touching the Chanel bow in her hair) "but this year, I just don't why, I'm in a 5-4 [a less advanced class]. I think Mr. Regan put me down because I talked."

"No, probably because you're two years retarded in reading."

A mother comes in the day after the cards come out. "When I saw that U in red, purple dots were shootin' out of my eyes. That red just *triggered* me. Oh, I bruised his soul for that card. He was callin' for his mother when I got through with him."

"Well, Darvin does make an effort, but he needs to work more at home."

"Oh, no. He does that work. He has a little worktable I got him in there, and he's got to be in there to bedtime. I don't want a card like that in my house again, Miss."

Food has an emotional climate of its own. Never have I heard such pinpointing, meticulous discussions as go on in the lunchroom: "There ain't enough pepper on this." "These potatoes tastes stale." "I can't eat string beans when they toasts them." "This ain't the way my grandmother cooks chicken. She *pours* that butter on, she says they ain't enough butter in the world to go 'round when she makes chicken. You can *scrape* that butter off." Ice cream is rejected unless it's strawberry or vanilla. "What this ice cream *really* needs, you oughta put a lot of cherries on it, then some chocolate."

The children loathe plums, but Henry is oversized and always hungry. He stuffs down his own plums and other children's so he can save the main course. When no one's looking, he wraps his hamburger and mashed potatoes in napkins, works the packets down into his pants pockets for his dinner.

Tera Mae eats her ice cream in silence. She sucks her thumb between mouthfuls. All day she does this, and her thumb is swollen and infected.

The strained, uncertain home lives of many children came into focus when we planned a Christmas trip down to Rockefeller Plaza to see the tree, ice skaters, and shop windows. Notes explaining the budget of $1.50 for each child were sent home six weeks in advance. Some children said, "I'm bringin' $5," and did. Others didn't know till the last minute whether they'd have $1.50.

I said, "Let's not worry about clothes too much this time," but for days they were in a state of anxiety anyway. Fern had a new coat—she buys her own clothes, as do many children, on $5 every two weeks. "This cost me $29.95." "Where are the buttons?" "Aren't any," she giggled. "What do you think of this scarf? I wasn't gonna wear it 'cause I thought my hat would be cuter. Then I couldn't find the hat."

Elva said: "These shoes, $8.95. She says, 'If I get you shoes for $5.95, you tear 'em up too fast.' She's never gonna get me any but $8.95 now."

Some children turned up in the sharper but too-big coat of an older sister or brother. McConnell had a new watch. ("What time is it?" "I don't know." "Well, let's look at the big hand.") Alvin, a sweet, sentimental child recently from the South who said, "That fount' won' do Ponce no good to be so puh'ty, 'less he make the woman puh'ty too," wore his aunt's rhinestone cuff-links.

Some children just lost out. Tera Mae had no coat, no money. Then just before the trip, a day of joy: her uncle gave her $5, and a neighbor lady was getting her coat out of the cleaner's. The day came; Tera Mae was in tears again. She'd hidden the $5 behind the dresser "but my father found it and drunk it."

Claudia had no coat or money, wouldn't look at anyone. She said, "I don't even wanta go. I'm goin' somewhere Sunday with my Haryou teacher and nobody else. I'm gonna get a doll. And I already seen it downtown."

Roderick is a child who asks for a tip, even in front of other children, when he brings tea to me at noon. The children call him "beggar" and despise him—"When he goes to the lunchroom, that lady say he acts like a nigger." His mother didn't know about this. She visited the day after the note about the $1.50 to tell me how little money she had in the house for the next two weeks. "His father's gone to another woman, so what can I do? . . . Honey, of course he's not gonna be nice to Roddy; the other woman'll influence a man even over his kids. So I just don't have it. I'll pay you in January if you take him, but, honey, whatever you do, don't embarrass him about that money." I agreed, but in some way the children found out anyway. Probably from him.

Romantics who think people are happier in the old, "more humane" buildings should hear the children talk in my room: "There's not one addic' in the Project and no drunk-ards in the halls. There's grass in front and you can't play on it." "They keep the Project more better than houses. The super's *gotta* send up the steam, in the Project." "Our super couldn' even *get* a job in the Project." "As long as you pay your rent you can stay there, even if you're on the welfare. You gotta have your own key for two doors, 'cause sometimes drunk-ards might try to come in but they can't 'cause this is the Project." "You never see *no* roach in the Project." "Everybody dressed up on Sunday. No dungarees. No ridin' bikes in the halls, they scrubs them *all*

the time." "They oughta push this whole block down from the corner." (All agree.) "They oughta have all projects in New York–little kids' parks, middle-size kids' parks and everything."

Many of the children lead gloomy, threatened existences made up of halls that are always dark because addicts steal bulbs; littered stairways, firetrap walls. Two weeks before Christmas, fire spread through three buildings, destroying homes: "My aunt has to live with us now. All she got out was her kitchen table and chair." "Oh, the water rushin' out of them hoses all night, it could knock a kid over!" "My dog barked and saved us, he is smart! We got a head start on everyone else." (Ralph: "You try to get near *me*, my dog'd eat you, ain't that true, McConnell? Wouldn't my dog try and eat you? You knock on my door, *my* dog wouldn't let no-o-body come in. My dog'd kill for me.")

Arthur: "My mother and me, we was comin' home from a fooneral, and looks down this block, seen this fire on 'eighteenth Street. My mother says, 'Stop here. We got to get out.' And she said, 'I bet it's your brother, cookin' somethin.' "

Darvin: "No, it was two drunkard ladies, they was smokin' somethin' in a pot or cookin' somethin'." ("I think they was sisters." "No, they wasn't, they was older." "And it blowed up." "Hey! Their head blow off?" "I think so, yeah." "No, no, their head didn' blow off." "Anyway, so the whole building got fire. And they brought them ladies down the street, but *they* didn't know.")

Arthur: "When I was at that fooneral I says to my mother, 'Can I touch that lady?' I touch her and she was really cold. Then I touch again, she was *hard*."

McConnell: "We was eatin' dinner. I heard this noise at the door and went to answer–I thought it was my uncle comin' late for his Sunday dinner, but it was people screamin' 'Fire!' in the hall. My mother was callin', 'Keep on, keep on, McConnell!' I never been in a fire situation before. . . . We never did get back to that table with our dinner."

For insecure children, the night of the blackout, when an entire city was anxious, can only be imagined. Many children thought it was the end of the world. Claudia came in late the morning after and called out from her seat, "Amen, amen, I say to you: 'I shall come as a thief in the night'." Children around her gasped: "Yeah! That is it!"

Mothers coming home from work were trapped on subways. Children found themselves with no place to go. Interestingly, some did find little places to go after all. "I went up to Tommy's and they didn't want me. But I jus' hung around." Others went to churches; ministers took children home after midnight.

Tera May, a 5-year-old boy, and 16-year-old girl stood in the middle of the street all night, arms around each other.

"Didn't you get hungry and cold?" "No, we was all too scared."

Cornelius rode his bike home, carried it up 12 flights, did homework by candlelight, and went to bed.

All night police trained spotlights from rooftops, getting people off the streets. "When the lights went off, all the bums started comin' out." "They broke in stores and took what they want. Clothes and jewelry. An addic' stole a all-gold watch. The police wants to be rich, too, so they made a deal with the junkie: 'We'll give you $2 for it and we won't say nothin'."

Some children couldn't tell their stories for days. They had just spent the night "out there." Later, the stories were told or written:

"Miss Tilly said the fooze was out, then she went to the super and says, 'My fooze is out.' He looked and said, 'Well, I don't know.' Then she went out on the streets and saw the fooze was out in the whole New York."

"When the lights started cuttin' off, my mother said, 'They must be mournin' for that *Journal-American* lady.' "

"My mother says an airplane holdin' a gas ball drove over the powerhouse and put the power out."

"When the blackout come, I was lookin' for my brother; he was at choir practice, but I got lost on 'twenty-fifth Street. The police couldn't find me. Then they found me and took me to the station. The lights was off in the whole city. I made some friends."

"A lady picked up my sister and took her home. She called up my mother. 'I have your daughter here.' I didn't want nothing to happen to her; she's my older sister. But I have faith in people. She wasn't too tall, and she was a nice lady, for real."

"When the lights went black, I was stuck in the middle of nowhere. I jumped on my knees and kept sayin' every prayer I knew. I said to myself, 'This world is coming to the end.' Then I looked for some candy."

"Me and my big brother—he came from the Army—we got some of his friends; we got flashlights; we went to Long Island and help people in their homes. After twelve hours we come home."

Some children echoed the newspapers' theme of New Yorkers helping each other in the crisis. Arthur: "On my mother's subway, everyone got free Mars bars." Henry: "An addic' couldn't get home. My aunt got her car out and drove him all the way home to the Bronx." (The others: "Addic's don't have no home." "Addic's don't live in the Bronx." "You're storyin'. You live with your grandmother.")

Lucius said: "My father wasn't goin' in to work for the blackout, but my mother says, 'If you goes in for the blackout, I bet they gives you like four days', and later he said, 'You was right'."

Josie from last year drops in one afternoon. She is now in Miss Larkin's class, and she has forgotten my name. "Miss Lah'kin," she addresses me, "Cas-

sandra says you was always *lah-in'* last year." "What's my name, Josie?" A big smile; she has to think, but then she forgets again. "Miss Lah'kin, she say you just lah'd *an'* lah'd." "Oh, does she, dear? What does she say I lied about?" "Don't you know, when we be playin' those games, Cassie say, 'You just watch her. She fix every game who's goin' to win,' and Cassie *knew*." "Well, what do *you* think, Josie?" Pause. Shrug. "Ah don' know."

I now have a new idea, and ask how she'd like to help me wash blackboards this afternoon. She stays, works a few easy math problems and then for 20 minutes scrubs, rinses, and shines blackboards, a ledge, and part of the wall. Then she takes off, saying, "I thinks you be needin' some sponges in here." Next day she appears with 15 strips of sponge. Why had she cut them so small? "Because they's more."

Much thinking and talking goes on about teachers, two-thirds of it fiction: "That Miss Winnock is mee-an! Get you in the ankle with her high heels." "I don't have nothin' against Miss Caplan, though; she brought us some *real* nice clothes." "That's Mr. Regan's fault we don't know our fractions. He just tease and tease all day, turn your arm up your back and say, "That's all for today.' " ("No, I imagine you teased *him* all day.") "Oh, no, he were a tease! And he said God's name all day. And he like Miss Smith but she don't like him." "He'd say, 'Everybody gotta do their timestables now'; then he say to Matthew, 'Come up front; I wanta talk to you about what you did in the lunchroom today.' And they end up playin' sticky fingers. He was *afraid of* Matthew! And Matthew always mad at Mr. Regan. Mr. Regan correct him once in front of the whole assembly."

The children talk directly and personally to (and about) teachers: "Is that her ostrich hat? Twenty dollars? I love it when she wears that hat." I give instructions on headings for letter-writing—squabbles spring up immediately: "There, I'm puttin' it there." "You can't, the teacher said it left margin marks." "She did not." "She did, too. I heard her." I will be standing three feet away; it's as though I were not real to them.

Fern and Elva talk all day; a Greek chorus, not just mumbling but out loud. (Another group of children never speaks.) Fern and Elva make plans for going to church all week. I hear whispers: "Okay, now we'll meet on Nancy's corner . . . everyone be wearin' a red bow."

Fern is a good little afterschool helper, and when I tell her so she bursts into a smile. "I just picks it up! My sister, she's nothin' but lazy, but my mother's got seven, and I gots to pitch in. I watches her a couple of times, I just sees how. But she wants me to be a movie star or nurse, when I grows up." Elva, her friend, is a dancer, who got carried away once when we learned the Virginia Reel. "When I went home I was still hummin' and dancin' —I showed it to my mother—she kinda liked it! We did it a few times in the kitchen till *I* got tired. She wanted to keep on goin'. When my father come

in she said, 'Dick, I want to show you this,' and him and her did it, he even knocked a chair over. When I went to bed they was doin' it again."

Both Elva and Fern specialize in teachers, Elva in younger children as well. She watches closely as a first-grader in knee pants enters with a note, gazing over the whole room (which bursts into laughter) before he finds me. The note reads: "Can you lend me five till Thursday?" and is signed "Helen."

"Oh, honey, this was for Miss Miller, not me. Do you know who Miss Miller is?" A nod and a deep, sweet smile, but the child does not move. "Well, but I'm not Miss Miller, you see." Elva: "I knew it wasn't for her." Fern: "That child just like me in first grade. My teacher say I don't know nothin'." Elva: "No, just like my niece. You say, 'These beans ain't salty enough,' she'll *pour* salt on, just miss why you said what you said. You can't be too careful with a child. That little kid should not have been sent out without a partner; he walks out of the room and thinks he knows where he's going but he don't. His teacher should have double-checked to see he knows where he's going." Fern: "That's Miss Caplan's child. Miss Caplan needs to be a first-grade teacher. She had that third grade last year, she couldn't do *nothing*. So they made her first grade, ain't that the truth, Elva?"

All the children discuss health and ailments. "McConnell's mother said he has asthma." ("He does not! I seen him last night!" from four indignant voices.) "I couldn't come Tuesday 'cause my bowels was all tore up." Carole has a large burn on her neck: "My father's a nurse's aide and a neurosurgeon, but he can't operate on me. That's the rule at Bellevue. When they pull out my tonsils, it's got to be somebody else."

Orville, a boy in another fifth grade, is a main topic at this time. From the children's description, he is a kind of slave to Maxie, an older boy. "Orville beats up little kids for Maxie and takes stuff off them. Orville can really hit good. And he will do *any*thing Maxie say." "Oh, not just anything, I'm sure." But they insist on *any*thing. It is like the Greek belief in fate. "But he's not going to do *any*thing; not jump in the ocean, for example." "Oh, yes. They just ain't an ocean here. You don't know Maxie."

Jean is a compulsive talker. All post-election day she muttered "Lindsay" and (she had wanted Beame to win) "I'm never gonna call that man Mayor." Another day she harped all day on "Miss Miller." "Don' tell *me*. Steals the children's milk, goes stealin' that milk in the children's lunchroom." I said, "Please cut it off now, Jean, Miss Miller doesn't eat in the lunchroom. If by chance she was there one day and did not notice that the milk—." "No, *every* day, and that woman a teacher!"

Jean is always ready to fight. Out in the hall I will see her taking on several others: "Yeah? Yeah? Go ahead, you started it . . . Oh, you're so

tough now, you got your three friends; you wasn't so tough Thursday, we was comin' out of the show, remember then?"

Of Claudia, the children say, "The reason she's so bad is, her mother gets her so good." Often she'll start off the day crying—doesn't know why, except "She put a hard whippin' on me this morning." "Why?" "I don't know. She was waitin' when I got up." "But you must have done something." "No . . . she just started." Once she said, "Well, . . . yesterday she said I put the rain in the pepper." "Well, did you?" "No! I w-wasn't even in the house . . ."

In class she calls out about angels, evil spirits ("When someone dies, for nine days their spirit be walkin' around"). "My psychiatrist doctor, she talk to me and nobody else. She says, 'Claudia, why are you so unhappy?' I say, 'I don' know. Just because I am.' " "Did you tell her about the rain in the pepper? No? Well, you should." But Claudia says, "She didn't ask me . . ."

Lately Claudia has been in charge of a preschool child—50 cents a week to take him to and from school, and to sneak him into the lunchroom at noon. Two days ago the toddler was refusing to eat; I saw her suddenly, with no expression, strike him flat in the face.

I kept her after school to complete homework, saying, "Don't worry; I'll write your mother a note that you had to stay." But in five minutes she began to sob: "I'll be good if you let me go. . . . No, I don't want a note! I have to be home this minute!" "But your mother won't be angry if she knows you're here, completing work." "Yes, she will! She will! She tells me, 'I brought you into this world. I can send you out, *any time*.' "

After this incident she talked a little. "Sometimes she'll get up mad in the mornin' and never calm down the whole day. She says, 'I'll tear up your backside.' Tuesday she started cursin'. She said, 'You got the baby's flannel blanket.' I said, 'Mama, I don't,' but she got me anyway." "Once we was eatin' and she asked my sister, 'How's the spaghetti?' My sister said, 'Okay . . . only you scorched it a little.' She said, 'Well, I'm gonna be the only one eatin' tonight,' and knocked all the food off the table. Jim wasn't there, but he ain't my real father anyway. My father's in Canada and he's crazy." "I wish she was blind, so when she hits me so much she misses me. My sister said, 'One of these days she' gonna find herself dead.' "

The only spells of relief are when someone "comes back." Lately her great-uncle: "She was really glad to see him, 'cause he'd been gone a long time." "Gone where?" "To heaven. . . ." Another relief a few weeks ago: "My mother's baby had to go back to the hospital. Maybe they keep him there, maybe he ain't gonna come home for a *long* time."

I told Claudia: "You'll forget me. But don't forget, when you go to high school, to take typing. Then you can get a nice job. Now tell yourself this—

typing. Don't forget." Claudia: "No, I won't forget you. I don't forgets anybody that was nice to me."

Martha used to come to school three or four times a week. Then she disappeared. "Does anyone know why?" The class comes to a halt. Arthur: "It was that $30. I was in front of that house yesterday. Her grandmother say, 'Give me that $30 that was in my purse.' Her brother say, 'Don't look at *me*. I only got a buck of it.' " Days pass, then Elva says, "Her grandmother shifted Martha to a Home. She say, 'Enough is enough, and I'm gettin old'—Didn't she say that, Fern!" Fern: "She had enough of that mean mouth of Martha, too." Arthur: "My father did that, when my brother was held back. He said, 'You and me are disconnected. From now on, we are two different parties.' "

"She" is mother. "What a pretty new hat!" "She wants me to be warm," is a child's reply. A child's home may consist of heavy responsibilities but dim, shifting patterns of life. "My brother got home late so we didn't eat." "Too many mouths that don't listen." Arthur: "When they's seven or eight and they gets to be teen-agers, nobody goin' to get nothin.' "

The older kids, overcrowding and bossing the younger ones, getting meaner, can be seen swarming the sidewalks after 3 P.M. or bopping across a street in the heart of traffic, leisurely talking as cars pile up—the ultimate in cool. Or just standing, huddled in storm coats and great drooping sweat socks, cigarettes glued to lower lips, piled with books and notebooks with chewed, ragged pages: jabbing murky tirades against each other and at teachers—teacher always the enemy.

"She tell you you better bring back that book, girl." "She can't make me bring it back, I didn' have it, Mickey had it and she saw it very well." "She throw you outa that class." "Man, she can' do that. She can go to his house an' get it." No matter how cold and wet, just standing, listless: "You goin' to Charley's place?" "I don' know, who's up there?"

Not expected anywhere; no attempt to go anywhere; no place to go. Sex, pot, and dropouts are the common report of this junior high school. "If the cops catch you with a roach [marijuana cigarette], swallow it." A child says of an older sister, "That girl started doin' *real* nasty things now."

Only a year from now, my youngsters will be swallowed up in this junior high.

In spite of the great potential of many of my children, most of them are deeply retarded in reading and math. What part has the school played in this terrible waste of potential?

First, the school itself exposes the children to examples of waste. Lights burn all day in empty rooms and corridors. In an administrative office, boys who have been put out of classrooms play around, banging on a new typewriter (until it "gets stuck") and an expensive duplicating machine. At the

same time, what the children really need, you can't get. I had no world map in my room until January. We're short several workbooks and readers, so children sit and do nothing. We still don't have alphabet cards or junior dictionaries.

As a result, children throw food away, and lunchroom garbage cans are filled. I suggest using some large pieces of colored scrap paper—"We'll make Christmas ornaments." The children grumble and protest: "We needs a whole sheet of paper." They want to clean desks and floors with hand towels. They've not been taught to value things, least of all themselves.

Second (a concomitant), lack of teaching purpose. Substitutes take classes out to play basketball most of the day. O.T.P.'s [Other Teaching Positions—teachers assigned to duties outside a classroom] could be put back into classrooms, helping to reduce class sizes. The library is closed when the librarian is absent.

The many dedicated teachers tend to fight, but lose. What an excellent teacher has done in a year is quickly undone. A child may be "reading" a 2.2 reader one year, a 4.2 the next. Three sequential levels have been skipped. No one has checked where he is.

Fresh views are needed in the Harlem schools. Young men who deliberately, thoughtfully entered the school system for a year at least could make a difference. So could a more determined administration. Above all, the children need images of firm-minded adults who expect them to learn.

When the children look out our classroom windows they see—if they see it at all—a dreary panorama. It is about 1 P.M. People are standing, leaning out of windows, sitting on stoops, not talking. Men of 35 and 40 hang out in crowds at building entrances and on the corner. On a Friday I have counted 20 men on a corner, a few children running between their legs.

The Harlem child grows up under a kind of lid, a pressure which the writer, and reader, of this article did not experience. Yet society expects the same things from him.

The Negro's self-image is very low, and neither home nor school operates effectively at this time to raise it; the child almost inherits despair. "That lady in our block, she swallowed somethin' " you will hear from the children, whose own innocence and beauty are quietly growing tarnished, or are withering.

When we were discussing the Gemini capsules in class, McConnell asked, "Say, how come there's no Negro astronauts up there?" The children burst into laughter around him. To them the idea was ludicrous.

I have heard the mermaids
singing, each to each.
I do not think that they will
sing to me.

by Conrad Aiken

Prologue to an Autobiography

I WAS BORN IN A BOARDINGHOUSE, and not a particularly distinguished one. That has always seemed to me an excellent democratic antidote to my family's tradition of being in some vague way "wellborn," for, like innumerable other Americans, they arrived, if not in the *Mayflower* itself, at any rate not long after: shall we say in the *Trailing Arbutus*. (As a matter of fact, two of them *did* come in the *Mayflower*, one of whom came to a bad end after making off with some of the Company's money.) How important this inheritance is, I have never been able to decide. For a long time it never occurred to me to consider it at all—not, perhaps, till I was sent to boarding school, where such things inevitably became part of one's masculine protest, so to speak, to let it be known that one's background was rich, mysterious and far-reaching. My own background, when I had begun tentatively to discover it, in bits and pieces—for my childhood was a scattered one—was really on examination not so notable as all that. It went back far enough, to be sure, but the lineage consisted, apart from the De La Noyes, or Delanos, of simple farmer folk, good yeomen, and sea captains, hardheaded and religious: not till the Revolution did it produce a Colonel and a Captain. The Colonel, it is true, became famous as the builder of an extremely famous ship for the Navy, *Old Ironsides*. The launching of this ship in Boston was the occasion of a tremendous celebration, attended by dignitaries from all over the world. Talleyrand shook my great-great-uncle's hand, posters warned the spectators not to stand too close, lest the tidal wave from the launching sweep them away to sea. All this seems to have gone to the poor man's head; it is the tradition in the family that it completely spoiled him. He became insufferably conceited, never did another lick of work, as unsuited to a gentleman, and died on his estate in New Bedford a thoroughly lonely and unpopular man.

After him, the family tree began putting forth, perhaps quite naturally, when one considers its three hundred years of Puritanism and Quakerism, a series of teachers and preachers, together with a few dipsomaniacs. In all of these alike there was, however, a noteworthy liberalism, a characteristic of the family that has persisted ever since. The preachers found few things they could entirely believe in, they were always in trouble with their parishes, trying to lead them out of one cherished dogma after another; the teachers were often in trouble with their school boards because of an unfortunate tendency to socialism or internationalism—they weren't very good patriots, at a time when patriotism was pretty heavily starred and striped. These men were natural liberals, and so were the drunkards, and so too were the whalers and clipper ship captains and the China traders. The China traders brought back from China a love of painting, and money, with their notions. They filled their cupolaed houses in County Street with odd and beautiful things, and their children's heads with a sense of the far and strange which has come down from father to son ever since. Of the drunkards, the most distinguished was a murderer. Himself the father of twelve, eleven of whom died of tuberculosis, and his poor wife as well, it was a child, a small boy, whom he killed: one of a group of imps who were accustomed to dance in a taunting ring around him when he staggered homeward at twilight from the corner saloon. Charging his tormentors with his walking stick, and lunging with it as if it were a sword, what was his horror to find that he had pierced the boy's belly. There was a mere form of a trial, and he was let off. It needed all the combined respectability of the teachers and preachers to restore the family name to its former modest luster.

But all these things, together with the innumerable legends that surrounded them—stories of New England farmhouses, New England winters, of cousins and uncles lost at sea, and spanning, of course, the transition from the plain living and high thinking of the Quaker farm to that, scarcely less plain, of the teacher's desk and the preacher's pulpit—all these things were only to be really known, or understood, later. This was the "family" world, which waited for me to approach it, disclosing itself only item by bewildering item, over a long period of time; changing, too, even as it was approached; and, in the end, never to be wholly understood at all.

And first, of course, I had to be born, in my undistinguished boarding-house, and into that half-sleep which is the beginning of life, and from which one wakes so slowly—so slowly, indeed, that one is hardly really awake, and alive, before one finds that again one is falling asleep. I know the room in which young Merrymount Nipmuk was born—a name I chose for myself, joining, as it did, that of one of the less important Massachusetts tribes with Merrymount, where perhaps some libidinous ancestor danced around that drunken Maypole—yes, I know that room and in every detail, for my father drew a pen-and-ink picture of it to send to my grandmother. It was one of

those ordinary combined sitting room and bedroom affairs, which are so common; a washstand in one corner, a draped table in the center, a chest of drawers with a mirror, the bed, the crib, and a bamboo table beside the bed. Millet's "Angelus" hung on one wall, "The Man with the Hoe" on another. And there, in the middle of it all, naked except for diapers, and bald except for one upright hair which stood up straight from the top of his head, squatted little Merrymount, the new inheritor of the virtues and vices of the Nipmuks. There is something that one can only call flagrant in that scene. In the crude drawing, which I still possess, my father has dramatically conveyed that feeling every man experiences, when he first becomes a father, of the sheer effrontery and impudence of life. The egoism of the egg is only surpassed by that of the baby, and *au fond* one resents it profoundly. One has been put in his place, and with a vengeance. This first portrait of little Merrymount is a caricature, in which the father's anger and pride, animal pride, contend for mastery. Didn't that dreadful child really know it, and that he already had the upper hand? It was his destiny to be a powerful, insidious and treacherous usurper. His father and mother were already as good as dead.

As for the room, the palmetto trees were like dark hands outside its windows: the mosquito netting which hung over the bed was like a part of sleep itself: the bells that rang for mealtimes, and sent footsteps echoing up or down the wide curved stairs were like the beating of one's own pulse. What does one really remember of all that? Does one really remember anything whatever? Not, certainly, if one looks straight at it. The precise point at which one begins to remember simply cannot be found. There is, of course, the first "scene," which comes out of nowhere, but is suddenly just *there:* there are ladies downstairs, at the bottom of the stairwell, having tea; conversation floats up from them; and then one's hand, between the dark uprights of the banisters, releases one's sister's milk bottle, downward. That is all. There is nothing before, and nothing after, or only a feeling that there *was* an aftermath. Doubtless a sensation was caused, and no doubt too it was calculated, and presumably there were consequences. The usurper was at work. But to say that this was the earliest recollection, and to say that it must have been when Merrymount was three, is only in a very partial sense true. What one also remembers, although in a less provable way, and perhaps even long before this episode, is the light, the sound, the touch, the vibration of very being, that is still one's own when one stands alone in a pasture, or on the top of a mountain, in very early morning; or when walking alone along a pitch-dark road at night; or at the moment of waking from a terrible or delicious dream, and to find oneself separate from it, yet still enclosing and beholding it. This is a sort of cloud which has always accompanied us, and out of which we have gradually, if partially, emerged, for more or less regular intervals; it is as much part of us as our bodies; but although we can learn to stay out of it for longer and longer periods, as we grow older, we know too that like

the mammals of the sea we must more and more often, and for periods of increasing length, go back into it. And this, as we look back upon it, or into it, seems to reach behind us really forever. More even than mother and father, this *is* mother and father.

The trees now were taller, much taller, and farther apart, with now too a greater feeling of distance beyond them; and at the ends of the aisles of vision thus opened into blue light were tremendous and extraordinarily beautiful buildings, of an unimaginable intricacy, which teased the eye, and sent a sensation as of *tracing* something into the fingertips. Among them, too, was a red tall tower of odd shape and very spindling legs, like a kind of giant insect. There was a wall, of what seemed interminable length, over which hung an alarming tangle of tropical vines full of bright flowers, and from behind which came a strong, curious and very unwholesome smell. There was a picture of a fat pig, which was forever being drawn again, not always satisfactory, not always quite exactly the same, and a trifle sinister: years later, one was to find the very last of these, folded away, and a little faded, in the pages of *The Young Yägers*, by Mayne Reid, and to feel as if one were looking through a tiny window into a microscopic life of extreme brilliance and intensity. Yes, this was Mother's favorite pig, the one thing she could draw with something like verisimilitude: her one vanity, her one trick. In the years that were to come, when there were two other brothers in the nursery, how often was I to hear Wide or Handsome (my father called the three of us, with some point, High, Wide and Handsome) crying Mama, draw me the smiling pig! And then she would draw, on any scrap of paper, even a paper bag brought back from the morning's shopping, the six-cylinder pig, with the corkscrew tail, and the smiling eyes, small as buttons, at the same time telling us that her mother (now *how* could she have a mother—?) had drawn this very same pig, but a long, long time ago, for herself and Uncle Charlie.

Lights were of immense importance. And, with lights, colors too. Lying very still, and looking upward for a long time at something blue—and this was a so-called memory that had permanence—could this be simply sky? Or was it possibly the blue undersided hood of a crib, or baby carriage, or what Swinburne so remarkably and revoltingly called a push-wainling? But a door, opening, or a window, opening, or a lamp at night approaching (for in those days one carried lamps in one's hands), or the sudden spurting creation, out of darkness, of the red-and-gold fishtale flame of a gas jet, these were amongst the most startling and delicious and heartwarming things that life had to offer. As one was later to discover during those long periods when one was ill—malaria, was it? Never to be known. But then the slow solitude of fever was to be punctuated in the same way, by the same things, and one would recall for no apparent reason a very particular time—Papa holding up his hand against the light, so that we might see the pinkness of the blood that flowed

there, and almost hear it humming: or Mama, clasping the little flat valve of the gas jet, just before she put us to bed, and reciting the magic words: One—two—three—out—goes—she! and timing the word "she" quite miraculously and alarmingly with the sudden extinction of the light, the terrifying extension of the dark. Or, and even more magically, the lighting of a tiny candle inside of one of those little stained-glass-windowed houses, made of cardboard, the stained-glass windows of transparent paper, so that the jeweled colors were illuminated like those of a little church. Perhaps in all of one's life there was never again to be an experience quite as wonderful as this.

But these things happened after we moved, of course: from the undistinguished but handsome old boardinghouse to our own incredible house in the Avenue. The actual transition from one to the other remains totally invisible, a sort of actionless glide; we were simply *there*, as if we had always been there, and would remain there forever. The brick stoop, with its brownstone stairs and the iron railing, back to back with the similar stoop of the house next door, this was the real essence of the house and the place, this and the two giant trees which grew before it, and which, whether in sunlight or moonlight, kept forever a moving pattern of leaf-shadow turning and revolving over the tall housefront, like an evanescent stenciling. Live oaks, holm oaks—those were one's first trees, the symbol thenceforth of all that was meant by tree: the whole notion of greatness and rootedness, of earth-living and earth-dying. Under these came the Italians, with their funny little one-legged hand organs, and the wizened-faced monkeys in their dirty suits and caps, the suits with a hole for the tail, and holding out their caps for pennies. Under these too, and more alarmingly, came the other strange men with the dancing bears, the huge animals skipping heavily, their fat sides shaking, in a tethered circle, the saliva dripping from their tongues, while the men pretended to be frightened, and beat the ground with their long staves. And up one of those trees, on that never-to-be-forgotten morning, one of the bears was sent to climb, while the whole family, papa, mama, sister and myself, and Wide and Handsome, and the two nurses and the cook, clung to the railings in delighted terror. It was as good as a circus, it was in fact better—for the bear, having hugged his way up to the main fork in the tree, and a little above our level on the stoop, settled himself there happily, and refused to come down. He positively seemed to be smiling. Was the whole thing a "game," played for our benefit, and the owner's agitation and grief simply a bit of playacting? He implored and begged, in a strange language, he even put his head against the bark of the tree and wept, but it was all no use. And then, to our astonishment, the second bear was sent up the tree after the first, to bring him down. Two bears in our own tree! The whole thing was beyond belief. But there it was, before our eyes, and there, what's more, the bears stayed, all that wonderful morning.

The stoop was many things, it was always, according to weather or

state of mind, or time of day, changing its character. But most of all it was a ship at sea, and as one descended the worn brown steps one moved down closer and closer to the water, which surrounded it on all sides. The brick sidewalk was the sea, and on this one could set sail for New York, or New Bedford, or the Cotton Islands, or Tybee Beach. It was possible to step, holding hard to the railings, from the back of our stoop to the back of the one next door, over a gulf of great depth—a dank smell of earth and mold came up from this, it all felt very dangerous indeed, and this was the highly perilous business of transferring in mid-ocean from one storm-tossed ship to another. But best of all, on a sunny day, was simply to stand there, with one's hands on the railing, and sail past the whole wonderful world, and all the extraordinary things it always brought to light—the endless miracle of texture itself, the very stuff of life. One could never get enough of this, and one never tired of it. The incredible *nearness* of everything was a part of the magic of this, but another part of it, although one had then no name for it, was the sense of infinity, of endlessness. One felt acutely alive, but also one felt terribly alone.

It was when I was going down the steps of the stoop with Mama, one day, and as she was pulling on her long white gloves, that she told me my grandfather was dead. Did I really remember him, or is it only that she herself said something that reminded me of him—? But no, I remembered him, and still do. He had taken me, the year before, and all by myself, to a park, where there was a zoo, and many animals in smelly cages; and we had watched a bicycle race; and after that we had sat together at a rustic table on rustic seats in a wood, and he had made, using a penknife, cups and saucers out of green acorns. This was Grandfather, the man with the white beard and the marvelous revolving bookcase, who lived alone in a big house, and preached sermons on Sunday. But what was it to be dead? How was he dead? Evidently it was important, for a telegram had come to us, and now I had been asked by Mama to walk to the telegraph office with her, an expedition, too, for which I had been especially dressed. The other children were too small to go, and some point was made of this, a fact that threw into relief my own invited presence at what really amounted to a ceremony: it was like a formal announcement that I was now a full-fledged member of the family. It is for this reason that I have always remembered the scene so vividly—for it is like a photograph—and with a definite sense of its importance? Or was it the notion of death, now for the first time brought into consciousness, even if not at all understood? No doubt the idea of death was very intriguing, and it must be that my mother tried to explain to me a little of this mystery; it seems to me that this is so, and that our walk through the Christmas streets, and past shop windows gay with toys and tinsel and the splendid Roman candles and rockets with which the South, in those days, celebrated that season, was colored by this discussion, and thus fixed in my

memory, exactly as a drawing is fixed. But more even than this the formality itself impressed me, and the feeling that in some peculiar and attractive way my relation with my mother had been changed. Thus too it comes about that it is in this episode, and above all as she stood on the stoop, drawing on her long white "party" gloves, that I can first recall really seeing her—even the sharp-winged hat, which sat rather far forward on her head, and gave her a little the effect of flying. To be sure, my father later took a photograph of her in this very costume, and in this attitude as well, and won a prize with it, hat, gloves, and all, and one knows only too well how easily one substitutes another's vision for one's own, or another's description. Later in life one is told a story about something one did or said when a child, and in a little while, through some chemistry of the unconscious, the experience has been taken over with all the vividness and conviction of personal knowledge. But no, not in this instance. For this walk to the telegraph office, on the occasion of Grandfather's death, is the first recollection of a *continued* action or scene, or of *continuity* in one's own existence, that I possess. It marked the beginning of a new kind of being.

And perhaps too the beginning of separateness, that profound and embarrassing and enthralling problem, which, a little later, or even perhaps already, was to face one, as in a looking glass, with the eye-searching question: Who are you? How is it that you are here, and why are you not someone else altogether? How did you get here in this particular shape, and why is your name Merrymount Nipmuk, and not, say, Peter Jones? And if your name *had* been different, would you too be different? And suppose, further, that you had a different father and mother, well, what then—? Would you have been the same without them as with them, or, if, for example, *they* had never existed at all, would there then never have been the existence, the palpable you, that was so obviously and presently the realest thing in the world—in fact, the world itself—? Yes, that separateness, which began, of course, with the discovery that one's hands and feet were one's own periphery, the outlying districts of a privately and completely controlled universe of one's own: the great initial autonomy.

But the new separateness meant other evolutions and explorations as well. Just as mobility had enlarged one's experience of the nursery, and from this of a whole floor, and then, the stairs at last conquered, the conquest of the whole house, with its gleaming banisters and mysterious corners, and the living patterns in the carpets, which were like things growing under one's feet, and the inviting shadows and caves under tables, or the fringed and fragrant hollows under sofas in halls—for one's earlier adventures are quite absurdly like a cat's or dog's—so now the important separateness of oneself as an individual (which in a sense had been marked out forever by the walk with Mama to the telegraph office) began its own necessary expansions and discoveries.

Of which, of course, the inevitable first step, naturally and secretly, was down the long straight back stairs, which led first to the pantry, which served also as Papa's "darkroom" for developing photographs, and then by the outside stairs to the backyard, the kitchen porch and the old outhouse. Through the outhouse, beyond peach tree and chinaberry tree, a dark passage led to the outside world: those trees were the symbols of a new birth, for it was indeed little less than that. And between them I set forth into the squalor and violence of the stinking lane, or alley, that ran behind the house, to lake possession of, and in the end to be possessed by, my own beautiful and dreadful world.

by John McPhee

Fifty-two People on a Continent*

Late in 1962, in Kordofan Province in the Republic of the Sudan, two men of the Kababish tribe shot and killed eight members of a tribe called the Meidob. They also stole five of the Meidob's camels and two hundred of their ewes. The killers were eventually arrested, and they were tried, in the shade of a huge tree, by Mohamed el Mubarak Ahmed el Medani, province judge of Kordofan. The judge sentenced them to death, and they were hanged. This was not satisfaction enough for the Meidob, and Meidob tribesmen began to raid, plunder, and kill Kababish. The Kababish struck back just as hard, and it appeared that an eternal feud had begun. Peacemakers from neutral tribes eventually stepped in and suggested that the Kababish pay a thousand pounds to compensate the Meidob for their original loss. The Kababish agreed, but then paid nothing. Bloodshed continued. So, toward the end of 1964, a great tent was erected in the desert near Malha, a village five hundred miles west of Khartoum, and four thousand square feet of carpeting were placed over the sand inside. In the interest of justice in the western Sudan, nearly a hundred nazirs and sheiks, representing all the important tribes in the provinces of Darfur and Kordofan—an area larger than Texas—sat down together. As nomadic, camel-raising people, the Meidob and the Kababish annually spend time in both Darfur and Kordofan, and the blood-

* © 1966, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. Reprinted by permission.

letting between them had long since become an inter-provincial problem. On their rugs in the great tent, the sheiks and nazirs sat in a somewhat parliamentary manner, in eight long rows, four on one side and four on the other, facing across a central aisle. At one end of the tent was a mass of retainers and lower sheiks. At the other end was a long table, behind which sat the principal officials at the meeting. The presiding officer was the military governor of Darfur, Brigadier General Zein el Abdin Hassan el Tayib. Ranged on either side of him were Suleiman Wagealla, civil governor of Kordofan; El Tijani Saad, civil governor of Darfur; Hashim Hassan Abdulla and Youssif el Mufti, district commissioners in the two provinces; Abdulla Mohamed Ibrahim, Kordofan's commandant of police; Ahmed el Sharif el Hashmi, Darfur's commandant of police; Judge Mubarak el Medani; Dafalla el Radi Siddig, district judge of the High Court of the Sudan; and Carroll W. Brewster, of Ridgefield, Connecticut, editor of the *Sudan Law Journal and Reports*, who had come to Malha at the request of Judge Mubarak el Medani, so that the meeting in the desert not only would be recorded but would include someone from the headquarters of the national judiciary, in Khartoum.

The nazirs and sheiks were dressed in tobes and jibbas—the loose, swirling dress of the Arab. Brewster was wearing a bush jacket, tan drill trousers, and a pair of mocassins from L. L. Bean, Inc., of Freeport, Maine. He is a handsome fellow of upper-medium height, solidly built, with thick eyebrows and sharp blue eyes. In another setting he might have been a striking figure, but in that assembly he was made fairly inconspicuous by the magnificent people about him. No leaders anywhere, in Brewster's opinion, could have more physical presence than the nazirs and sheiks of the Sudan. Nearest to the High Table sat the king of the Meidob, and directly across from him was the nazir of the Kababish. Each was surrounded by several sheiks of his tribe. Across the aisle, they acknowledged one another with predaceous stares.

Brewster, at the time, was twenty-eight. A graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy, Yale University, and the Yale Law School, he had been working in the office of a United States District Court judge in New Haven when, in 1962, he had accepted an offer of employment from the government of the Sudan. While the British governed the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, as it was called, from 1899 to the end of 1955, there had been virtually no law reports written. In the six years following Independence Day—January 1, 1956—only a few small volumes of law reports had been produced by the law faculty of the University of Khartoum. Sudanese judges, meanwhile, had no other published precedents in Sudanese law. Whereas an American judge has something like twenty-five thousand volumes to turn to for help in coming to a decision, a Sudanese judge, in the absence of law reports, had little more to rely upon than his university education, a personal file of the cases that he himself had previously decided, and his sense of fair play. Su-

danese judges had to depend almost entirely on the second and third of these resources, because legal education in the Sudan is based upon rote study of English lawbooks, and cases involving inhabitants of Kent or Cambridgeshire tend to have little relevance to cases arising in, say, Blue Nile Province or Kordofan. With no way of putting their hands on one another's previous decisions, judges in different parts of the Sudan were deciding things differently. Lawyers were in the habit of collecting their own cases in private files. But there was no court reporter, no organization, no central ganglion for the recording of developing events in the law. Meanwhile, with the country only a few years old, any judicial decision of importance was potentially a basic element in the common law of the Sudan. The government recognized the need for an ordered record, and reasoned that a well-trained American lawyer, familiar as he would be with law reports, could establish a system of collecting and editing, which could be taken over, after two years or so, by Sudanese successors. By the end of 1964, Brewster had spent more than two years collecting law cases from every part of the country. He had already published the two volumes of the *Sudan Law Journal and Reports* for 1961 and 1962, which was all that he had originally come to the Sudan to do. He had, however, by then become not only enthusiastic but evangelistic about his work, and before he gave it up he would also publish volumes for 1963, 1964, and 1965. In all, he produced some fifteen hundred pages, covering every important judicial opinion that was handed down in any Sudanese court during those years.

Brewster first heard of the position in the Sudan through the administrators of a program that has been developed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is designed to place highly qualified young men in just such specific civil-service jobs in Africa. Over the past six years, this unusual international effort, called the Fellows in Africa Program, has sent fifty-two carefully selected people to that continent. About a quarter of them have been lawyers, and the rest have had graduate degrees in management or business administration.

Brewster had arrived in Khartoum on September 1, 1962, to become the only foreign member of the Sudanese judiciary. It happened to be the steamiest time of the Sudanese year, with the daytime temperature averaging around a hundred and ten degrees, but Brewster wanted to show that he was worthy of his hire, and within six weeks he had read two thousand cases from files in Khartoum, seeking decisions that were significant enough to publish. He read not only 1961 and 1962 cases but also every case he could find that had been decided since independence, and when he came upon particularly important ones, he included them in the reports he edited. Next, in order to further his sophistication in Sudanese law, he went through the judiciary files hunting for cases that had been decided during the Anglo-Egyptian years. When he found opinons by British judges that

seemed to have continued relevance in the modern Sudan, he referred to them in the reports as well. Writing headnotes and critical annotations to accompany the judges' opinions, he contributed about twenty thousand words of his own to each volume of the *Sudan Law Journal and Reports.*

The law of the Sudan is written and recorded in English, but trials are conducted in Arabic. Within six months of his arrival, Brewster had learned enough colloquial Sudanese Arabic to enable him to go almost anywhere without much of a language problem. By this time, he had fairly well filled himself in on all the vintage law cases he could find in Khartoum. He had also turned up everything of interest in the private collections of judges and lawyers there. The principal remaining sources of material were the files of the various provincial courts, from which he would get more than half of the cases he eventually used. He wrote to more than a hundred judges asking for the records of old cases. Only one judge responded, and he sent only one case. So Brewster began to travel, usually in a British Commer truck from the government motor pool—a high-slung vehicle with oversized tires and exceptional durability, built to endure the deserts and semi-deserts of the area. The Sudan is the largest country in Africa, and two miles out of Khartoum, in any direction, the roads become informal. Brewster went to all the district and provincial courts—to capitals like Ed Damer, in Northern Province; El Fasher, in Darfur; El Obeid, in Kordofan; Wad Medani, in Blue Nile; Malakal, in Upper Nile; Juba, in Equatoria; and Wau, in Bahr el Ghazal. Returning from Juba to Khartoum, he rode a thousand miles down the Nile in a stern-wheeler. Because he was a member of the judiciary, he was put on a private deck and accommodated in a mosquito-proof enclosure equipped with a desk and writing supplies. The boat moved through the great swamps of the Sudd, where nothing but papyrus was visible to the horizon in every direction, while he edited the law reports of the Sudan.

Brewster's travels were not simplified by the fact that thousands of people had been killed as a result of the apparently insoluble conflict between the northern and southern peoples of the nation. The difference between the north and the south of the Sudan is the difference between deserts and rain forests, between Arabs and Negroes, between Muslims and either Christians or pagans. It is also the difference between descendants of slave traders and descendants of peoples who had been the victims of slave traders. American newspapers often describe the trouble in the Sudan as a religious conflict between Muslims and Christians, but basically, Brewster decided, the enmity is rooted in the racial domination of the Negro south by the Arab north. In the main, though, his work was not affected by this unrest.

In some of the outlying courts he visited, files were beautifully kept, but in most courts he discovered that the records of bygone cases had been irreverently tossed onto the floors of back rooms or into closets or other

crannies full of dust and grit. Sorting through piles of records, he frequently found that the principal exhibits in the old cases had been stashed away with the judges' opinions. The stacks of paper were lumpy with knives, spears, and swords, often crusted with dried blood. "I found it a hundred per cent engrossing to sit down in some law court way out in the desert and read through the records of all the legal disputes that had taken place in that area since independence," he said later. "Eventually, I read all the cases decided by the High Court, all the cases decided by the province courts, and almost all the cases decided by the district courts between January 1, 1956, and the end of 1964."

As often as he could, Brewster sought out nazirs, sheiks, and other tribal chieftains, who sit as judges in the native courts and actually try four out of every five cases heard in the Sudan. His reports include few cases from these native courts, since the more professional courts take over at the appeal stage, but he needed to understand the native courts and tribal magistrates if he was to understand the process of law in the country. Now, at the gathering near Malha, he realized that, with the exception of Judge Mubarak el Medani, no one present knew more of the sheiks and nazirs in the tent than he did. Seated next to the king of the Meidob and his surrounding sheiks, for example, was Nazir Mohamed Temsah, of Kordofan. Brewster had known Mohamed Temsah for two years and had frequently been a guest in his house. Only two nights before, in fact, Brewster, Judge Mubarak, and Judge Dafalla el Radi Siddig had been camped in the desert when another party of travellers approached them and they heard Nazir Mohamed Temsah's tympanic voice call out, "El Car-role!" This was Brewster's first name in Arabic. The nazir and Brewster embraced vigorously for three or four minutes, then began to catch up on the news:

"You are welcome."
"You are welcome and so are your people."
"How is your health?"
"Thanks be to God, well."
"God bless you."
"How is your health?"
"Thanks be to God, well."
"God bless you."
"How are your camels?"
"Thanks be to God, well. How are your camels?"
"Thanks be to God, well. How are your cattle?"
"Thanks be to God, well."

And on they went, through every living thing that could possibly be of importance to either of them. Mohamed Temsah, whose name means Mohamed the Crocodile, is the nazir of the Dar Hamid, a tribe of two hundred thousand people. Brewster had first met him at Bara, in Kordofan,

where Mohamed Temsah was acting as one of three judges in a multiple-murder case. The nazir had cemented their friendship by inviting Brewster to breakfast one morning and giving him the raw liver of a sheep that had just been killed. Brewster had eaten it as if it were a boiled egg. Mohamed Temsah had been the first to call him El Car-role.

Nazir Hassan el Tom Ali el Tom, of the Kababish, staring brutally at the king of the Meidob, was also a friend of Brewster, who had visited his portable palace. Just beyond Nazir Hassan el Tom sat Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla Eleazar, of the Kowahla, whom Brewster had also known for the better part of two years. Brewster and the Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla had first met near the oasis at Umm Badr, when Brewster had gone to that part of the Sudan to attend a trial. The nazir, his grass hut surrounded by a sea of camels, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, had sat Brewster down on a priceless rug and offered him a bowl containing more than half a gallon of camel's milk. Brewster drank it all.The nazir then offered him the entire raw liver of a camel, which had been torn out of the camel's interior no more than a minute earlier. Brewster picked it up in both hands. It weighed about five pounds. Holding it like a slice of watermelon, he ate it in half an hour, while Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla and half a dozen other men watched him appreciatively. To wash down the camel liver, the nazir gave him a cup of water from the oasis. Brewster, who had never seen an oasis before, had imagined something other than the shallow mud lake at Umm Badr, which was full of camels and cattle, standing knee-deep in mire. The water in the cup was grayish-brown. He drank it down. The nazir embraced Brewster and decided that he was *shadeed*, a word that means virile, robust, courageous, indomitable—in sum, like a nazir. He took Brewster outside, sent him off on a camel for a tour of the encampment, and later took him back inside and gave him another half gallon of camel's milk. This time the milk had been flavored with onion juice. Brewster and the nazir talked about all kinds of things, from the Egyptian troops in Yemen to the news coverage of the B.B.C. And the nazir wanted to know all that Brewster could tell him about the Negro revolution in America.

Next to Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla Eleazar, in the tent at Malha, sat Sheik Gasmalla Fadlalla Eleazar, his brother. There was something enviable about Gasmalla Fadlalla, and this, as Brewster had learned earlier, was that he had only two responsibilities in the world—to look brave at all times and to be overpowering in the eyes of women. His brother was the leader of the tribe, which was a one-man job. Sheik Gasmalla Fadlalla enjoyed the glories of sheikdom without having to bother with the work. He had a rich sense of humor and a commanding air of abandon. Writing home about him, Brewster noted, "He has three wives and countless concubines; and he looks brave as hell to me. So I guess he is successful in life." Like his brother the nazir, Sheik Gasmalla Fadlalla was impressed by Brewster's gastro-

nomic good taste, but he worried—or, anyway, he said he worried—that Brewster would perish on returning to American food.

At one time or another, Brewster had encountered many of these camel-raising western tribesmen in Khartoum as well as in the provinces, and one such meeting had been a memorable reunion with Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla. Khartoum is the payoff point on the annual nomadic circuit. Once a year, the tribes trek to Cairo to sell their camels—a round trip of about twenty-two hundred miles. Modern monetary policies being what they are, the tribesmen can no longer get Egyptian gold in return for their animals but have to accept a credit from Barclays Bank. After returning to the Sudan, they stop off at Barclays branch in Khartoum, where they are paid in Sudanese pounds. The tribesmen are fairly original in the way that they collect and divide their money. The nazir and nine or ten of the principal sheiks arrive outside the bank, and the sheiks sit down on the sidewalk while the nazir goes inside with a suitcase. After a while, the nazir comes out, opens the suitcase, and takes out thick packets of Sudanese ten-pound notes, heaving one packet after another into the laps of the sheiks. When the suitcase is empty, he goes back into the bank. The tellers fill the suitcase up again. The nazir returns to the sidewalk and deals out more money to the sheiks. After the nazir has made four or five trips between the sidewalk and the bank, each sheik has in his lap the capital on which his particular subdivision of the tribe will live for the coming year. Some Sudanese in Khartoum look down on this as the behavior of unspeakable rubes. Brewster defends the tribesmen, who, he says, "have the great qualities—courage, honor, imagination. They are a noble race of men. Anyone who shows them the slightest bit of condescension appears to them to be a fool." He was therefore embarrassed for some of the clerks in the judiciary one day when Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla, having just tossed several hundred thousand dollars to a sidewalkful of sheiks, stopped at the judiciary to call. The nazir was, admittedly, pungent. As he moved up the stairs, he called out, "El Car-role! El Car-role!" in a voice that nearly levelled the building. Some of the scrubbed urban clerks in the judiciary had quite noticeably recoiled. Brewster asked them to serve tea for all and to come meet Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla Eleazar. He says that they soon recognized what a great man the nazir was.

Now, looking over the assembled sheiks at Malha, Brewster also reflected that at one time or another at least half of them had given him sheep. Whenever he visited a sheik, he would be given a sheep, or two or three sheep, as a sign of the sheik's respect for the judiciary and as a token of hospitality. Brewster had, in fact, classified many of the sheiks present as one-sheep sheiks, two-sheep sheiks, and three-sheep sheiks. Sheik Gasmalla Fadlalla, for example, was a two-sheep sheik, and Nazir Mohamed Temsah was a three-sheep sheik. Brewster had gratefully taken the sheep with him as he continued his journeys, eating them on subsequent nights with various

traveling companions. Nazir Mohamed Fadlalla Eleazar was in a category by himself. He had killed a camel in honor of Brewster, and was therefore a one-camel sheik. There was also a sheik in the tent who, when he had first seen Brewster, a year or so earlier, had rushed up to a judge whom Brewster was travelling with and, pointing at Brewster, asked if the British were back. Any number of the sheiks present had entertained Brewster over bowls of *marissa*, a tribal beer that has the color of oatmeal, the consistency of milk, and the impact of gasoline. Brewster never developed much of a taste for *marissa*, but he had been eager to try it, because, he explains, "Practically every criminal case in the Sudan begins, "The defendant had a bowl of *marissa*. . . .'"

If Brewster had a remarkable breadth of acquaintance among the nazirs and sheiks, he was no less familiar with the judges and provincial governors who were sitting beside him. He had been a travelling companion of both judges, and a guest, from time to time, in the home of Judge Mohamed el Mubarak Ahmed el Medani. The other attending judge, Dafalla el Radi Siddig, had only recently returned to the Sudan from Yale, where he had taken his LL.M. at the Yale Law School. Brewster had persuaded him to go there, had arranged a scholarship for the purpose, and, through the United States Embassy in Khartoum, had obtained travel money for him. When Brewster arrived in the Sudan, no member of the Sudanese judiciary had been to an American law school, nor were any interested in going. The quality of American law, he felt, had been misevaluated there, largely because of a general prejudice, on all levels, against American education. However, Brewster had given Judge Dafalla el Radi Siddig a copy of Justice Benjamin Cardozo's *The Nature of the Judicial Process*. The book altered the judge's opinion of American law. He decided that a year at Yale would be a fine idea, and he became the first of eleven judges for whom Brewster has obtained scholarships for the study of law in the United States.

On the first day of the gathering at Malha, nothing much happened except speeches by sheik after sheik. The gathering of the tribes, quite obviously, was less fratricidal than fraternal, as might have been expected in an assembly where the peacemakers outnumbered the disputants fifty to one. The speeches of the sheiks were marvels of syntactical architecture. The sheer splendor of the rhetoric—far though it may have strayed from the point of the conference—was so irresistible that the glint of murder gradually died out of the eyes of the Meidob and the Kababish. A genealogical-minded sheik delivered the day's most effective argument when he said how unthinkable it was that deep friction should exist between these two brotherly tribes, since the king of the Meidob had actually been named for the father of the nazir of the Kababish, and the brother of the nazir of the Kababish had been named for the grandfather of the king of the

Meidob. A hum of approval ran through the tent. The point had the magic of a great discovery. Everyone had more or less known it, but until then no one had thought of articulating it. The air was mellow as the first day's session ended, and it seemed clear that the peacemakers would be able to proceed quickly to a formal agreement. The content of this agreement was what particularly interested Brewster. Beyond fulfilling his duties as a representative of the judiciary and an adviser to the officers and judges, he was there to record the conference for the *Sudan Law Journal and Reports*. It was not the sort of thing that one would expect to find in a law report, but he felt that in the Sudan it was important to have a written precedent showing how an inter-tribal feud could be settled.

Each night during the conference, which lasted a week, Brewster ate with a different sheik, and each night a ram was ceremonially laid out before the guests, its nose pointed toward the east. After its throat had been cut, the guests would ritually step over it on their way in to dinner. The meal would begin with *maraa*, a first course analogous to oysters or shrimp. *Maraa* is the raw lungs, stomach, liver, and other entrails of the just-killed ram. Brewster developed a taste for *maraa*, but, in general, he preferred what followed—the rest of the ram, beautifully roasted—and it often disappointed him that his hosts pressed so much *maraa* upon him that he was quite full by the time the mutton was served. After dinner the first evening, Brewster joined an audience of about two thousand people listening to the songs of an entertainer known as a Flatterer, who sang lyrics he invented on the spot to describe, one after another, the notables before him. Coming to Brewster, he sang, "Tonight here is El Car-role, who came all the way from America to work for the judges, and he eats *maraa* and rides a camel like an Arab and climbs a mountain like a goat." This sort of thing apparently plucked right at the main string of the desert sense of humor, for it filled the air with laughter.

The following morning, when all the nazirs and sheiks had assembled in the tent as before, the presiding officer asked Nazir Hassan el Tom Ali el Tom, of the Kababish, when he intended to pay the thousand pounds that he had once agreed to pay to the Meidob. Everyone looked at Nazir Hassen el Tom Ali el Tom, who stood up, and, offering no comment, reached into the folds of his garments and drew out a packet of money that might easily have been mistaken for the manuscript of a very long novel. Skimming a hundred ten-pound notes off the top, he laid them on the table before Judge Mubarak el Medani. Then he stepped across the aisle and shook hands with Melik el Tom Mohamed el Sayah Jami, King of the Meidob, and he did so with such grandeur that one might have thought it was the Meidob, and not the Kababish, who had been forced to pay up. Then began a great debate, which resulted in the agreement that Brewster had come to record. "The debate was so magnificently eloquent that it cannot be adequately de-

scribed," Brewster wrote later, "Sheik Ibrahim Ali el Tom, uncle of Nazir Hassan el Tom, was spokesman of the Kababish. He stood there, the folds of his white robe rolling over his shoulders and crossing in front, his face black as coal, his eyes permanently bloodshot, his posture straight, strong, and relaxed, his gestures modest and firm—altogether a mighty appearance. He spoke clearly, making each point carefully, giving illustrations where they helped."

The agreement that eventually evolved dealt mainly with lost and stolen animals, since incidents having to do with animals had been a principal cause of friction. "For example," Brewster noted, "if a Meidob loses a camel and believes it to be in the Dar (or territory) of the Kababish, he organizes a *fazaa* (a *posse comitatus* on camelback) to track the animal. The *fazaa* must get permission of a representative of the Kababish, at the tribal border, to enter Dar Kababish. With permission secured, the *fazaa* continues to track the camel. If the track enters a village and does not leave, the leader of the village must pay the price of the animal, or produce the thief. Once a track leaves a village, the village is no longer responsible. When the discussion had reached this point, I suggested a method to mediate disputes should it not be agreed that a particular camel's track left a village. My suggestion was brushed aside. Trackers are so skilled that no one had ever heard of such a dispute. I later learned of a case in which a camel was traced and found two months after it made its tracks. And I have since heard a tracker describe a camel, from its tracks, as female, unloaded, pregnant, and blind in the left eye—because grass had been nibbled on the right." The agreement also provided, among other things, for combined tribal courts to try cases involving members of both tribes, and it set up rules whereby each tribe could water and pasture its animals in the other tribe's Dar. All in all, it was a document worthy of two tribes whose leaders had been named for one another's father and grandfather. It appeared, in detail, with commentary, in the 1964 *Sudan Law Journal and Reports*. After a hundred and twenty relatively small claims had also been heard and settled, the gathering at Malha dispersed slowly, for it takes one Arab at least ten minutes to say goodbye to another, and each of a hundred sheiks had to bid farewell to the other ninety-nine. "*Maasalaamah, Allah ya berikfik. Maasalaamah . . .*"

Long before Brewster went to the Sudan, the job that needed to be done there had been carefully scouted, and a painstaking search had been conducted for appropriate candidates to fill it. What sets the M.I.T. Fellows apart from other American scholars, observers, volunteers, and technical assistants who have gone to Africa in recent years is that the M.I.T. Fellows have been taken on as actual employees of various African governments, not as mere advisers or consultants, and—a matter of equal importance—the African governments have paid them the full going rate for beginning civil

servants. This usually amounts to something under three thousand dollars a year, and, with a liberal splash of Ford Foundation money, M.I.T. makes up the difference between that sum and the kind of starting salary that a young man with an LL.B. or an M.B.A. can expect these days in the United States. The program also takes care of moving and travel expenses—a sizable item, especially for those who take wives and children to Africa, as more than half of them have done. All this expense is considered necessary to make the jobs as attractive as possible to the best talent, but those who run the program do not in any sense want to offer the Africans a gift. The criterion is that a government must want a man badly enough to pay for him. Most Americans in Africa are responsible to the United States government or to some American university or organization. The M.I.T. Fellows, as salaried civil servants, are responsible only to the governments that employ them. They regard M.I.T., for the most part, as a kind of specialized employment agency, and while the Institute keeps in close touch with them, it does not attempt to control their work. As Assistant Secretaries, say, in African governments, M.I.T. Fellows have often negotiated across the table with representatives of the United States, and their loyalty to their employers has proved remarkably strong.

It is hardly surprising to find that a program resulting in a highly creative use of both money and talent did not have its origin in the ruminations of a committee. It is, in fact, almost wholly the product of the mind of one man. His name is Carroll Wilson. He is a tall and quiet man in his mid-fifties, with quick, dark eyes. He has the title of professor, and he conducts a number of seminars in the Institute's Sloan School of Management, but he is not really a college professor in the usual sense. For one thing, he has no advanced degree, and, for another, he did not join the M.I.T. faculty until 1959, after more than twenty years in government and private industry. He is a believer in the value of a restless career—if necessary, at the risk of financial uncertainty—and his own considerable number of former roles, commitments, projects, and enthusiasms have, in a sense, culminated in the Fellows in Africa Program, which probably could never have come into existence without his accumulation of friends and his easygoing familiarity not only with governmental leaders on several continents but also with various Comstock Lodes that support such programs. Wilson's career actually began at M.I.T., where he joined the administrative staff after his graduation, in 1932. The revelation that, as an undergraduate, he went around Cambridge in a raccoon coat and a Cadillac phaeton astounds his present colleagues, who regard him as an eminently reserved and rational man, with a manner that is the antithesis of flamboyance. "The coat and the Cadillac are not to be taken as a particular indication that I had any interest in social life," Wilson says. In any case, he knew enough people to be elected an officer in the student government and, in that capacity, he came to

know the men who ran M.I.T.—most notably the physicist Karl Compton, who was then its president. In Wilson's senior year, Compton reorganized M.I.T., establishing four major schools—science, engineering, architecture, and the humanities—and creating the post of assistant to the president, to be filled by a new graduate. He gave Wilson the job. In the office next to Wilson he installed Vannevar Bush, who had been a professor of electrical engineering and was now the dean of the engineering school and a vice-president of the Institute. "Bush and Compton were a marvellous team," says Wilson. "Compton was interested in new things and new ways of doing them. He said 'How?' rather than 'No.' He saw the merit in things. A times, he was naïve. Van, on the other hand, was a tough hombre who did tough jobs." Compton gave all those around him the feeling that they possessed an almost limitless capacity for moving ahead—a confidence that a good idea could always be turned into something tangible.

In 1940, when Bush went to Washington to run what became the Office of Scientific Research and Development, he made Carroll Wilson his executive assistant. When the war ended, Wilson, then thirty-five, became secretary to a board of consultants, including David Lilienthal, J. Robert Oppenheimer, and others, that first sketched out a United States atomic-energy program. When the Atomic Energy Commission was finally created, he became its first general manager. He served for four years, through a tangle of security cases, loyalty hearings, and internal battles between Lewis Strauss and his fellow-commissioners, and into the era of the hydrogen-bomb debates. After nine years in private industry, he was invited to join the faculty at M.I.T. While he was thinking the invitation over, he went to Africa as a travelling observer for the Council on Foreign Relations, of which he had long been a member. The Council had been given a Carnegie grant enabling selected members to go to Africa and look and learn. Travelling through the center of the continent, Wilson began to wonder how all the new nations then approaching independence were going to be able to manage the business of government without trained administrators in the middle and lower strata. Even when knowledgeable people were available on the top levels, there simply were not enough qualified candidates for all the lesser jobs, and these were the ones that involved most of the day-to-day responsibilities and decisions. The idea for the Fellows in Africa Program began to form only vaguely on that trip, however. Returning to the United States, Wilson accepted the offer from M.I.T. and started off with a seminar called Government Policy and Business Decisions. He had sixteen students, all of whom were enrolled in the graduate program of the Institute's School of Industrial Management. A couple of them, who wanted to find jobs overseas, asked him if there wasn't some quicker and better way to do it than by joining the overseas division of some huge American company. Wilson knew what they were talking about. "I was somewhat oppressed by the dif-

ficulties young people faced on long ladders of progression," he says. This, of course, was even truer of domestic jobs than of overseas ones. Educated young people have often considered the assignments given them by big organizations to be roughly equivalent to cutting out the backs of cereal boxes. "During the war I saw people doing just terrific things at a youthful age," Wilson goes on. "The structured quality of American business nowadays makes it hard to find a fast track for young talent." He asked the students in his seminar how many of them would want to go to work in Africa if he were to arrange it. Twelve of the sixteen raised their hands. Some of them said later that they had done so almost wholly because Carroll Wilson thought a job in Africa was a good idea. "I went to the Ford Foundation," he says. "I outlined the program. I asked for travel money for job hunting. And I asked them to agree to support the program if it developed. Damned if they didn't say yes."

Wilson went straight off to Tanganyika and looked up the Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Finance, in whose home he had spent an evening the previous summer. Tanganyika was only a few months away from independence. Wilson arranged two jobs in the Treasury in Dar es Salaam. He found another promising post in the Uganda Development Corporation, in Kampala, and five more in Nigeria. Returning to Cambridge, he picked for each job the man he thought best suited to it. "We don't want missionaries," he has said. "We have always shunned the uplift type." In the following years, as the program expanded, Wilson kept returning to Africa to look for opportunities in new places, and he found them in Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, Ghana, Kenya, Togo, the Somali Republic, Zambia, and the Sudan. He even placed two men on the French-speaking, British-governed, operettic island of Mauritius. In considering jobs and countries, one criterion he established at the outset was that the political environment should be, in his words, "sufficiently interesting and rewarding." It didn't have to be tranquil, but for contributions of the sort his M.I.T. Fellows could make, it needed to be less unsettled than it was in the Congo, for example. He rejected other countries for other reasons. "In Malawi, I went to see Dr. Hastings Banda," he said recently. "Everything is decided by Dr. Banda. He didn't understand the program at all. He thought I was trying to sell him the kind of technical experts who select contractors." Wilson thought it would be pointless to look for jobs in Addis Ababa. "Hell, there are four thousand Americans in Ethiopia," he says. "They cancel each other out." Although Liberia, free since 1847, was hardly a newly independent nation, Wilson went to Monrovia to see if the Liberians could use any of his men. "It was the most depressing place I've ever been," he says. "Black colonialism at its worst." He quickly concluded that there was nothing for the M.I.T. Fellows there. In the main, former French territories were also unpromising, because their governments frankly did not want Americans. Africans in former

French colonies tend to think and act like Frenchmen, just as Africans in former British colonies—often in spite of themselves—tend to think and act like Englishmen. Wilson felt, too, that when a Ministry or some other institution offered a job to an M.I.T. Fellow, the institution had to prove that it had an important job to do. Finally, he considered the man who would be an M.I.T. Fellow's immediate boss. If he didn't seem to be the sort who would give ample responsibility to a subordinate, Wilson stopped right there.

On one of his first trips to Nigeria, Wilson met J. Daniel Nyhart, a Harvard Law School graduate who was spending two years in Africa on a grant to study development banks. When Wilson meets a potentially useful man, he moves quickly. Before Nyhart quite knew what had happened to him, he was on the faculty of M.I.T. helping Wilson run the Fellows in Africa Program. Partly because of Nyhart's influence, lawyers were added to the program, and the sources of new Fellows were widened to include the Harvard and Yale Law Schools. Fellows have also been recruited from the Harvard Business School, and, more recently, from the business schools of the University of Chicago and Indiana University. From the beginning, Wilson saw the program as a kind of pilot project, intended to help African governments fill what he has described as the "talent vacuum" in the years immediately following independence. The Sudan became independent in 1956; Ghana in 1957; and Togo, Nigeria, the Somali Republic, Mauretania, Mali, Niger, Chad, Senegal, Upper Volta, Dahomey, Gabon, and the Republic of the Cameroun in 1960. Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, and Tanganyika (now Tanzania) emerged in 1961, Uganda in 1962, Kenya in 1963, and Zambia in 1964. Wilson's program, beginning, as it did, in the autumn of 1960, could not have been more perfectly timed.

The jobs have been concerned, in the main, with economic development. For example, Michael Payson, with two Togolese colleagues and a U.N. economic adviser, conceived and wrote an economic-development plan for Togo. One of the specific projects fostered by Payson, who is the son of a Maine legislator, was Air Togo, a new national airline, backed by private American investors. He almost literally got it off the ground. The line had one six-passenger Beechcraft, with a fairly monotonous schedule—Lomé to Sokodé and back. Air Togo has since extended its route a hundred miles to Sansanné-Mango, but that will be it, for Togo will then be covered. The country is three hundred and forty miles long from its northern border to the Bight of Benin, and less than eighty miles wide. Arriving there in 1961, Payson soon became fairly close to President Sylvanus Olympio, for whom he wrote speeches and articles. Olympio also had him prepare the documents through which Togo joined the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and the International Development Association. In 1963, just after Payson had concluded his M.I.T. tour and left the country, Olympio

was assassinated. When Payson returned some weeks later on a mission for the United Nations, Air Togo offered him twenty thousand dollars a year to become general manager. He went back to M.I.T., however, and is now working on his PhD. there.

James Stoner, who is also working toward a doctorate at M.I.T., was from 1961 to 1963 Project Development Officer in the Ministry of Commerce and Industry in Dar es Salaam. The most remarkable thing he did there was to handle the final negotiations with the Italian oil combine, E.N.I., for the construction of a refinery. The deal was the single most prickly domestic political issue at the time, and Stoner, who was twenty-seven, put it together, shuttling from Ministry to Ministry and then to meetings with the Italians. The agreement, in his words, "had some teeth in it for the country." Other things he did were less momentous but, perhaps, more interesting. One development problem involved a meerschaum-pipe factory. "Meerschaum is a mineral deposit found in old ocean beds," Stoner explains. "The word is German, and means 'sea-foam.' Technically, the stuff is a hydrous magnesium silicate. If you go to Turkey, the Turks will tell you that they have the only meerschaum deposit in the world. But there are extensive deposits under the Amboseli Plain, on the Kenya-Tanganyika border. The Tanganyika Meerschaum Company, Ltd., was in trouble and asked for the government's help. Our government—that is, the government of Tanganyika—took a position in the company, a fairly substantial one, but nonetheless a minority position. Sometimes the government amazed me. The Tanganyika Meerschaum Company was completely on the ropes; it would certainly have failed if the government had not come to the rescue. Our problem was: What is a government's role as a shareholder in a private company in which it does not hold a majority interest? I suggested that the government take a more active role. Tanganyika Meerschaum is now doing very well. It provides jobs, uses local material, teaches usable skills, and makes a quality product. It makes money, too, although not much. You can get a Tanganyika Meerschaum pipe in Cambridge, Massachusetts." Stoner grew up in Bronxville and in the District of Columbia. He went to Antioch College and to M.I.T. "The other project I worked on most was the Lake Manyara Hotel," he recalls. "It was under construction, and its funds had dried up. It had been started by a white hunter, on a bluff overlooking the Rift Valley. Lions sleep in the trees there. The white hunter's name was Russell Bowker-Douglass. After he started his hotel, the trouble in the Congo came up, and that shot the white-hunter business all to hell. Also, Bowker-Douglass had a heart attack and after that couldn't do much white hunting anyway. The government of Tanganyika had already bought some shares in his hotel, and now Bowker-Douglass wanted to sell us more. The problem was how hard a bargain to drive. If you shaft somebody who is down"—the former voice of the Tanganyika Ministry of Commerce and

Industry here becomes somewhat ungovernmental—"then other people know they're going to get shafted, too. If you are too easy, you look like a clod. My Ministry had to battle with another Ministry over this. We felt we should help the white hunter. We did, in the end, and I guess I felt pretty good about it. I felt moral. The hotel has been expanded twice since then. The whole thing was good for Tanganyika. It showed that the government would help a private investor who was hurting. And the hotel itself was important to the country as part of the tourist circuit—you know, Kilimanjaro, Ngorongoro Crater, game parks . . ."

The island of Mauritius, forty miles long by thirty miles wide, is several hundred miles east of Madagascar, out in the Indian Ocean. Rand McNally desk atlases do not even show it. Seven hundred thousand people live there. One of them, until he left last summer, was Robert Norris, of Marshalltown, Iowa, who served as one of two investment officers in the government-controlled Development Bank of Mauritius. Norris went to Grinnell College, the University of Stockholm, and M.I.T. His wife is Swedish, blonde and quite pretty. She taught Mauritian women about birth control and herself gave birth to a child while she was there. "A development banker needs the foresight of an economic planner, the financial wisdom of a commercial banker, and the patience of a university professor," Norris says. He should know. Anyone who could move even a small development project forward on Mauritius could probably create a Tennessee Valley Authority almost anywhere else. If the island asks a question of the cosmos, it must be: How many conflicting races, nationalities, religions, and political philosophies can exist on the head of a pin? The richest people on the island are the French, who make up three per cent of the population. They have been there for three hundred years, growing sugar, which brings in ninety-eight per cent of Mauritius's income from abroad. Hurricanes blow harder in Mauritius than anywhere else—a hundred and seventy miles an hour—and sometimes they blow down the economy in a few minutes. Another three per cent of the Mauritians are Chinese, half of them Roman Catholic, who stay behind closed doors and work twelve hours a day in hole-in-corner businesses. They are suspicious of everyone else, and everyone else is suspicious of them. About two-thirds of the people are Indians—half of them Muslim, half of them Hindu, all of them socialistically inclined, and all of them filled with hatred of the French. A quarter of the people are Creoles—a term that in Mauritius means descendants of some eight hundred thousand African slaves who were brought in by the sugar barons. The slaves' blood has mixed with all the colors of man, and the Creoles are strikingly good-looking people. A small group—too small to be expressed practically as a percentage of the population—are English. They are running the island. Mauritius has been a British possession since 1814. There are thirty-three newspapers in Mau-

ritius—Mandarin newspapers, Cantonese newspapers, French newspapers, and one English newspaper. The Mauritian calendar is a checkerboard of public holidays, twenty-three in all, including the Queen's Birthday, Chinese New Year, Guy Fawkes Day, Id-el-Fitr, and All Saints' Day. (All this against a backdrop of jagged mountain peaks, gushing waterfalls, deep-green vegetation, and fertile red-earth plains.)

The Development Bank of Mauritius would like to create new industries and widen the base of the island's economy. One problem is that in business enterprises the Mauritian races almost never mix. The Coca-Cola bottling plant, for example, was started by a Franco-Mauritian, so Coca-Cola, on Mauritius, is a white man's drink. The Pepsi-Cola plant was started by a Muslim Indian. On Mauritius, Pepsi-Cola is a black man's drink. There is one inspiring exception to the commercial immiscibility of the Mauritian races: The brewery, although it was built by a Franco-Mauritian, was from the start listed on the Mauritian stock exchange. Every sort of person bought shares. Everyone drinks the beer. Norris's chief contribution to Mauritius was to effect the establishment of a vegetable-oil mill that would be similarly pan-Mauritian. It may turn out to be the second-largest industry on the island. It was originally the joint concept of a Hindu landowner and a Franco-Mauritian sugar baron. Only a banker from a place like Iowa, working for the Mauritian government in a supra-political organization like the Development Bank, could have arbitrated the negotiations for such a partnership. Norris brought it off. The project has attracted investors from as broad a base of the population as the brewery did. The oil will be extracted from peanuts—or groundnuts, as they are known in Africa—that are being planted between rows of sugar cane, and so when Mauritius becomes independent, in all likelihood this year, it may not be starting out with what bankers call a monocrop economy.

The most noticeable characteristic of the M.I.T. Fellows in Africa is a contagious identification with the governments of which they are a part. They use "we" and "our" in any sentence referring to their respective countries, and they go on using these pronouns for months and even years after they return to the United States. Henry Thomas, a Princeton and M.I.T. graduate, wrote an impassioned letter back to M.I.T. from his desk in the Uganda Development Corporation, in Kampala, complaining that United States foreign aid to India was crippling the economy of Uganda, because India had been Uganda's best customer for raw cotton and now the United States was selling its own surplus cotton to India on more favorable terms. A couple of passages from some of Thomas's other letters to Wilson show what has become of the Africa of H. M. Stanley and Allan Quatermain. "Went out after elephant over the weekend," he wrote on January 24, 1961. "All we shot was wart hog. Almost had a nice-sized kongoni, but,

after an hour's tracking, had to give it up. Only other item of news is that I've been moved out of the Development Division and into the Executive Division, at the same time assuming the role of personal assistant to the chairman. . . ." A few months later, Thomas wrote, "I am quite pleased to report that I hit two oribi at fifty yards. First one killed instantly. I'll be having oribi steak tonight. Next weekend I'm off, with camera this time, after buffalo on our cattle ranch. Seems the tsetse fly is getting bad and they have to drive the game across the river. All this week and last we've been working furiously preparing a Development Loan Fund application. We're going to try to get them to guarantee a debenture issue on the New York market." Thomas, who is now with the International Finance Corporation, an affiliate of the World Bank, also described quite concisely the swift and ramifying way in which nearly all the young men in Wilson's program have taken to their African situations. "There is immediate responsibility here," he wrote soon after he arrived in Kampala. "Already I'm authorized to countersign checks drawn against a loan we're about to make to three engineers who want to expand into building native fishing boats, a very good and viable project. On Monday, I visit the Ministry of Mines in connection with a loan application for expansion and renovation of a tin mine (not so hot). I'm making little progress with our scheme to set up a soluble-coffee plant but am about to launch an African shoemaker on the dizzy road to success. The shoe factory will make fifteen pairs a day. In all, I can say that this is one hell of an interesting job. Still no signs of kalaazar, hyperpyrexia, schistosomiasis, diphtheria, elephantiasis, trypanosomiasis, or yaws. Health and spirit strong. Good supply of whiskey." Thomas was twenty-five when he wrote that. If, instead of going to Uganda, he had gone to work for, say, the Chase Manhattan or the First National City Bank, it would have taken him at least five years to work his way up to the point where he could countersign a check, let alone shoot an oribi.

Once, when Wilson was passing through Entebbe, the United States Ambassador to Uganda complained to him about Douglas A. Scott, Princeton '56, Harvard Business School '61. "He acts as if he were working for Uganda," said the Ambassador. "He is," said Wilson. After thinking it over, Wilson decided that this was about the highest compliment his program had ever received. In Entebbe and Kampala, the bureaucratic word for native takeover of government positions is Ugandanization. Scott, who is tall and squarely built, and who grew up in Western Springs, Illinois, never managed to look particularly Ugandan, but in a sense he became as Ugandanized as the government itself. "We are part of the 'we's," he once said, "and the American government and the U.N. are part of the 'they's." Scott worked in the Ministry of Economic Affairs and in the office of the Prime Minister. He was almost solely responsible for bringing in experts from other parts of the world. For instance, the United Nations Technical Assistance Board allo-

cated about five hundred thousand dollars to Uganda for technical assistance over a two-year period. An expert costs about eighteen thousand a year. Scott had to figure out how many experts he could afford and then draw up a list—two hydrologists to study a lake basin, four broadcasting technicians, one fisheries expert, and so forth. The reason for requesting a fisheries expert was that Uganda had about four hundred small fishponds, and it was thought that if more fish could be raised in them, Ugandan children would benefit considerably from the added protein in their diet. Carp do well in these ponds, so Scott made a specific request for a carp man, and the United Nations eventually found him one, in Israel. Scott had a nutritionist on his list, too, since about seventy-five per cent of the children in Uganda had worms, malaria, or stomach parasites. All experts did not come through the United Nations. To set up the basic framework of a national livestock industry, Scott had to decide which cattle-producing country to call upon. "Quite frankly," he says, with a note in his voice which suggests that he feels he may have done something un-Ugandan, "we turned to the United States for this."

In January of 1964, a three-man mission from Kenya arrived in Washington to negotiate a loan with the World Bank for the purpose of increasing the size of Kenya's tea industry. Kenya had been independent for about a month, and, as it happened, this was the first Kenyan mission to have come to the United States since Independence Day. Two of the men in the mission represented the tea industry, and one represented the Kenya government. The government man was Michael Roemer, of Bakersfield, California, who at the time was a Planning Officer in the Treasury in Nairobi. Though he was only twenty-six years old, he was quite experienced by then in finding the right sources of aid for Kenya. "The key to my job in the Treasury was the thinness of the organization," he explains frankly. "I was the lowest form of civil servant in the office, yet I was only one remove from the Permanent Secretary. Things were not only thin vertically, but horizontally, too. Only three people, of whom I was one, were doing development planning, development budgeting, and foreign aid. My function was to make sure that about four million pounds a year in aid was forthcoming. My boss—the man between me and the Permanent Secretary—was a very busy man. The dog work, the actual project appraisals, would be done by me. We would sit down and decide how much money we needed, then find eligible projects. The appraisals were sometimes difficult. In Kenya, statistics didn't exist, and we had to invent a lot. Then we made application for loans."

The Kenya government's tea scheme was a kind of compromise between a large, efficient, central operation and one that would fulfill the political objective of encouraging small farmers. Tea is ordinarily a plantation crop—primarily because the leaves have to be processed within a few hours after

they are picked. But the last thing Kenya wanted was more plantations. So the government created the Kenya Tea Development Authority, to build processing plants in the middle of clustered acreage of small tea growers. "The World Bank was the obvious source of money," Roemer says. "We thought it would be attracted to our project, because it was a nice tight one with a high return. We wanted to save the United States Agency for International Development for other things. Also, the U.S.A.I.D. likes hardware —even more than the World Bank. It also likes people to use its money to buy equipment in the United States. The United States is not a producer of tea equipment. The World Bank, for that matter, is not so big on agricultural schemes, either. It likes visible construction, visible results, sure things. A dam is fine. A road is good. A railroad is great. You can buy the equipment overseas, so the import content is high. However, in the Kenya Tea Development Authority the World Bank could get its finger on one organization. It liked this. A World Bank project-appraisal team spent a couple of weeks in Kenya, and then, not quite fast enough for us but pretty fast for the World Bank, they invited the Kenya government to send negotiators to Washington. When a representative of a small country gets to the United States, he does a lot of things other than his principal mission. I completed arrangements for us to join the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. I also made contact with A.I.D. I never ceased to marvel at the incongruity of my being there." Roemer eventually became so interested in economic development that he decided to become an economist. He had graduate degrees in both engineering and management, and now he is at M.I.T. getting a doctorate in economics. "I once thought that when I came back from Africa I would take a job in industry, but Africa broadened me enough so I was no longer interested in pure industrial pursuits," he says. "Jobs I could have had before I left were no longer interesting to me. This is both a strength and a failure of the program, I think. It creates dissatisfied people."

Roemer's successor in Nairobi is also an M.I.T. Fellow—something that Wilson has tried to let happen as infrequently as possible, since one goal of the program has been that its members be replaced by Africans. Michael Dixon, of Salt Lake City, Yale '62, Harvard Business School '64, last summer proved his familiarity with the intricacies of the Kenya government by showing up at the M.I.T. program's annual conference wearing a zebra-skin tie. He explained that Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta wore a London School of Economics tie and Dr. Julius Kiano, the Minister of Commerce and Industry, wore a zebra-skin tie, and that he was a follower of Dr. Kiano. He went on to deliver a talk that showed him to have become as sophisticated in the field of foreign aid as Scott, Roemer, Thomas, and others who had preceded him in East Africa. "Aid from Peking is the simplest of all," he said. "They just credit a million pounds to your account and let you spend it any way you

want. The World Bank is a little more difficult in its approach. . . ."

Professor Wilson has made trips to Africa each winter to hunt for good jobs. Nonetheless, some of the positions he has lined up have inevitably fallen very wide of their promise. "If I find someone who is really stuck, I can often move him on or help him," says Wilson, who moved Robert Norris, for example, to Mauritius from Ghana—where the basically one-man government of Kwame Nkrumah seemed reluctant to give the M.I.T. Fellows any real work. Often a man whose original assignment has come to nothing will improvise a useful job to do. Tom Farer, for instance, arrived in Mogadiscio, the capital of Somalia, to find that he had no job at all. He was supposed to be legal adviser to the Foreign Ministry, but his contract had become lost in the bureaucratic machinery of the new government and consequently had never been approved. Farer saw the Prime Minister quite often, and on these occasions the Prime Minister would say, "Something must be done," but nothing was done. If Farer had gone home or been moved elsewhere, Somalia would have lost a considerable man. Wilson, in seeking lawyers for his program, had reasoned that the best young lawyers are chosen to be clerks for judges. From the Harvard and Yale Law Schools, therefore, he obtained lists of recent graduates who were clerking for judges. A high-honors graduate of Princeton and a former editor of the *Harvard Law Review*, Farer had been clerk-designate for Judge Learned Hand. After several unpromising weeks in Mogadiscio, Farer came to know General Mohamed Abshir, commandant of the police forces of Somalia—a five-thousand-man corps, which, says Farer, "is something like the F.B.I., the C.I.A., the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and ordinary traffic cops, and then some." General Abshir, in more than twenty years of service, had been trained by the British and further trained by the Italians. He could speak English, Arabic, Italian, Somali, and Swahili, and when Farer met him he had just returned from a year of study in the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton. Largely as a result of his admiration for the General and the regard that the General developed for him, Farer went to work for the police. First, he taught a course in criminal procedure and evidence to a class of junior officers, for in lesser crimes Somalian police serve not only as investigators but as prosecutors. He also taught criminal law. With another man, who was working as United Nations adviser to the Somalian police, he devised changes in the Somalian rules of procedure, which were based on Anglo-Saxon examples and did not always prove practicable in Somalia. According to one rule, for example, an accused person had to be brought before a judge within forty-eight hours—a difficult feat if the arrest happened to have been made two or three hundred miles by camelback from the nearest judge. "In that instance," Farer comments, "an effort to protect individual rights made the law unenforceable." The simple solution was to amend the code so that travel time did

not count. With Abshir's permission, Farer began to teach the riot police karate. Selecting the ten most athletic-looking men in the two-hundred-man squad, he got up every morning with them at six and instructed them in Bando, the Burmese form of karate, which he had learned from a Burmese graduate student in the United States. Sports in general were not widely popular in Somalia, and Farer decided that something should be done about that, too. In 1963, Somalia had sent a team to the New Emerging Forces Games—a kind of underdeveloped Olympics—which were held in Jakarta. Somalia, in this milieu, had proved to be about as underdeveloped as it is possible to be—which was not surprising, since there were hardly any schools in the nation and no other organizations of the kind that usually foster sports. Farer therefore started something comparable to the Police Athletic League, beginning with sports that required very little equipment, such as basketball, track, and soccer. Moreover, he got the General to recommend a one-hour sports period each day throughout the police system, because he thought it would be good for Somalia if the police and the civilians around them were to compete with one another on the athletic field.

Farer found Somalia to be a kind of natural democracy, despite the illiteracy and poverty of its people, most of whom saw so little money in their lifetime that the nation had no measurable per-capita income. Last spring, in an article in *Africa Today*, Farer wrote that although widespread literacy and moderate affluence are two of the classical prerequisites for democracy, "I know of few countries where the democratic process seems so vital." He continued, "One reason is the rooted egalitarianism of Somali life. It is pervasive. Even in that most hierarchic of institutions, the military, it persists. I taught a law course for the paramilitary police to men ranging in rank from sub-inspector through four higher ranks. I never witnessed the slightest sign of rank consciousness. This lack explains in part, I think, the absence of that divisive rancor within the officer class and between noncommissioned and commissioned officers that afflicts the armed forces of many countries and produces the endless succession of military coups for which such countries are notorious." Farer, who is now with the Wall Street law firm of Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Sunderland & Kiendl, has edited a book containing ten essays by members of the Fellows in Africa Program. "The Management Fellows do the concrete jobs," he has said. "But lawyers, picking up threads on their own, sometimes find more glamorous things to do."

Michael Christian, for example, a graduate of Harvard and the Harvard Law School, is currently working in the office of the legal secretary of the East African Common Services Organization, in Nairobi. This organization administers things like customs, income taxes, railroads, harbors, telephones, telegraph systems, and airlines jointly for Kenya, Uganda, and Tanzania. At last summer's M.I.T. Fellows in Africa conference, Christian told his colleagues about one fairly glamorous thread that he had recently

picked up. Gold smuggling, he said, had become a big thing in East Africa. Gold from the Congo was moving through outlets in Nairobi and Mombasa in lots worth as much as a couple of hundred thousand dollars, and the smugglers were so adroit that the authorities were having trouble making arrests. Earlier in the year, an informer had sold the customs office information about the position of one smuggling exchange. "They needed a sort of stupid-looking American to go in and offer to buy this gold," Christian said. "I was the natural choice. Excited by 'Goldfinger,' I got right into the middle of it before I began to realize that I might get hurt. I went into the den of thieves, as it were, and there was this wonderful, wonderful man who had about seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of gold. He had diamond rings on every finger. I was introduced as an American missionary from Tanganyika. Beforehand, I had told a customs officers, 'Don't be so stupid—nobody would ever fall for that.' And he said, 'If you look at our records, you will see that American missionaries are the natural choice as far as who is doing the big smuggling these days.' All I had to do was get my money out and get him to put his gold on the table. Then the police, in plainclothes, who were all around the place, could swoop in. Once you've put out seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of gold on a table, it isn't going to be moved. One guy could grab one bar and start running, but once it is all out on the table you are in business. I failed miserably, because I was given only ten thousand pounds in real cash, the rest in fake money. He kept wanting to see the money before he would put out all his gold. I would put a little of my money out, and he would get a little gold out there, but I never could get him to put out the rest. I kept saying to him, 'Look, I don't know who you are; I don't know who all these people are around here. I'm alone in this country. I want to buy the gold, and I want to see it before I put my money on the table. I want you to put it right out there. Bring it from wherever you've got it.' He looked at me, you know, and, his fantastic face representing every crime in the world, he said, 'Sir, you're a man of God. You must be able to tell an honest face.' "

Christian, who is twenty-seven, explained to the conference that as part of his more usual duties he appears in court to defend the East African Railways. "Sometimes, there is a slight accident—never caused by the railway," he said. "Our engines get involved in collisions with other people's vehicles, which are negligently handled on the roads." He is the only American lawyer in the area. "I've never even seen an American court, except a traffic court," he said. "As a young lawyer in New York, you would get into court only in order to hand a motion in, or maybe take care of some little preliminary points, but I've been lucky enough to appear before the Supreme Courts of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanzania."

The conference at which Christian related all this was held in Sorrento, in a hotel built on a cliff high above the Bay of Naples. The first M.I.T. Fel-

lows in Africa conference took place five years ago in Entebbe, which is set on a peninsula in Lake Victoria, but not even this background looked very exotic to people who had just spent a year in Africa. So, for the enjoyment of all, including half a dozen African Ministers who are invited each year, the conference was moved to Europe; it has been held in Evian and Majorca, among other places. Wilson leaves details like conference sites to an assistant named Constantine B. Simonides, an imaginative Greek, educated at M.I.T., Boston University, and the Harvard Business School, who looks after much of the program's week-to-week administration. If the program itself is an admirably creative use of foundation money, Simonides' deployment of funds to provide splendid settings for the conferences is, in its way, just as creative. Simonides likes lofty Xanadus clinging to precipices. Three years ago, he chose a hotel in Athens, also on a cliff edge—this one four thousand feet above the Attic plain. The language at the conferences sometimes gets heavy enough to walk on. The management types, generally dominant because they are the majority, offer even their most casual thoughts in terms of infra-structures, parameters, input, feedback, capital-output ratios, social overhead capital, and macro-economic approaches, while the lawyers, certain that their own armored rhetoric is as inspired as Shelley's, curl their lips.

The Fellows' wives accompany their husbands to these de-luxe gatherings, and they have more than earned their way, for nearly all of them have worked at full-time jobs in Africa. Many have taught at schools or universities. One, a virologist, set up a tissue-culture division in the Central Pathology Laboratory in Dar es Salaam. This basic diagnostic process had not existed there before. Another, working as a secretary for several government Ministers in the morning, then crossed the street to another Ministry and answered her own letters in the afternoon. Still another taught psychology, pharmacology, bacteriology, and biology to fifty students. One worked as a small-loans officer, one as a nutritional consultant in pediatric clinics. Still another, whose name is Marian Schwarz, taught English literature in a college in Kaduna, Northern Nigeria. She also offered a course in West African history—the first ever taught in the college. Meanwhile, her husband, Frederick A. O. Schwarz, Jr., was revising the laws of Northern Nigeria. Schwarz, the great-grandson of the man who founded the most celebrated toy store in the United States, was educated at Harvard and the Harvard Law School. His title in the regional government of Northern Nigeria—F.A.O. Schwarz, Assistant Commissioner for Law Revision, Pupil Crown Council, Inspector of Prisons—had a ring of Gilbertian hyperbole that belied the seriousness and importance of his work and the brilliance with which he performed it. During the ten years before Schwarz's arrival in 1961, Nigeria had been gradually evolving from a unitary political system toward a federal system with regional and national governments, similar to the political structure in the United States. Schwarz's job was to go through all the thickets of

enacted legislation and to separate what was federal from what was regional. He then drafted amendments to the regional laws where necessary, in order to make them conform to the federal constitution. Moreover, although Schwarz was officially styled the Assistant Commissioner for Law Revision, there was in fact no Commissioner. He did the job by himself, ultimately writing three volumes of revised regional laws. He also prepared thirteen major amendments of the laws of Northern Nigeria, which required passage by the regional legislature. In one instance, having found that the region—under a law known as the Peace Preservation Ordinance—had the power to jail people without a trial, Schwarz prepared an amendment eliminating that power as unconstitutional. In another, he revised the Newspaper Act, whereby the region had what he felt to be an unconstitutional power of censorship over the press. He prepared an appropriate amendment. Of the thirteen amendments he wrote, twelve were passed verbatim and became part of the law of Northern Nigeria. He was twenty-six at the time.

Considered among these individual histories, the experience of Carroll Brewster in the Sudan seems to be less an accident of place and character than a product of the program that took him there. If Brewster, as much as anyone, illustrates the height of the possibilities of Professor Wilson's idea, he also illustrates the reasons for its general success. Brewster's accomplishments in the Sudanese judiciary would never have been possible if he himself had not become, in a sense, Sudanese. His admiration for the people of the Sudan began with his own superiors and expanded through all ranks, classes, and tribes. More than anything else, he was impressed by the Sudanese preoccupation with character. In a stranger, he observed, the first thing a Sudanese would look for would be evidence of courage, honesty, and honor. Brewster, for his part, is frank and unself-conscious, open, full of humor, more than a little romantic, and always ready to move with enthusiasm into something new. He is the kind of person who sees the stories in the lives around him. Just as Africa at present is an amalgam of past and future, of tribal rites and development banks, Brewster in Africa was a transitional figure, with a trained twentieth-century intelligence and the spirit of a nineteenth-century explorer. If, in a way, his experience could be compared to a passage of H. Rider Haggard unexpectedly appearing in *Foreign Affairs Quarterly*, in other moments, it might have been a page from *Foreign Affairs Quarterly* slipped into an edition of H. Rider Haggard. Among the things that Brewster came to understand and accept was what it means today to be a white man in the Sudan—to be considered, on sight, a notably inglorious being, presumably ungracious in manner and without morals or principles. This preconception was something he had to try to overcome, and he found that if he forgot his disadvantage even for a moment, he was vulnerable. Because he was the only white man in the judiciary, his career there would have been thought of as remarkable even if

he had achieved far less. As it happens, however, he became so much a part of things that members of the Sudanese judiciary still regretfully mention the exact date—December 7, 1964—on which he left the Sudan. "The judiciary was a wonderful place to work," Brewster says. "The Chief Justice, Mohamed Ahmed Abu Rannat, respected the independence of every man there. It is an exciting thing to work in a place where you set your own standards." His words acquire a kind of reverential sonority when he speaks of Chief Justice Abu Rannat. "Although it can be said about most institutions that generate speedily and effectively into greatness, about no institution can it be more truly said than about the judiciary in the Sudan that it is the lengthened shadow of one man," he reported at one M.I.T. summer conference. "The first Chief Justice of the Sudan, like the first American Chief Justice, has such great qualities of mind and character as are necessary to the gigantic task he has been called to perform. . . . The loyalty and devotion he commands in the judges under him is reflected in the phrase I have so often heard from high and low when a piece of his work, a decision he has made, or advice he has given, are discussed: '*Raies el Kadaa aazam ragil, Wallahi, aazam fi Afrikia*' —'The Chief Justice is the greatest man, by God, the greatest man in Africa.' Anyone could walk in off the street and, without going past a secretary, present his grievances to the Chief Justice of the Sudan. I, like everyone else who worked for him, would have jumped in front of a train for the man."

Brewster differed from many of the M.I.T. Fellows in Africa in that his work depended to a very large extent on a precise and subtle understanding of the country he worked for. What his Sudanese colleagues most admired about him was his facility in coming to terms with the complexities of Sudanese law, which is partly Western, partly Muslim, and partly tribal, and is more a braid than a synthesis of these elements. "There was also tension between the common law of England and the civil-code law system of Egypt," Brewster explains. "The country had, after all, been the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan." In Personal Law (marriages, divorces, wills, and so forth), a case in the Sudan is decided according to the law or custom by which those involved have lived. If they are Muslims, for example, the case is decided according to Sharia, the law of Islam. If they are Christians, English law is usually applied. If they are non-Muslim tribesmen, they are judged by tribal law. Thus, in Brewster's *Sudan Law Journal and Reports* for 1962 there is an article on customary law among the Aweil District Dinkas—law that is as much a part of the Sudanese legal system as any set of formal statutes. Dinka marriages are reckoned in cows much as American marriages are calibrated in carats. A forty-cow wedding is what in America would be called a big wedding. The size of a Dinka wedding can be a determining factor in legal problems that may arise later, most notably in cases of divorce, where the alimony reflects the original bride price. If a man commits adultery with another man's wife, he must pay her husband eight cows and two bulls. The Dinkas have another

custom that is without a Western counterpart. After a woman has been found guilty of adultery for the fourth time, she is considered a harlot and no one owes her husband anything. If a man seduces an unmarried girl, it costs him only one bull. If she conceives a child, the price changes to one cow. The Dinkas believe that immorality on the part of a woman causes her death. The parent or guardian of a girl who dies can collect one bull from every man who admits to having seduced her.

There are countless tribes in the Sudan, each with its own customs, almost all of which the law respects, but at times a judge, creating the new common law as he goes along, reverses a decision of a native court in the interests of what he considers higher justice. The *Sudan Law Journal and Reports* notes, "The responsibility of an accidental death is traced by Dinkas far beyond the limits allowed by European standards. The Dinka view is that the person who caused a series of incidents to take place which directly led to an accidental death is partly or wholly responsible for that death." A few years ago, in Yei District, a Dinka was sitting in a tree when another told him a joke. The man in the tree laughed so hard that he fell out of the tree and died of a broken neck. The man who told the joke was accused of murder. He was tried in a native court and convicted of culpable homicide. He appealed. The decision was reversed in a province court.

"About eighty per cent of all cases in the Sudan are decided according to local custom—unrecorded African common law," Brewster has estimated. "In certain tribes, a certain word will be enough of an insult to constitute grave and sudden provocation. In a country in which possession of water can be a matter of life or death, it is within the law to shoot a person who is found stealing water from the hollow trunks of the great tebeldi trees, which, as reservoirs, can hold as much as two thousand gallons. In most parts of the country, it is quite easy to try criminal cases, since all you have to do is ask the man whether or not he committed the offense, and he will tell the truth, even if it means his life. Mothers will testify against their sons, brother against brother. Westerners believe that they control their environment. Sudanese believe that their environment controls them. Some of the trickiest problems in Sudanese law involve the ownership of land along the Nile. You cannot understand a Nile land case without understanding how the river behaves. As it rises and falls in its annual cycle, fertile land in the riverbed is arable for seven or eight months, then disappears again beneath the water. One year a particular tract may fail to reappear, and the owner loses his land. Five years later, land appears again in that same place. Does the old owner still have rights to it? If he is dead, who does have rights to it? Perhaps an island has vanished under the flood. It reappears a quarter of a mile downstream in slightly different form. Does the owner of the lost island own the new one?" Along the Sudan's seventeen hundred miles of the Nile, from Nimule to Wadi Halfa, these questions are decided by local custom, which may vary from

town to town. The banks of the Nile also occasionally tend to swing back and forth, and, according to the custom that prevails in most places, as the riverbanks move, so does riverbank land. Everyone's property swings with the river. Even people whose land is some distance from the water are affected when the channel takes a turn in their direction. Properties near and far move like connected pieces of armor, in concert with the unpredictable water.

Some Sudanese believe in the existence of ghosts, and they also believe that ghosts have power to kill. "As an excuse for murder, anyone could say he thought he was killing a ghost," Brewster says. "There was a case like that in El Obeid. *A* wanted to make love to a woman, so he told *B*, who was also interested in her, to leave. *B* left. After a while, *A* left, too. *B* returned. *B* killed the woman. He testified later that he had concluded from the way she looked—all covered with dust and with her hair sticking out in every direction —that she had turned into a *baatiya*, or ghost, and he killed her in self-defense. The judge decided that he knew she was a woman. He was hanged. Can you imagine a Yale-trained lawyer being confronted with this set of facts? There was a *fekki* in El Fasher who sold a man a knifeproof charm. A *fekki* is, in a way, like a witch doctor or a medicine man. He is actually a purveyor of charms. The *fekki* in this particular case told his customer that if he wore his new charm no knife could kill him. The man picked up a knife and plunged it into his heart, killing himself. The *fekki* was charged with murder. He was acquitted, but he *was* found guilty of taking money under false pretenses."

Brewster once wrote about such cases:

> A judge considering a case like this, or a *baatiya* case, must have some psychological understanding of the nature of the illusion. A judge handling the land-law problems of the riverine peoples must understand the rudiments of agriculture and the social organization that underlies present agricultural methods. These problems in customary law are problems that the common law has never faced before. The common law of the Sudan is now beginning to handle these cases and will be able to handle them successfully only if the judges are given the very broadest liberal education. In the Faculty of Law at the University of Khartoum, law is not thought of as a social instrument. I encouraged Sudanese judges to go to American law schools, where courses were available in related disciplines—subjects like sociology, economics, psychology—and, more important, where the approach to law was broad enough to utilize concepts from these neighboring fields.

It is hardly surprising, considering all the other ways in which Brewster exceeded his contractual responsibilities to the government of the Sudan, that he should have found time to give a course at the University of Khartoum. Using the cases he had collected, he taught criminal law to a class of forty or so students. About half did passable work, in Brewster's judgment, while eight did good work and two did superior work. "One of these wrote two examinations for me that would have received an A in criminal law at Yale,"

he says. "He was fat, pleasant, shy, and unkempt. He loaded his underlip with a mixture of snuff and tobacco, thus considerably limiting his ability to recite, but he handled the trickiest situations with compassion, power, and imagination."

On the morning of November 23, 1963, the day after the assassination of President Kennedy, Brewster was something over two hundred miles east of Khartoum, in Khashm el Girba, on a long journey through the east and north. He went into a small store to buy provisions for a trip he was about to take down the Atbara River to the province court at Ed Damer. At this store building, which was made of mud and camel dung, members of the Hadendoa tribe liked to buy DDT, the only substance they had ever known that had the chemical power to subdue all the living creatures in their long and spectacularly billowing hair. The Hadendoa were Kipling's Fuzzy-Wuzzies, who broke the British square. They still wear three-foot swords as part of their conventional dress. Brewster bought enough food to last him for several days, and when the storekeeper had finished writing out the bill, he filled in its edges, all around, in black. Brewster asked him why he was doing that. The man looked up, surprised that Brewster did not know, and Brewster saw that he was crying. "*Aazam rajil fi el aard mate el nehardah,*" the storekeeper said. "The greatest man in all the world is dead today." Going down the river, Brewster was stopped in village after village by tribesmen of the Hadendoa, who would hold their hands open and apart, in the sign of death, and then step forward and embrace him. Much the same thing happened among the other tribes he visited. "Each night, a sheik produced a transistor radio for me to hear the news," Brewster wrote home. "An old Bisharine tribesman said to me that the true catastrophe was that Kennedy's son was so young, for it would be a long time before he could be the true leader." The schools of the Sudan closed. Business stopped. Nazirs and sheiks wept before their people. In Khartoum, the Chief Justice did not sleep for three nights.

Toward the end of his stay in the Sudan, Brewster could think of few Sudanese who had seen as much of the country as he had. Upon arriving in a new community, he would stay in the home of a province judge or a resident magistrate, where he would have coffee and talk, then have some more coffee and talk some more—almost always for a full day before literally getting down to cases. The judges he stayed with were frequently quite young, about a third of them being in their twenties. In the Sudan, a graduate of a law school decides at the outset whether he will be a judge or a lawyer. After several years of apprenticeship, a judge is sent out to a provincial town—usually a place where he has never been and doesn't particularly care to stay. He spends two years there. Brewster tried to put a little spirit into the young judges wherever he went. "Let's get into my truck and go out and visit a chief," he would say. It was, after all, part of their job to supervise tribal courts.

As a member of the Sudanese government, Brewster was not a regular member of the American community in Khartoum. He did not, for instance, have the privilege of using the American swimming pool, beside which other Americans would sit and eat hot dogs and potato chips flown in by jet from New York. Once, at a party, Brewster was talking with William Rountree, the United States Ambassador to the Sudan, and Rountree asked him what he had been doing that day.

"Swimming," said Brewster.

"Oh? Where?" Rountree asked, a little sensitively.

"In the Nile."

It is the official view of the United States Embassy in Khartoum that Nile water can kill.

"Brewster," said Rountree, "as an ambassador and a diplomat, I have sent a lot of bodies home during my career. I don't want to send yours."

"Mr. Ambassador," said Brewster, "if I die here, I want to be buried here."

Brewster drank the Blue Nile from the Ethiopian border to Khartoum, and the White Nile from the Ugandan to the Egyptian frontiers. "Living with the Sudanese, you weren't about to drop tablets into the water all the time," he says—a somewhat surprising statement in the light of the fact that his mother happens to be Clinical Professor of Pediatrics at the New York University School of Medicine. Brewster's father, who died in 1952, was a Wall Street lawyer. After graduating from Yale in 1957, Brewster went on to King's College, Cambridge, where he read history. Returning to the Yale Law School, he became an editor of the *Yale Law Journal.*

He grew exceedingly fond of Khartoum, which is built inside the point of the V made by the confluence of the White and the Blue Niles, with Omdurman across the White Nile. Whenever he had a visitor from the United States, Brewster would seat his guest on the back of a Vespa he had acquired and proudly show him the city: the tomb of the Mahdi, whose forces killed General Charles George Gordon; the palace where Gordon died; the battlefield at Omdurman where the British avenged Gordon. He would take his guest to dinner in the Mogrun Gardens, at the point where the Niles meet, drink Camel beer from the Blue Nile Brewery, and watch the lights come on across the river. There are two hundred and twenty thousand people in Khartoum. In the Suk, the vast bazaar, the leopard skins were the cheapest in Africa—according to Brewster, who developed into an unabashed promoter. While running through the products of the Sudan, from dates to groundnuts, he would say, "We also produce gum. We are the world's largest producers of gum arabic. We produce long-staple cotton, too. It is grown in the Gezira—more than a hundred miles of irrigated land in the wedge between the Blue and the White Niles. When the British left, they said there would soon be no more Gezira, but the Sudanese have nearly doubled the cultivated area. It is

the largest economic institution in the underdeveloped world. Half a million people under one management." Sudanese conversation, he found, was occasionally weighted with abuse of the British, but he noticed that if Americans were to fall in with what the Sudanese were saying and add unkind words of their own about the British, the Sudanese would turn on them. Colleagues of Brewster in the judiciary would emit streams of vituperation against the English, yet Brewster knew that they wanted nothing so much as to be able to send their sons to English schools. "They even act like Englishmen on the tennis court," he says. "They hate the English and they love the English. The Sudanese government—whose members are almost all Mohammedans—pays a substantial sum each year to maintain the British cathedral in Khartoum. Some people—the Chinese among them—probably make the mistake of not realizing that colonialism was a two-way relationship."

Premier Chou En-lai was in Africa in 1964, and a Chinese circus toured the continent at about the same time as a kind of added attraction. When it appeared in the National Theatre in Omdurman, most of the people in the judiciary went. The circus was excellent, and the audience was carried away by it. As a climax, a small bicycle went wheeling across the stage ridden by twenty-one Chinese at once. There was a great gasp from the crowd. Halfway across the hall from Brewster, a Sudanese lawyer stood up and shouted, "Brewster, will you recognize them now?"

Brewster says that Chou, in Khartoum and elsewhere, kept telling the crowds, "We black people have to stand together!" In Khartoum, a reception was held for Chou, and members of the government filed past to shake his hand. When Brewster reached him, Chou looked up, and, adjusting smoothly, said, in English, "Good evening."

"*Asalaam aleikum*," Brewster replied cordially.

By contrast with the north, the southern Sudan, because of the continuing civil strife, had the reputation of being a much less pleasant place in which to travel. Murders there have been frequent, ubiquitous, and wholesale. As a representative of the government, Brewster would sometimes be assigned a bodyguard carrying a rifle. He was not terribly concerned for his own safety, however, because the southerners seemed to be sympathetic toward white men. White missionaries, whom the government had deported from the Sudan a couple of years before, had given most southerners what education they had, and had also given them their Christian names. As often as possible Brewster travelled without a guard. He was alone one morning, driving along a dirt track in Yei District, and he stopped his car under a tree to have breakfast. He believed that the only way he was likely to get killed was by happening to come suddenly upon an armed group of rebels and surprising them into opening fire, so he liked to keep himself quite visible. While he sat under the tree that morning, he became aware that he was being approached by a line

of children—perhaps thirty of them, coming from a village a quarter of a mile away. Walking two abreast, they were singing. As they drew nearer, first the tune became clear to him, and then the words:

". . . dwelt a miner, 'Forty-niner
And his daughter, Clementine.
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine,
Thou art lost and . . ."

As the children formed a large circle around his car, they finished "Clementine" and went on to sing "Greensleeves." Brewster was probably the first white man they had seen since the missionaries left, and they had come out of the village to sing to him because they associated him with the people who had taught them the songs. "In Khartoum," Brewster says, "there was always a rumor that I was collaborating with the southerners, partly because I loved them so much."

It was a debate on the problem of the southern Sudan, held by the Students' Union of the University of Khartoum, that touched off the revolution whereby, in late 1964, the military government that had been ruling the Sudan was replaced. The police, in trying to stop the debate, killed a student. Riots followed, and then a general strike. The military government dissolved itself. As joyous mobs streamed through the city, there was one white face among them—Brewster's. The terrible problem of the southern Sudan was not solved by the departure of the military government, of course, but the men who then came to power—doctors, lawyers, farmers, teachers—seemed to be dedicated to resolving the nation's difficulties by democratic means. As a gesture in this direction, the new government made Clement Mboro, the leader of the Southern Front, its Minister of the Interior. Mboro was a close friend of Brewster's, and Brewster was the one person who met him at the airport when he arrived in Khartoum to assume his post. Hillary Paul Logali, a southern leader who was at Yale studying economics on a scholarship arranged by Brewster, was called back to become the Sudan's Minister of Works. The civil war has by no means ended. The more uncompromising southern leaders continue to operate from outside the country, and about a year ago a race riot caused hundreds of deaths in Khartoum.

In his last letter from the Sudan, Brewster wrote, "One who has witnessed the courage, thoughtfulness, and forcefulness of most of the leaders who made the revolution a success cannot but feel great hope now." When the government fell, the Chief Justice, despite the fact that he had always maintained a strong line of demarcation between himself and the military, was compelled to resign. Brewster's own work in the judiciary went on, and it did not come to an end even with his departure, at the end of 1964. Last March, from the office of his present employer, the New Haven firm of Gumbart, Corbin, Tyler & Cooper, he published the *Sudan Law Journal and Re-*

ports for 1964. Last week, he sent the 1965 edition off to the printers, and his law reporting for the Sudan ended. "A Sudanese judge will edit the reports and will maintain whatever standard I set," he says. "The job of the expatriate lawyer is finished out there. Before long, the job of the expatriate will be finished in Africa."

When the Fellows in Africa Program began, many of the first group, setting out in 1960, went to work for holdover white civil servants. The present group is working almost entirely for Africans. "Our major purpose there has been to work ourselves out of a job," Professor Wilson says. "We are not going to overstay our time." Meanwhile, the Ford Foundation has expanded the idea, and M.I.T. is one of three participating schools in a new program that sends young men to Latin America. "In Africa, what we did was just go out there and do a hard job, something that might not otherwise have been done," Carroll Brewster said after he had mailed off the galleys of his last *Sudan Law Journal and Reports*. "None of us went over there to do political jobs. We went over there to do subpolitical jobs. Here and there, someone has left some law reports, or a new tax code. The program has not changed the face of Africa. We've been only fifty-two people on a continent."

Before leaving the Sudan, Brewster established a permanent program whereby two or three Sudanese judges would go to American law schools each year. The judges have done well. Three who have completed their work at Yale have all made better than B averages. One of them—Abel Alier, Yale Law '63—is a Bor District Dinka and was the first southerner to become a member of the Sudanese judiciary. Brewster feared that Abel Alier would suffer terribly from the winter temperatures in New Haven and advised him to acquire plenty of blankets. "Dinkas don't need blankets," said the judge. He survived. When he returned to the Sudan, he resigned from the judiciary to become the No. 3 man in the Southern Front, a political party that has been attempting to achieve southern autonomy through persuasion, in contrast to the more widely publicized southern rebels who have been attempting to do so by force. Brewster also obtained a Yale scholarship for El Amin Mohamed El Amin Tatai, the young judge whom he trained to succeed him as editor of the *Sudan Law Journal and Reports*. "El Amin differed from many Sudanese," says Brewster. "He would admit when he did not understand something. I don't like to make generalizations about the African Mind, or the Sudanese Mind, or the Underdeveloped Mind, but there is this thing about facing a new problem: Rote teaching doesn't prepare you for it. There is so much tradition in the family and in the tribe that new ideas and problems tend to throw an African. I tried to help El Amin understand this. He now tackles problems with enthusiasm rather than dismay. He is back in the Sudan now, and one more Anglo-Saxon name is gone from the governments of Africa—mine."

Biographical Notes

Conrad Aiken is perhaps best known as a poet and has won a number of major awards for his poetry—the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Award, the Bollingen Prize, and the Gold Medal for Poetry of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He is also a distinguished novelist (*Collected Novels of Conrad Aiken*), short story writer (*Collected Short Stories of Conrad Aiken*), and critic (*A Reviewer's ABC, Collected Criticism of Conrad Aiken*). He was at one time associate editor of *The Dial*, and for three years the London correspondent of *The New Yorker*. Born in 1889 in Savannah, Georgia, he now makes his home in Brewster, Mass. The piece reprinted here was the first draft of his autobiography, *Ushant;* in his words, "a sort of *Ur-Ushant*."

Stephen Becker has published four novels, including *A Covenant with Death;* seven translations, including *The Last of the Just;* history, biography, short stories, and magazine articles. His latest novel, *The Outcasts*, will be published in the spring of 1967. Mr. Becker has lived in China and France. He lives with his wife and three children beside a secluded pond about fifty miles from New York City.

Elroy Bode, born in Kerrville, Texas, was graduated *summa cum laude* from the University of Texas in 1954, and has been teaching in the public schools of Texas for the past ten years. He has contributed stories and sketches to *Redbook* and many Southwestern magazines, among them *Southwest Review*, *Texas Quarterly*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, and *Texas Observer*. A book of his sketches is being published this spring. He lives in El Paso with his wife and daughter.

Joan Didion, a fifth-generation Californian now living in Los Angeles, is a novelist, short-story, and magazine writer. She was graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in 1956. That same year she was awarded first prize in *Vogue*'s Prix de Paris, and went to New York to work for *Vogue*. She remained there as a feature writer until 1964. Her first novel, *Run River*, was published in 1963. Her short stories have appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, and she has contributed articles to *Holiday*, *Mademoiselle*, *Vogue*, *National Review*, *The New York Times Magazine*, and *The American Scholar*. She is married to the writer John Gregory Dunne, and has one daughter.

Lucy Eisenberg is a free-lance writer specializing in scientific subjects. She studied basic medical science at Oxford University but says she decided to leave the research to others and do reporting herself. Her husband, a chemist, keeps

her in scientific circles; since their marriage four years ago, they have moved from Oxford to Princeton to Cal Tech, Pasadena, where they now live.

Barry Farrell, a staff writer for *Life* since 1965, was born and raised in Seattle. He attended the University of Washington and received his first experience in journalism working for the local Hearst newspaper, the *Post-Intelligencer*. He spent a session of Congress working as a legislative assistant to Senator Henry M. Jackson, then "spent two years in the Army writing speeches for colonels and generals." He joined *Time* as a correspondent in 1961, working on its music section for two years, then went to Paris as a correspondent in 1964. He now lives in New York with his wife and daughter.

William Price Fox, jr., raised in and around Columbia, South Carolina, was graduated from the University of South Carolina in 1950. He has been a caddy, Western Union boy, moonshine lookout, teacher, athletic coach, traveling salesman, and (as readers of his piece reprinted here will know)—bellhop. In 1962, his first book of short stories, *Southern Fried*, was published by Gold Medal; Lippincott brought out *Doctor Golf* in 1963. He has been a steady contributor of short stories and articles to such magazines as *Holiday*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Harper's*, *Sports Illustrated*, and *TV Guide*. His novel, *Moonshine Light, Moonshine Bright*, to be published this May, has been chosen as the Literary Guild Alternate.

Warren Hinckle, twenty-eight, a fourth-generation San Franciscan, is executive editor and associate publisher of *Ramparts*, the lively new—and newsmaking—West Coast magazine. Among his notable contributions to the magazine are the study of Oakland reprinted here and the controversial exposé of CIA activities on the Michigan State University Campus. At the age of twenty-three, his strong interest in public affairs led him to run for San Francisco's Board of Supervisors. Co-author of the forthcoming book, *The Vietnam Lobby*, to be published by New American Library, he is a former reporter for the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Conrad Knickerbocker, born in Berlin in 1929, was the son of the well-known journalist H. R. Knickerbocker. He was graduated *cum laude* in 1950 from Harvard. His short stories and essays appeared in *Esquire*, *Kenyon Review*, *Paris Review*, and in *Black Humor*, an anthology edited by Bruce Jay Friedman. Mr. Knickerbocker had contributed to *The New York Times Book Review*, *Partisan Review*, *Life*, and *Book Week*. He joined the staff of *The New York Times* in January, 1966, and was working on a biography of Malcolm Lowry for New American Library when he committed suicide on April 2, 1966.

Mark Kram, born and raised in Baltimore, joined *Sports Illustrated* three years ago after spending five years as columnist and feature writer for the *Baltimore Sun*. "Before joining the paper," he writes, "I just traveled, and did a lot of looking and listening; this period, it seems, has become invaluable now." To finance his wandering, he "must have had a hundred jobs"—farms, steel mills, shipyards, docks, amusement parks, etc. Nowadays, he tries not to cover any one sport. "Writing sports is restricting enough, even on a magazine like *Sports Illustrated*. I do, however, write boxing quite often. Boxing, for me anyway, seems to transcend sports. Mainly, I try to find the 'off' stories, particularly ones that deal with the absurd or the poignant."

"The Murder of Rabbi Adler" is T. V. LoCicero's first published article. Born in Detroit in 1940, he still lives there, and received his M.A. from the University of Michigan. He taught English at the Lawrence Institute of Technology, and resigned his job to work on a full-length book about Rabbi Adler and his killer, to be published by Prentice-Hall. Mr. LoCicero is also at work on a first novel.

John McPhee, a resident of Princeton, New Jersey, became a *New Yorker* staff writer in 1965 after a stint on *Time* and an earlier one as a television dramatist. Born in Princeton, he was graduated from Princeton University and later did graduate studies at Cambridge University. Farrar, Straus, and Giroux has published his book, *A Sense of Where You Are, A Profile of Princeton's Bill Bradley;* and Bantam Books has brought it out in paperback. This was an expansion of his piece originally written for *The New Yorker*, which was reprinted in *Best Magazine Articles: 1966*. His most recent books are *The Headmaster* and *Oranges*, also based on *New Yorker* pieces.

William Murray, a staff writer for *The New Yorker* since 1959, lives in Malibu, California. He is the author of four novels: *The Fugitive Romans, Best Seller, The Self-Starting Wheel*, and *The Sweet Ride*. His play, *Friends and Romans*, was produced in Los Angeles in 1966. He has also translated two volumes of plays by Luigi Pirandello.

James Phelan is a veteran investigative reporter who is now on the staff of *The Saturday Evening Post*. A native of Illinois, he worked for Midwestern and West Coast newspapers until 1953, when he shifted to free-lancing for magazines. He has written more than a hundred articles for *True, The Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan, The Reporter, Fortune, Paris Match*, and other U. S. and foreign publications. He lived for a while in Majorca and the French Riviera and now resides in Long Beach, California, with his wife, who is a clinical psychologist, and their two daughters. He lists his hobbies as golf and "disturbing the apathy of nonfunctioning governmental employees, of which this country has an unmanageable surplus."

Orletta Ryan, born in Chicago, is a graduate of Mundelein College. She taught for two years in Chicago elementary schools, then came to New York where for three and a half years she was a teacher in Harlem and East Harlem. In 1966, Miss Ryan co-authored *The Schoolchildren*, a highly praised book that distilled her experience as a teacher in slum schools. Her talent for dialogue has led her now to writing plays.

Marshall Sahlins, professor of anthropology at the University of Michigan, is the author of several works in his field, as well as general editor of and contributor to a forthcoming series of books called *Foundations of Modern Anthropology*, to be published by Prentice-Hall. The article reprinted here from *Dissent* is the first he has written for a nontechnical publication, "a product of the academic protest against U.S. Vietnam policy, with which movement I have been associated since the first teach-in (March 24, 1965)."

Dick Schaap is a syndicated columnist based in New York at the *World Journal Tribune*. He started working on a daily newspaper 18 years ago, at the age of fourteen, then was graduated from Cornell University in 1955 and from the

Columbia Graduate School of Journalism in 1956. He became sports editor and senior editor of *Newsweek*, then city editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*. As a columnist, he says he has covered "murders and riots, burlesque shows and baseball games." Now a lecturer in journalism at Columbia, Mr. Schaap is the author of more than one hundred magazine articles and four books. His most recent book, *Turned On*, is an expansion of his article, "Death of a Hooked Heiress," which is included here.

Gay Talese is published regularly in *Esquire*, and his portrait of Joe DiMaggio, included here, is one of a gallery of Italo-Americans he is examining for a book-length study of Italians in America. He is also writing a book about *The New York Times*, where between 1956 and 1965 he worked as a staff writer. He is also under contract to write a novel, and has completed a screen treatment of his book, *The Bridge*, which will be produced by Joseph E. Levine. Gay Talese's other published books are *New York—A Serendipiter's Journey* and *The Overreachers*.

Gore Vidal's first novel, *Williwaw*, appeared in 1946 when he was twenty. Since then, he has published eight others, the most recent being *Julian*. One of the most prolific of the postwar writers, he has over the years written plays, (*Visit to a Small Planet*), movies (*The Best Man*), television scripts, short stories, drama criticism, book reviews, and political commentary. He now divides his time between this country and Italy, where he works on his fiction. In May, 1967, his new novel, *Washington, D.C.*, will be published by Little Brown.

Tom Wolfe, who launched his article-writing career in *Esquire* when he was a newspaperman only a few years ago, is now a staff writer for *New York*, the Sunday magazine of the *World Journal Tribune*. His 1965 collection of magazine pieces, *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*, was a best seller. At present he is working on two books, one of them a novel, the other, non-fiction. Mr. Wolfe is a native of Richmond, Virginia.

1966 Honor Roll of Outstanding Articles in American Magazines

ANDERSON, PATRICK. "Making Trouble Is Alinsky's Business," *The New York Times Magazine*, October 9.

ARBUS, DOON. "The Star Lovers," *New York*, January 30.

ASINOF, ELIOT. "Journey Back to Bushville," *The New York Times Magazine*, July 24.

BEAGLE, PETER S. "On Being the Man of the House," *The Saturday Evening Post*, December 31, 1966/January 7, 1967.

BEDFORD, SYBILLE. "The Worst That Ever Happened," *The Saturday Evening Post*, October 22.

BENDINER, ROBERT. "The Truth About the Pulitzer Prize Awards," *McCall's*, May.

BERGER, MORROE. "The Belly Dance," *Horizon*, Spring.

BLAUNER, ROBERT. "Whitewash over Watts," *Trans-Action*, March/April.

BONGARTZ, ROY. "Slotniks Make Slot Cars Go Boom," *True*, December.

BOYLE, ROBERT H. "The Bluefish: Marauder of the Seas," *Sports Illustrated*, June 27.

BRACKMAN, JACOB. "The End of the Trip," *Esquire*, September.

BRESLIN, JIMMY. "Kennedy's Arithmetic," *New York*, December 4.

BUCKLEY, TOM. "The LSD Trigger: Crystal Palaces and Absolute Horror," *The New Republic*, May 14.

CHRISTGAU, ROBERT. "Beth Ann and Macrobioticism," *New York*, January 23.

CLEAVER, ELDRIDGE. "Notes on a Native Son," *Ramparts*, June.

COHEN, JACOB. "The Vital Documents," *The Nation*, July 11.

COLES, ROBERT. "The White Northerner," *The Atlantic*, June.

COOK, FRED J. "The Warren Commission Report," *The Nation*, June 13 and June 20.

DUGGER, RONNIE. "To Work with the Poor," *The Texas Observer*, June 10.

DUK, PRESTON. "The Rattle and the Snake: Patterns & Paradoxes in the US of A," *The New Republic*, December 24.

EISELEY, LOREN. "Science and the Unexpected Universe," *The American Scholar*, Summer.

ELLIOTT, GEORGE P. "A Center in Search of a Role," *The New York Times Magazine*, September 11.

FEUER, LEWIS S. "The Decline of Freedom at Berkeley," *The Atlantic*, September.

FITZGERALD, FRANCES. "Life and Death of a Vietnamese Village," *The New York Times Magazine*, September 4.

FLEMING, THOMAS J. "The Boston Massacre," *American Heritage*, December.

FRIEDENBERG, EDGAR Z. "Another America," *The New York Review of Books*, March 3.

GILLIATT, PENELOPE. "Nabokov," *Vogue*, December.
HENTOFF, NAT. "The Principal," *The New Yorker*, May 7.
HINCKLE, WARREN. "The University on the Make," *Ramparts*, April.
HOFFMANN, RITA. "The Psychedelic Game," *Mademoiselle*, March.
IGLAUER, EDITH. "A Place to Live," *The New Yorker*, September 24.
JACKSON, BRUCE. "White-Collar Pill Party," *The Atlantic*, August.
JENCKS, CHRISTOPHER. "Are the Public Schools Obsolete?" *The Public Interest*, Winter.
KAEL, PAULINE. "Marlon Brando: An American Hero," *The Atlantic*, March.
KING, LARRY L. "My Hero LBJ," *Harper's*, October.
KOHL, HERBERT. "Children Writing: "The Story of an Experiment," *The New York Review Of Books*, November 17.
KOPKIND, ANDREW. "He's a Happening: Robert Kennedy's Road to Somewhere," *The New Republic*, April 2.
KRAMER, JANE. "Man Who Is Happening Now," *The New Yorker*, November 26.
KRISTOL, IRVING. "The Negro Today Is Like the Immigrant Yesterday," *The New York Times Magazine*, September 11.
LAING, MARGARET. "Bobby as a Family Man," *New York*, November 13.
LAMOTT, KENNETH. "Cells as Second Homes," *Holiday*, February.
LANGER, ELINOR. "The Berkeley Scene, 1966," *Science*, May 20 and May 27.
LAPHAM, LEWIS H. "The Trials of Candy and Mel," *The Saturday Evening Post*, August 27 and September 10.
LEAR, JOHN. "Do We Need Rules for Experiments on People?" *Saturday Review*, February 5.
LICHTHEIM, GEORGE. "Pax Russo-Americana?" *Commentary*, April.
LINGEMAN, RICHARD R. "Offerings at the Psychedelicatessen," *The New York Times Magazine*, July 10.
MACHLIN, MILT. "King of the Depths," *Argosy*, April.
MAGID, MARION. "A Last Word: The Public Fantasy Versus the Private Act," *Esquire*, May.
MARSHALL, S. L. A. "Men Facing Death: The Destruction of an American Platoon," *Harper's*, September.
MATTHIESSEN, PETER. "Ovibos Moschatus," *The New Yorker*, February 5.
MCNULTY, FAITH. "The Thread Remains Very Thin," *The New Yorker*, August 6.
MEYER, KARL E. "The English Press," *Esquire*, July.
MORRIS, EDWARD. "Pippa Passes, Ky., Joins the Nation," *TV Guide*, June 18.
MULHEIM, HARRY. "When J. F. K. Was Rich, Young, and Happy," *Esquire*, August.
NAVASKY, VICTOR S. "Notes on Cult; or, How to Join the Intellectual Establishment," *The New York Times Magazine*, March 27.
PETERSON, HAROLD. "The Last of the Mountain Men," *Sports Illustrated*, October 4.
REMSBERG, CHARLES. "Million-Dollar Winner in a Billion-Dollar Bonanza," *True*, June.
ROBERTS, GENE. "The Story of Snick: From 'Freedom High' to 'Black Power'," *The New York Times Magazine*, September 25.
ROVERE, RICHARD H. "Letter from Washington," *The New Yorker*, June 18.
RUDOLPH, SUSANNE HOEBER. "Self-Control and Political Potency: Gandhi's Asceticism," *The American Scholar*, Winter, 1965–1966.

SHAPLEN, ROBERT. "Letter from Cambodia," *The New Yorker*, September 17.
SHEEHY, GAIL. "The Private World of Nurses," *Cosmopolitan*, May.
SIEGEL, JULES. "The New Virginity," *Cavalier*, July.
SKOW, JOHN. "Is Love, Sweet Love, a Crime?" *The Saturday Evening Post*, February 12.
SWADOS, HARVEY. "When Black and White Live Together," *The New York Times Magazine*, November 13.
SZULC, TAD. "Palomares Learns to Love the Bomb," *The New York Times Magazine*, February 20.
TALESE, GAY. "The Kingdoms, the Powers, and the Glories of The New York Times," *Esquire*, November.
TENN, WILLIAM. "My Mother Was a Witch," *P. S.*, August.
THELWELL, MIKE. "Fish Are Jumping an' the Cotton Is High: Notes from the Mississippi Delta," *The Massachusetts Review*, Spring.
THOMPSON, JOHN. "The Vacancies of August: A Letter from the Greek Islands," *Commentary*, November.
TOMKINS, CALVIN. "In the Outlaw Area," *The New Yorker*, January 8.
TYNAN, KENNETH. "The Royal Smut-Hound," *Playboy*, January.
WHEELER, KEITH. "No Sky Has Ever Held Anything Like It," *Life*, November 11.
WHITWORTH, WILLIAM. "On the Tide of the Times," *The New Yorker*, September 24.
WILSON, ROBERT ANTON. "The Fatal Snowball Fight on Cumberland Avenue," *The Realist*, March.

Awards Available to Magazine Writers

American Medical Association Medical Journalism Awards to recognize journalism that contributes to a better public understanding of medicine and health in the United States. Magazine articles are one of five categories. The awards are $1,000 each. Deadline for the awards is February 1 for preceding calendar year. For further information, write: American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. 60610.

Howard W. Blakeslee Awards for conveying information about diseases of heart and blood vessels which is of interest and importance to the public. Magazine articles are one of several categories. Each winner receives $500.00. Closing date for entries: May 1 for work published between March 1 of the preceding year and February 28. For further information, write: The Chairman, Managing Committee, Howard W. Blakeslee Awards, American Heart Association, Inc., 44 East 23rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

David Boroff Memorial Award for outstanding magazine writing in the field of education. Eligibility: any article on education appearing in a general magazine. Winner receives scroll. Award to be presented in December, 1967. Closing date for entries: September 15 for work published between September 1 of the preceding year and August 31. Articles should be submitted to David Boroff Memorial Award, c/o Society of Magazine Writers, 54 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

Russell L. Cecil Award to encourage greater public knowledge of problems of arthritis and other rheumatic diseases. Magazine articles are one of three categories. Winner receives $500.00. Closing date for entries: January 31 for work published during the preceding calendar year. For further information, write: The Arthritis Foundation, 1212 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.

Dutton Sports Story for outstanding sports writing. Magazine articles are one of three categories. Each winner receives $250.00. Closing date for entries: December 15. Stories are included in Dutton's annual anthology *Best Sports Stories*. For further information, write: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 201 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Education Writers Association Awards for outstanding writing on education. Magazine articles are one of five categories. Period covered is the calendar year; entries to be submitted in January. The nature of the awards is to be announced. For further information, write: Education Writers Association, P.O. Box 1289, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.

Family Service Association Media Awards to strengthen family life in America. Awards made in odd-numbered years only. Articles in national magazines are one of nine categories. Winner receives certificate. Closing date for entries: September 1 for work published during preceding twenty-three months. For further

information, write: Media Awards of Family Service Association of America, 44 East 23rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

Sidney Hillman Foundation Awards for outstanding contributions dealing with protection of individual civil liberty, improved race relations, strengthened labor movement, advancement of social welfare and economic security, and greater world understanding. Each winner receives $500.00 and a scroll. Closing date for entries: February 1 for work published during the preceding calendar year. For further information, write: Sidney Hillman Foundation, Inc., 15 Union Square, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Albert Lasker Medical Journalism Awards for reporting on medical research and public health. Articles appearing in magazines with a public newsstand circulation are one of three categories. Winner receives $2,500, an illuminated citation, and a gold statuette. For closing date and further information, write: Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation, 866 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

G. M. Loeb Awards for distinguished contributions to business and financial journalism. Magazine articles are one of two categories. Winner receives $1,000 and bronze plaque. Closing date for entries: January 15 for articles published during the preceding calendar year. For further information, write: Robert O. Harvey, Secretary, G. M. Loeb Awards Advisory Board, University of Connecticut, Storrs, Conn. 06268.

Robert T. Morse Writers Award to a writer who has made an outstanding and sustained contribution to the public understanding of psychiatry over a period of years. The award is not given on the basis of one particular article, but magazine writers have received the award. The recipient receives a bronze plaque, $100.00, and some contribution toward travel expense to the APA annual meeting to receive the award. For further information, write: Robert T. Morse Writers Award, c/o American Psychiatric Association, 1700 Eighteenth Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

National Conference of Christians and Jews Brotherhood Awards for contributions "promoting justice, amity, understanding and cooperation among all people." Magazine articles are one of fourteen categories. Winner receives gold medal. Closing date for entries: April 1 for work published during the twelve calendar months of the preceding year. For further information write: Irma R. Monsky, 43 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Overseas Press Club Awards for outstanding journalism. Sixteen categories, four for which magazine articles are eligible, one of these being for the best interpretation of foreign affairs. Closing date for entries: mid-February for the preceding calendar year. For further information, write: Awards Chairman, Overseas Press Club, 54 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

George Polk Memorial Awards for significant achievement in journalism reporting. Magazine reporting is one category. Winners receive bronze plaques. Closing date for entries: February 1 for work published during the preceding calendar year. For further information, write: George Polk Memorial Awards, Department of Journalism, Long Island University, Zeckendorf Campus, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.

Sigma Delta Chi Awards In Journalism for distinguished service in journalism. One of the sixteen categories is for magazine reporting. Winners receive bronze medallions and plaques. Closing date for entries: February 1 for works published during the preceding calendar year. For further information, write: The Executive Director, Sigma Delta Chi Awards in Journalism, 35 East Wacker Drive, Suite 856, Chicago, Ill. 60601.

DATE DUE

OCT 29 1985

NOV - 4 1985

JUL 30 1990

AUG - 7 1990

JUL 27 1990

DEC 2 1 1993

201-6503

Printed in USA

UVIC - MCPHERSON
3 2775 00175337 4

AC5
B418
1967

Best magazine articles.